Dec. 6, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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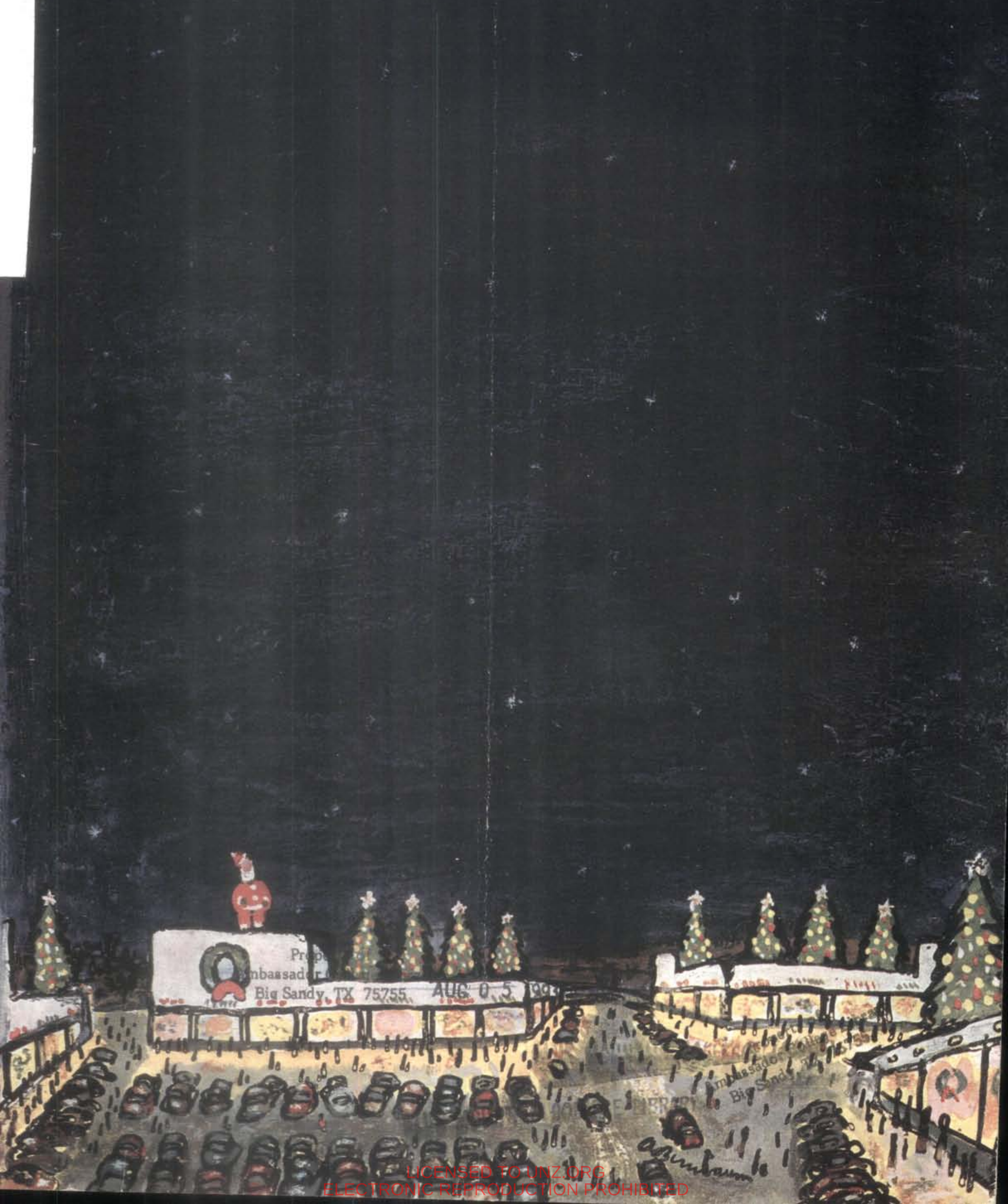

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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cue for Passion—The Hamlet theme reinterpreted by Elmer Rice, set in Southern California, and heavily angled toward psychiatry. With Diana Wynyard and John Kerr. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Drink to Me Only—A comedy by Abram S. Ginnes and Ira Wallach, with Tom Poston, Paul Hartman, and Georgann Johnson. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special matinée for the Actors' Fund Friday, Dec. 12.)

Edwin Booth—Milton Geiger's plushy melodrama is based on the life of the great nineteenth-century actor whose brother shot Lincoln. With José Ferrer miscast in the lead. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Girls in 509—A play that makes wide, satirical gestures but delivers nothing but jokes. Peggy Wood and Imogene Coca are as funny as they can manage to be in the roles of a pair of Republican fugitives from Socialism. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Make a Million—Sam Levene in a comedy written by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, and directed by Jerome Chodorov. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Marriage-Go-Round—There is nothing particularly original in this comedy by Leslie Stevens, which has to do with the difficulties of a happily married professor trying to keep his monogamous balance while being pursued by a Swedish Amazon, but Charles Boyer, Claudette Colbert, and Julie Newmar frequently sparkle in the principal roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Once More, with Feeling—A farce about the symphony-concert business that has a few bright lines in it, and a great deal of nonsense. With Arlene Francis, Joseph Cotten, and Walter Matthau. (National, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Pleasure of His Company—Cyril Ritchard has given smooth direction and a polished performance to this somewhat sententious comedy, by Samuel Taylor and Cornelia Otis Skinner, about family life in San Francisco. The cast also includes Charlie Ruggles, Walter Abel, Dolores Hart, and Miss Skinner herself. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Say, Darling—Richard Bissell, Marian Bissell, and Abe Burrows have collaborated most felicitously on a play about the birth pains of a musical comedy. Mr. Bissell, of course, had a large hand in "The Pajama Game," of a couple of years ago, so the rest of the parallel should not be difficult to figure. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne wrote the songs, and Eddie Albert, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond lead a big cast through their comic paces. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Moves on Monday, Dec. 8, to the Martin Beck, 45th St., W., CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Shadow of a Gunman—Sean O'Casey's brilliant early tragicomedy about Dublin in the troubled twenties. The production, an Actors' Studio effort featuring William Smithers and Gerald O'Loughlin, is more than a little laborious. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

A Touch of the Poet—Eugene O'Neill's play about life in the United States back in the Colonial period. A satisfactory drama that has the estimable services of Helen Hayes. This is its first American production. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The World of Suzie Wong—A small, trite hymn to love in Hong Kong, lavishly orchestrated, and played with quiet skill and sincerity by a new actress named France Nuyen. Others in the cast are William Shatner and Ron Randell. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS:** Concerning the small tragedies and comedies that beset an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties. Teresa Wright, George L. Smith, and Audrey Christie have the leading roles in William Inge's play. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL:** Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel reduced by Ketti Frings to a coherent play. Now with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO:** Ralph Bellamy as Franklin D. Roosevelt in Dore Schary's play centering on three crucial years in the late President's life. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **TWO FOR THE SEESAW:** Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft are the whole cast of William Gibson's play about a couple of lonely people in New York. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Disenchanted—A play by Budd Schulberg and Harvey Breit, taken from Mr. Schulberg's novel of the same name, with Jason Robards, Jr., and Rosemary Harris. David Pressman is the director and the producers are William Darrid and Eleanore Saidenberg. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night Circus—Michael V. Gazzo's play, starring Ben Gazzara and Janice Rule. The producer is Jay Julien, the director Frank Corsaro. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Goldilocks—Elaine Stritch and Don Ameche in a handsomely dressed musical treatment of early motion-picture days that is fast, funny, and sometimes even thoughtful. Book by Jean and Walter Kerr, music by Leroy Anderson, and lyrics by Joan Ford and the Kerrs. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

La Plume de Ma Tante—A stimulating importation from France, which has been beguiling audiences in Europe for a decade and will probably do the same for you. A creation of Robert Dhéry, who is also the most prominent performer, the revue includes such other sound types as Colette Brosset, Pierre Olaf, Roger Caccia, and Jacques Legras. They speak English when speaking is absolutely necessary. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BELLS ARE RINGING:** Judy Holliday as a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **JAMAICA:** A tale of old West India, featuring Lena Horne. Harold Arlen composed the music and E. Y. Harburg the lyrics. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE MUSIC MAN:** Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this piece about an Iowa con man (Robert Preston) who falls in love with a librarian. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner (book and lyrics) and Frederick Loewe (music). Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **WEST SIDE STORY:** This story of love and violence among uptown teen-agers vaguely follows the pattern of "Romeo and Juliet." With Carol Lawrence, Larry Kert, and Muriel Bentley. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Dec. 7.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Flower Drum Song—A musical based on the novel by C. Y. Lee, with music by Richard Rodgers, lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II, and a book by Mr. Hammerstein and Joseph Fields. The cast includes Miyoshi Umeki, Pat Suzuki, Larry Blyden, Juanita Hall, and Ed

Page
BOOKS 222
THE CURRENT CINEMA 205
FOOTBALL 131
LETTER FROM PARIS 197
MUSICAL EVENTS 125
JAZZ 128
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
CHRISTMAS GIFTS 164
THE RACE TRACK 203
THE THEATRE 113

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Kenney. Directed by Gene Kelly and produced by the Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein, in association with Mr. Fields. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Cold Wind and the Warm—A play by S. N. Behrman, suggested by his reminiscent pieces in *The New Yorker* and his book "The Worcester Account." Eli Wallach and Maureen Stapleton head a cast directed by Harold Clurman. A presentation of the Producers Theatre. Opens Monday, Dec. 8. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Gazebo—Walter Slezak and Jayne Meadows in a comedy by Alec Coppel. Presented by the Playwrights' Company and Frederick Brisson, and staged by Jerome Chodorov. Opens Friday, Dec. 12. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Old Vic—A five-week repertory of three Shakespearean plays, starting with "Twelfth Night," with Barbara Jefford and John Neville. Presented by S. Hurok. Opens Tuesday, Dec. 9. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

J. B.—A play by Archibald MacLeish, starring Pat Hingle, Christopher Plummer, and Raymond Massey. Directed by Elia Kazan and produced by Alfred de Liagre, Jr. Opens Thursday, Dec. 11. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Through Sunday, Dec. 7: "La Traviata."... ¶ Starting Friday, Dec. 12: "Così Fan Tutte," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays and Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Cock-a-Doodle-Dandy—Sean O'Casey sets out to establish the ascendancy of reason over superstition in a play that contains a six-foot rooster, an enchanted whiskey bottle, and a houseful of assorted demons. It also contains Will Geer, Gaby Rodgers, and Ian Martin. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Dec. 7.)

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Tim O'Connor and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Deathwatch—Vic Morrow, Athan Karras, Harold Scott, and George Maharis make up the cast of a play by Jean Genet. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday at 5:30 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Dec. 7.)

Diversions—The six sprightly clowns who people this excellent revue seem to have no difficulty in adjusting to the author's hopelessly strabismic view of the world. He is Steven Vinaver, and they are Nancy Dussault, Gubi Mann, Aline Brown, Peter Feldman, Thom Molinaro, and Cy Young. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Hamlet of Stepney Green—A very promising first play by England's Bernard Kops, which is precariously based on Mr. Shakespeare's celebrated drama. Most conspicuous among the talented players are Michael Gorrin, Dino Narizzano, and Jeanette Roony. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-9305. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Héloïse—A powerful and intelligent reconstruction of the medieval love story of Abélard and Héloïse. Eugene Miles and Mitzi Hoag play the unfortunate lovers in a workmanlike but not altogether inspired production. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

Ivanov—This early effort by Anton Chekhov cannot compare with his later great plays, but it can compare (and very favorably, too) with other current off-Broadway productions. The role of the enervated provincial gentleman mentioned in the title is persuasively acted by Paul Stevens, and he receives firm and thoughtful support from the rest of the players. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

Look Back in Anger—A revival of John Osborne's play, in which William Daniels, Audree Rae, and Diana Herbert appear. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Nightly, except Thursdays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

The Man Who Never Died—All about how the reactionaries hounded Joe Hill, the celebrated union martyr, through both the lower and the higher courts of Utah, and through the board of pardons as well. For dramatic purposes, any one of these sessions would have been enough to establish the point; all of them together are a great deal more than enough. Barrie Stavis wrote the play, and Mark Gordon acts the part of Joe Hill. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

Of Mice and Men—A musical drama, adapted from John Steinbeck's book, with a score by Alfred Brooks and lyrics by Ira J. Bilowit. The cast includes Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Leo Penn. Opens Thursday, Dec. 4. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Playboy of the Western World—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara and Helena Carroll. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Power and the Glory—Fritz Weaver in an adaptation of Graham Greene's novel, directed by Stuart Vaughan. Previews Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 8-9, at 8:40. Opens officially on Wednesday, Dec. 10. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Quare Fellow—A grim comedy, by Brendan Behan, about life and death in an Irish prison. The play is occasionally discursive and uncertain in its development, but it offers, by way of handsome compensation, many sharp and mordantly funny sketches of life behind bars. Lester Rawlins, Roy Poole, Bryan Herbert, and William Myers figure in a large and very able cast. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Salad Days—A musical comedy by Julian Slade and Dorothy Reynolds that has enjoyed a four-year run in London. To see it is to understand why the English are said to take their pleasures sadly. Prominent in the cast are Barbara Franklin and Richard Easton. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. JU 2-4977. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price, Christiane Felsmann, and Paula Stewart. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Time of the Cuckoo—Kathleen Maguire and Robert Pastene in Arthur Laurents' revised version of his comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9244. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Triad—Three one-act musicals by Mark Bucci: "Sweet Betsy from Pike," "Tale for a Deaf Ear," and "The Dress." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Dec. 4: "Fanfare," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Pas de Dix," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 5: "Octet," "Orpheus," "Agon," and "Apollo."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 6: "Swan Lake," "Divertimento," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Pied Piper."... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 6: "Interplay," "Apollo," "The Cage," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 7: "Firebird," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Waltz-Scherzo," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 7: "Serenade," "Medea," "Agon," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 9: "Concerto Barocco," "Minuet" (première), "Souvenirs," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 10: "Swan Lake," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Agon," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 11: "Octet," "Medea," "Allegro Brillante," and "Pied Piper."... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 12: "Interplay," "Apollo," "Minuet," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 13: "Fanfare," "Souvenirs," "Allegro Brillante," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 13: "Divertimento," "Souvenirs," "Pas de Dix," and "Western Symphony." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Feb. 1.)

Beryozka Russian Dance Company—A troupe of forty-three women dancers from Moscow. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 6.)

MISCELLANY

Adolph Green and Betty Comden—Songs and sketches of their own concoction. One in a series of programs called "Monday Nights at Nine." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Monday, Dec. 8, at, unsurprisingly, 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A rock garden better known for its hardy perennials than for its modest violets. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's or-

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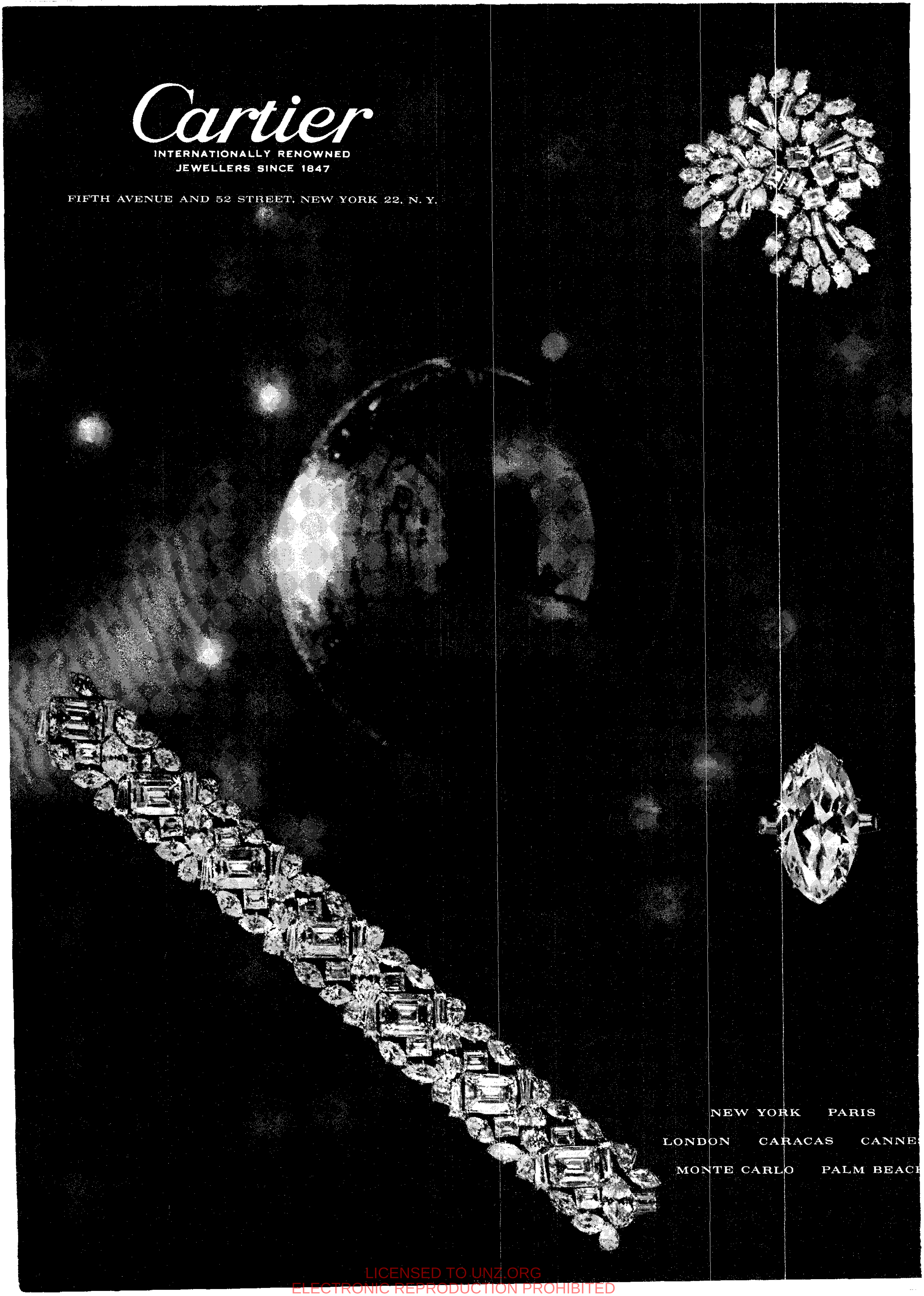Cartier
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chestra perform for anyone who'd rather dance.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, the collected works of Richard Rodgers get a resounding reading from a choir composed of Mimi Benzell, Bill Tabbert, and Wilbur Evans. This happens at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing the rest of the time to the bands of Joseph Ricardel and Alan Logan. Nothing stirring Mondays, not even a mouse. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, goes on humming music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The permanent party in the Persian Room is the *cordon-bleu* dance band belonging to Ted Straeter and the perky quintet of Mark Monte. Jacqueline François, the girl who should be first in the hearts of her countrymen and a model for almost all girl singers, trips briskly through a recital in which quality outweighs quantity. This admirable enterprise is assisted by a quintet in which Jack Elliott and Don Elliott make distinct contributions both to progress in music and to Mlle. F.'s career. The place is closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous remains pale and cool and beautiful and dignified all the time. Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras dispense both dancing and listening music after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays Darjeeling-with-cream music in the Palm Court from four until seven, and sauce-béarnaise music later on in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either arena.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo's collection of mourning doves is back in the old groove, commonly known as the Grill, where it coins (after a fashion) dance music for the millions every evening but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—At dinner and supper in the Maisonette, Fernanda Montel, collector of *haut-monde* clothes, hairdos, and ballads, exhibits her most recent acquisitions in all three fields. She folds her resplendent tent on Wednesday, Dec. 10; next evening marks the arrival of Robert Clary, who has the brevity (height, four feet four) that's requisite for the soul of wit. The bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari volunteer their bubbly dance music all evening. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Emile Petti is in the Café Lounge, where his piano and his band play for tea dancing, dinner dancing, and supper dancing, day in, day out.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The shooting stick and the opera cloak are rife in the checkroom of the Embassy Club, through whose halls the prancing music of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's band resounds after nine every night but Sunday. There's dinner music, too, for those who haven't yet been wired for Muzak.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Harry Belafonté, Apollo in shirtsleeves, lets butter melt in his mouth as he caresses his work songs, play songs, and Judgment Day songs at dinner and supper in the Empire Room. Emil Coleman's men and Béla Babai's rout state the dance music all evening in no uncertain terms. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In an amiable clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's browsing music, Mondays through Thursdays, by the Norman Paris trio, whose abode is just this side of paradise, and by Jozsi Ribari's group. On Fridays and Saturdays, the two outfits play for dancing. Their term of duty is seven to twelve. They're away Sundays, when the Babai orchestra does the dance job from eight to twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room is high enough up to be above the rain belt, which is mainly in the plain below. Languid non-dance music by Joseph Sudy's small assemblage burbles now and then from four-thirty to nine. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): The sort of well-maintained park in which you can easily imagine lords and ladies at their stately ease. Addison Bailey runs the piano quietly and efficiently from five to eight-thirty, and Johnny Mehegan does muted new-school jazz from nine to one. On Sundays, the pianist is Joel Forbes. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): It takes all kinds, and here they are, from Greenland's icy mountains to Broadway's and Park Avenue's coral strands. Rack Godwin, who has the run of the local piano from nine o'clock on, is second to none at inserting the unexpected internal rhyme and the unexpected tempo into his piano soliloquies. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): First childhood, second childhood, and other harmless games take place in this bar-and-grill run by Goldie Hawkins. He and his confrere, Wayne Sanders, play double as well as single houseparty piano from dinnertime until curfew rings the night out. Five, though, is the opening hour for both bar and music, with Bob Printz occupying the piano stool until seven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Rome is built in a night as Theo Fanidi's circumnavigating violinists gently swing and sway from one table to the next. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, whose guitar is a mass of mixed emotions (passion and nostalgia are prominent), patrols this hall of mirrors. His fandangos, which run from six-thirty to one, are tinkly at the dinner hour, far more fervent later on. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): The small world of Mabel Mercer, a *salonnière* whose one-of-a-kind chansons are compounded of wise words, witty words, and a pocketful of wry words. Sam Hamilton, her lifelong companion-at-arms, is her pianist. Don't look for her before eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, administrator of the law of eminent domain in the realm of drawing-room piano, is back of the Steinway from six to eight and from ten to one or two. The scenery is subdued without being glum. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHATEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Up to a point, it's like owning your own castle on the Loire. Wandering from pillar to post, Norbert Faconi and his what-are-we-waiting-for violin make music from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The twilight hour in Granada, when the chef is in his glory and the local musicians are breaking out the piano and the guitar. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Not even the major-domo, a splendid example of the Hungarian military man, can repress the tendency of the entire staff to sing, probably because he sings himself. Plenty of indigenous instrumentation, too, but none of it overbearing. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The pictures on the walls are a show in themselves; the principal amusement (after ten) is listening music, with Cecil Young's duo noodling around the bandstand and Jacques Kayal, a new French pianist, singing all the Continental tongues with a nice mixture of fervor and formality. The Three Bars, a boy-and-girl compact, toy with both words and music. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The natives, resolutely Spanish, are restless at night, which leads to outbreaks of song, dance, and music, mostly furious. Dancing for the visitors, as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer, the social lion of the premises, does kitten-on-the-keys piano at intervals between eight-thirty and one-thirty or two. The room, a luxurious landscape, is closed Sundays. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti, who inhabits the bar of a venture devoted to making life easy for bon-vivants, shies away from many of the ills that cocktail pianists are prone to. He operates from five to eleven. All is dark Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, an old-fashioned apartment with big rooms and high ceilings, offers Steve Weltner, a pianist with a firm but not obtrusive grasp of the keyboard, from six to nine-thirty and from ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday. . . . **COAT OF ARMS,** 140 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1820): A town-and-country picnic ground, thoughtfully provided with tables, chefs, wine cellar, and piano, the last of which is in the hands of Marty Berns on weekdays and Joe Moon on Sundays. Their music, conversational in tone, is on tap from seven to one. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Amid a fine exhibition of oak panelling, there's the on-the-beam piano of Al Mello from five-thirty to eight, and from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): The setting could be carnival in Venice, the music (throbbing violins, throbbing sopranos) could be the banks of the Seine, the Danube, or just the East River. Closed Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The thimble-size bar of the Stanhope Hotel is a study in cool modern décor. From nine to twelve-thirty every night but Monday, the guitar of Fernando Sirvent, which is yearning, burning Andalusian, is in charge.

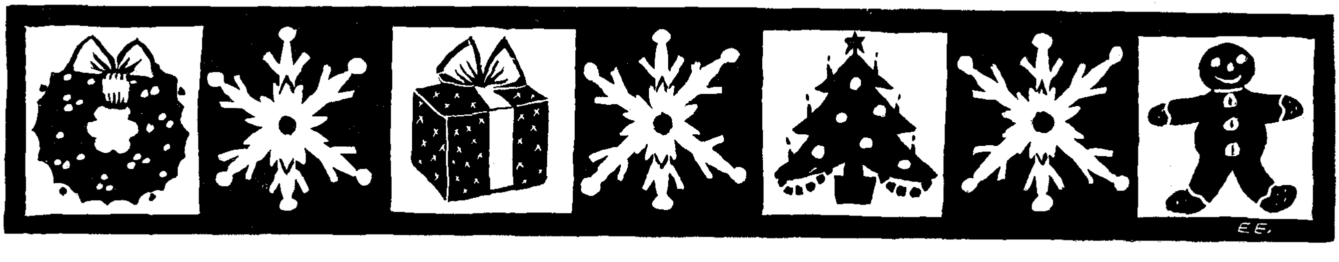
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The show here will never run the two-hundred-and-twenty-yard gamut in record time, and the jokes of someone called Professor Backward may persuade one to take cover, but the setting, Erewhon, is handsome, and so are the innumerable young ladies, one of whom, Anna Maria Alberghetti, looks and sings like a storybook princess. Her last night is Thursday, Dec. 4. On Thursday, Dec. 11, Sue Carson, who's funnier than most girls of her tender age, will start taking a hand in the proceedings. The house guests can dance, if they like.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): All the occupants of this house of cards are jokers—



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Martha Davis and Spouse, who have never been known to take any song seriously; George Matson, whose quality of mercy for the objects of his parodies is strained indeed; Martha Wright, a girl soprano with a heart of gold and a prankish attitude toward life; and a magician just called Reneaux, who has more improbabilities up his sleeve than is humanly possible. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard are the background. Nine-forty-five is kickoff time on Fridays and Saturdays, ten-thirty the rest of the week. . . . ¶ In the front room, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time every day but Sunday. Nightly, except Saturdays and Mondays, there's a rantipole session by the Lyons group from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Six shining faces (Ceil Cabot, Gerry Matthews, Jack Fletcher, Jean Arnold, Jane Connell, and George Hall) in shining armor, which is provided in satisfying measure by the most recent revue put together by Julius Monk, lord of this manor. It is taken off its leash at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday. The entire orchestra is the pianos of Gordon Connell and Jay Thompson. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): This, the nether half of Julius Monk's wayside inn, is haunted after the theatre by a pale wraith named Tammy Grimes, from whose terse yet girlish lips issue any number of highstyle sonatas. Stan Keen and Carl Norman, her men-at-arms, play sportive piano most of the night. The bar opens at five, the music at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The cuisine, décor, mood, and management couldn't be more Florentine. Calm, dispassionate piano by Dick Hankinson illuminates the scene from time to time; after the theatre, Herman Chittison unrolls his crisp, clean jazz piano, Greta Rae (a newcomer to the game) sings, and Judy Magee (who's been out to pasture for some years) makes the jokes. Closed Mondays. . . . **DELMONICO**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Hugh Shannon intones his final happy-go-lucky ditties in the Café Lounge on Thursday, Dec. 4. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, where the twin pianos of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been rumbling these many years, other entertainment appears from time to time, such as Phyllis Diller, an unguided missile given to frenzied conversation, and Stewart Rose, who sings. Miss D. signs off on Sunday, Dec. 7, Mr. R.'s day of rest; he signs off next evening. On Tuesday, Dec. 9, Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, a noisy pair of roisterers, will begin clowning. . . . **DEN IN THE DUANE**, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-7848): It's really the old root cellar of the Hotel Duane converted into a playroom. Some of the amusement is what in junior days you paid an admission fee of two pins for, but on the other hand there is Milt Kamen, a man-of-the-people extemporaneous orator and seer, to say nothing of a small sunflower named Isobel Robins, owner and operator of some of the brightest and most literate lyrics in town. Closed Sundays. . . . **BAQ ROOM**, 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): As the name implies, it's the sternpost of another operation, the Midtown Café, from which it's wholly divorced—as it is from the rest of the world. Janice Mars, who sings the very best songs the way they were written, is in charge; Baldwin Bergersen, playing the appropriate sort of piano, takes up one corner. All quiet on Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, who was shouting from the housetops when rock 'n' roll was a pup, still owns the town's largest exhibition of rent-party ballads; Alice Ghostley still sings the most double-dealing quatrains of our day; Tony and Eddie are still the noisiest pantomimers in the business. The rest of the turmoil is Jimmie Daniels' airy lyrics, and the jovial cacophonies of Tiger Haynes, and the Three Flames. There are one or two other wits, in addition, but they should be seen, not heard. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Pigeonholed up a flight of stairs is a revue in which four young people are concerned, the most gangagley of them being Bobo Lewis. The words don't always distinguish between satire and cliché, but the average is well above the passing mark. Performances at nine-thirty and midnight every day. Closed Mondays. . . . **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): This East Side bramble patch is the East Coast *pied-à-terre* of Bobby Short, a chanticleer whose hymns to the rising sun begin while it is still dark. His accompaniment is his own four-wheel-drive piano and Russ Haddock's neat little trio. They're off duty Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Arrayed on the bandstand of Mr. Condon's handsome place of business are Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and (whenever the moon is in the right quarter) Mr. Condon himself. In between sets, Bob Hammer gets custody of the piano. The speech pattern is distinctly Early American. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Dave Lambert, Annie Ross, and Jon Hendricks, the town's newest, and just about its best, triad, are half in earnest, half in fun during their up-tempo *Sängerfest*. Their last day is Sunday, Dec. 7, when there's a four-thirty matinée as well as an evening session. On Tuesday, Dec. 9, Chris Connor, a dead ringer for the midnight sun, will start twisting her wily tongue around our most expressive modern couplets. The place is closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): King Arthur slept here, but only for one night. At play in a vast yet comfortable amphitheatre are the quartet of Tyree Glenn, whose trombone has the electric drive of Gabriel's horn, and the quintet of George Shearing, who runs to odd instrumentation, Latin overtones, almost poetic piano, and occasional monologues. Another point of interest is Hank Jones, Mr. Glenn's piano man. Other hands gambol Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Rampart Street just about as it looked in 1910, and just about as it sounded, too, what with the likes of Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Wilber Kirk on the bandstand. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. The place is shut Sundays. Jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, a pianist who can be all things (Bach, Bartók, Gershwin, et al.) to all men, and his trio are off and running on the oval track that circles the bar. Zero hour is ten-fifteen, and there is no action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's hotfooters move out on Sunday, Dec. 7, after the usual matinée and evening performances. Lights out, also as usual, on Monday, and on Tuesday, Dec. 9, Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five will settle down to work. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): It's always warm weather when good Dixielanders get together. Among the players in a just about continuous performance are such men as Herb Fleming, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, and Claude Hopkins. On Sunday afternoons and Monday and Tuesday nights, a quintet owned by Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins raises its dizzy head. The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, it begins at 1:30 P.M. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The news, which comes from a highly placed uninformed source, is that Mary Lou Williams, as good a distaff pianist as we own, has postponed her departure until Wednesday, Dec. 10, when she and her trio, along with Bernard Peiffer's threesome, will move out. The trios of Muriel Roberts and Kenny Burrell may, or may not, ascend the throne the following evening. She owns a piano, he owns a guitar. The day's work commences at nine. The Peiffers stay home on Sunday, the Williamses on Monday. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): A better idea of life on the moon than the Hayden Planetarium has ever offered. In the midst of the unreality, Maynard Ferguson's nervous-tic band is bleating its last, for on Sunday, Dec. 7, Count Basie's

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First of their brilliant kind — our own cut-velvet travel cases, lined with plastic and pocketed to hold all your beauty regalia neatly. The single-zip case has space for your own bottles and jars, 10.00. The double carryall has snap-shut section and roomy tote section; separate inner case holds 5 plastic fittings, 25.00. The two-zip case has 6 fittings plus hosiery hangers; outside compartment holds damp facecloths, 19.95. All in pale or dark rose pattern; or green stripe, with bone plastic handles. Prices plus tax. Leather Goods, Street Floor. Mail and telephone orders filled.

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BEVERLY HILLS, DETROIT, ST. LOUIS, MIAMI BEACH, FT. LAUDERDALE

brash gossoons and Joe Williams, whose voice is a deep-dyed blue, waltz in. Jam sessions Mondays by earnest strivers. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The eloquent reminiscences of times past served up by Teddy Wilson's trio and Bobby Hackett's quartet are now and then garbled in transmission, because of the discussion groups at the ringside tables. The musicians don't begin until eight-thirty, so the orators down front have a head start. Sundays are devoted to the work of visiting practitioners. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Charlie Mingus, an original thinker, will remove his quintet from the premises on Sunday, Dec. 7. On Tuesday, Dec. 9, Tony Scott, his umbrageous clarinet, and his fivesome will climb aboard. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The scenes of one's childhood, and the music thereof, dished out by such stentorians as Charlie Shavers, Willie the Lion Smith, Tony Parenti, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Lou McGarity (welcome home, there!), Gene Sedric, Freddie Moore, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): The smallest dance floor of them all, maybe, but nevertheless a dance floor, beside which a squadron called the Commuters supply the wherewithal from nine to one every night but Sunday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MILTON AVERY—Semiabstract oils, mostly centering on the sea; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

LUDWIG BEMELMANS—Oils done in France, many of them reproduced in his new book "My Life in Art;" through Dec. 24. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

ARBIT BLATAS—Expressionist oils in black-and-white; through Dec. 20. (Associated American Artists, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

JOHN BRATBY—The first American showing of oils by a rising young British artist, who, by the way, dubbed in those paintings for Alec Guinness in the movie "The Horse's Mouth;" through Saturday, Dec. 13. (French & Co., 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

SYD BROWNE—Cityscapes painted in France and Italy; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.)

DAVID BURLIUK—Landscapes, flowers, and portraits; through Dec. 20. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

ANTONIO CORPORA—Oils by an Italian abstractionist; through Dec. 24. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

VIRGINIA CUTHBERT—Street scenes with figures; through Dec. 19. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

SALVADOR DALI—New paintings and drawings; starting Saturday, Dec. 6. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

DEGAS AND RENOIR—Pastels, drawings, and sculptures; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

LYONEL FEININGER—Oils, water colors, and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

CHAIM FLEISCHMAN—Paintings, mainly Abstract Expressionist in style; through Thursday, Dec. 4. (Fleischman, 227 E. 10th St. Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 7.)

SAM FRANCIS—New Abstract Expressionist paintings by an American associated with the Paris school; through Dec. 22. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

WILLIAM STANLEY HASELTINE—A memorial exhibition of sea and landscape paintings and drawings (1854-99); through Dec. 21. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

ALBERT HIRSCHFELD—Forty drawings and gouaches by the theatrical caricaturist of the New York *Times;* through Dec. 27. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

JOSEPH JESWALD—Sensitively colorful figure studies and other subjects. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (G Gallery, 200 E. 59th St. Mondays

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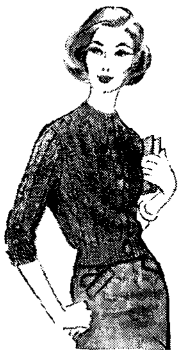

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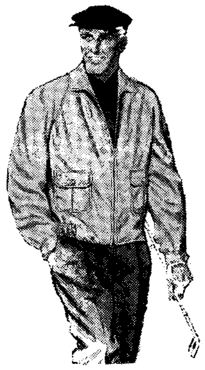

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through Fridays, 10 to 7; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Oskar Kokoschka—Water colors, drawings, and lithographs; through Dec. 15. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

Fernand Léger and the School of Paris—Oils, water colors, and drawings by Léger, supplemented by oils by Picasso, Soutine, Braque, and others; through Dec. 20. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

John Little—Large, florid, but generally powerful Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Henri Matisse—Twenty bronze sculptures; through Dec. 20. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

Picasso—Works in ten mediums, including oils, ceramics, and lithographs; through Dec. 27. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Larry Rivers—Oils, sculptures, and lithographs; through Jan. 3. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St.)

Paul Sample—Paintings of Spain and Labrador; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Robert Vickrey—Gently thoughtful paintings, many of them figure studies; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Max Weber—"The Figure in Retrospect, 1906-58;" through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Paintings from the City Art Museum of St. Louis—Fifty European and American works, from Cranach to Picasso, on loan from, and for the benefit of, the Museum; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters—An exhibition of works by the four nominees for the Institute's 1959 Gold Medal for Graphic Art, plus eighty-two paintings by contemporary American artists, from which the Academy's Childe Hassam Fund purchases will be selected; through Sunday, Dec. 7. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Sculptures—By Herbert Ferber, David Hare, and Ibram Lassaw; through Dec. 20. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Christmas Shows—At the **alan**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures ($65 to $3,500) by, for instance, Paul Burlin, Reuben Tam, and William King; through Dec. 24. . . . **barone**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Graphics ($25 to $150) by Edward Giobbi, James Leong, and three other artists; through Dec. 24.

Americans; Group Shows—At the **james graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings (eighteenth-century to modern) by, among others, Benjamin West, George Inness, and Marsden Hartley; through Dec. 24. . . . **national academy of design**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The thirty-fourth annual exhibition of works in various mediums by the New York Society of Women Artists. Among those represented are Sylvia Carewe, Elizabeth Erlanger, and Margit Beck. Through Dec. 21. (Daily, 1 to 5.). . . **village art center**, 39 Grove St.: The seventeenth annual (paintings and sculptures) of the League of Present-Day Artists, including works by Helen Gerardia and Domenico Facci; through Dec. 19. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Paintings and drawings by Andre Racz, Lawrence Kupferman, Amédée Ozenfant, and others; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **durlacher**, 11 E. 57th St.: Drawings by such artists as Boucher, Tintoretto, and Toulouse-Lautrec, together with a group by the present-day English primitive Scottie Wilson; through Dec. 20. . . . **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Arp, Matisse, Schwitters, and others; through Jan. 3. . . . **world house**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Modern German paintings and drawings by, among others, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Franz Marc, and Emil Nolde; through Wednesday, Dec. 10.

Japanese; Group Show—A small, lively exhibition of paintings and other works by members of the Modern Art Association of Japan; through Thursday, Dec. 4. (Brata, 89 E. 10th St. Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Note—An exhibition and sale of paintings by contemporary American and European artists, among them Ben Shahn, Lyonel Feininger, Alexander Calder, and Afro, will continue at the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel, 106 Central Park S., through Saturday, Dec. 6. The show is for the benefit of the Grand Street Settlement, and is open daily from 1 to 10:30. . . . ¶ Another exhibition and sale, this one of water colors, drawings, and graphic arts by the Lower East Side Independent Artists, will take place at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St., starting Sunday, Dec. 7. The show is sponsored by the Lower East Side Neighborhoods Association, and will be open daily from 3 to 9.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings and other works, ranging from Colonial times to the present, by fourteen American masters, including John Singleton Copley, Mary Cassatt, and John Marin; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A photographic display called "Architecture Worth Saving;" through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Some five hundred photographs (from the Museum's collection) taken since 1838 by three hundred men and women in eighteen countries; through Jan. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of pagan and primitive peoples' funerary objects (clothing, jewelry, masks, statuettes, vessels for food and drink, and so on) unearthed in Egypt and other African countries, the Far East, and North and South America; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—A selection of paintings submitted for the 1958 Guggenheim International Award, including some of the winners; through Dec. 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Primitive sculptures in metal, among them bronzes from Benin, in Nigeria, and pre-Columbian goldwork from Central and South America; through Feb. 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1958 annual of paintings, sculptures, and drawings, containing a hundred and eighty-four works by as many artists; through Jan. 4. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Dec. 4: "Carmen," with Blanche Thebom, Hilde Gueden, Kurt Baum, and Mario Zanasi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 5: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Rosalind Elias, Mildred Miller, George London, Giulio Gari, and Charles Kullman. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 6: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Gloria Davy, Roberta Peters, Nicolai Gedda, Giorgio Tozzi, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 6: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Eugenio Fernandi, and Tito Gobbi. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Laurel Hurley, Rosalind Elias, Lucine Amara, Nicolai Gedda, and George London. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 9: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Mario Del Monaco, and Tito Gobbi. (A benefit sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera Guild for the Metropolitan Opera Employees Welfare Fund and for the Casa Verdi, in Milan; for tickets, call TE 8-8500.). . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 10: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Heidi Krall, Dimiter Uzunov, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 11: "La Gioconda," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 12: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Heidi Krall, Mario Zanasi, and Nicola Moscona. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 13: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Hilde Gueden, Roberta Peters, Blanche Thebom, Theodor Uppman, Cesare Valletti, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 13: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Nicolai Gedda, George London, and Giorgio Tozzi. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 5, at 2:30; and Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30 (all with Claudio Arrau, piano); Sunday, Dec. 7, at 3 (with Laszlo Varga, cello); and Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 12, at 2:30; Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 3 (all with Johanna Martzy, violin, and with Mr. Bernstein as the piano soloist).

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8:45, with Ralph Gomberg, oboe; and Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2:30, no soloists. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30; no soloists.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with soloists. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet conducting a program of American music of a century ago. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30. For free tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2081.)

City Symphony Orchestra—Franz Bibo conducting, with Ruth Morris, soprano. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

Violoncello Society—Heitor Villa-Lobos conducting thirty-two cellists in a program of his own works, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8:40.)

Symphony of the Air—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Mario Del Monaco, tenor. A benefit for Boys' Towns of Italy. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 12. at 8:30. For tickets, call SU 7-5954.)

American Chamber Orchestra—Robert Scholz conducting, with Sidney Harth, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting, with soloists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Little Singers of Paris—Msgr. Fernand Maillet directing. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 3.)

Hunter College and Hamilton College Choirs—A joint concert, with Anders Emile and John Low Baldwin, Jr., directing, and with Bruce Prince-Joseph, organ. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:15. For tickets, call TR 9-2100, Ext. 325.)

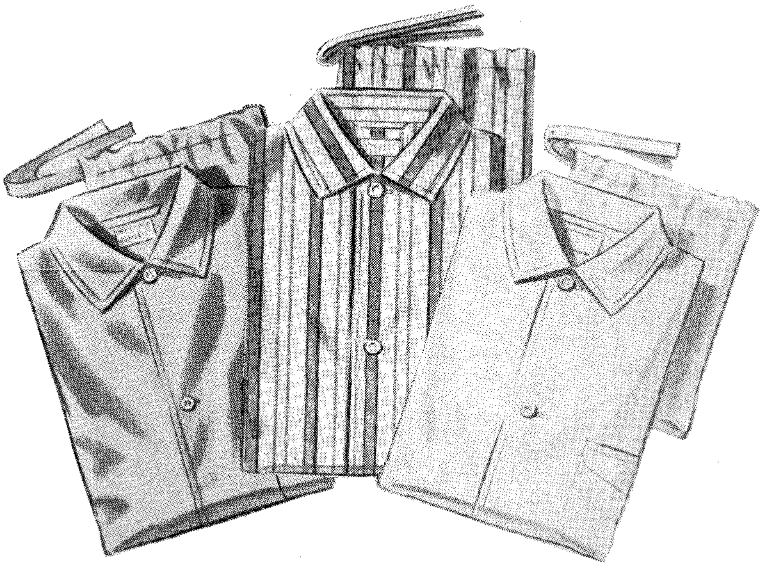
Vienna Academy Chorus—Guenther Theuring directing. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

Cantata Singers—William Reese directing a program of sacred French baroque music, with Charlotte Bloecher Anderson and Dilys Jones Smith, sopranos; Russell Oberlin, countertenor; Charles Bressler, tenor; John Yard, bass; and Vernon de Tar, continuo organ. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 6-6350.)

RECITALS

Witold Malcuzynski—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8:30, with Walter Trampler, viola. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Trio di Bolzano—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

New York Chamber Soloists—Margaret Hillis conducting, with Adele Addison, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 5:30.)

Karl and Phyllis Kraeuter—Violin and cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 5:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of medieval, Renaissance, and early baroque music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

New York Chamber Ensemble—Conducted, in part, by Dimitri Mitropoulos, with Martial Singher, baritone, and Russel Sherman, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

Byron Janis—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 8:40.)

Mischa Elman—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Hilde Somer—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

David Bar-Illan—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The third concert in the series, this one by the New York Pro Musica. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays, 4 to 7.)

Odetta—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

Note—The New York Pro Musica will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 14, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Dec. 8, in the order in which written applications are received. Applications must be received on Monday morning—not before.

MISCELLANY

Operas-in-Brief—"Rigoletto," the third in this year's series of abbreviated operas presented by the Amato Opera Theatre. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 5:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

College Football—Boston College vs. Holy Cross. (Boston. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 1:30.)

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 6.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 7, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Detroit.

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 6, at 9: Knicks vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 7: Philadelphia vs. Syracuse and Knicks vs. Minneapolis. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 12, at 9: Knicks vs. St. Louis.

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **little orchestra society:** Thomas Scherman conducting a program of Christmas music, with Max Adrian, narrator, and the Trinity Church Boys Choir. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.) . . . **new york philharmonic:** Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Dec. 13, at noon.) . . . **brooklyn philharmonia:** Siegfried Landau conducting the opening children's concert of the season, with Tom Two Arrows, Iroquois Indian dancer. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 3.)

Plays—At **theatre east:** "I Wish I May." (211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Saturdays at 11, 1:30, and 3.) . . . **merri-mimes:** "Peter and the Wolf." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **junior theatre:** "Hans Brinker." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **pilgrim productions:** "Pinocchio." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 11.)

Marionettes—The Suzari Marionettes presenting "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 3.)

Ballet—John Begg's Ballet Company presenting "Aladdin" and "Carnival of Animals." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Paintings," an exhibit comprising European and American works, visual demonstrations of materials and techniques of artists, peephole and push-button displays, and so on. . . . ¶ Paintings and prints by children of Southern Rhodesia; through Dec. 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Exhibits—An elaborate new scenic display with six electric trains chuffing in and out, up and down, and around and around. (Lionel Showroom, 15 E. 26th St. MU 3-2707. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 3.) . . . ¶ More trains, running along a two-thousand-foot railway system, together with Erector models and scientific displays that youngsters can set going by means of push buttons. (Gilbert Hall of Science, Fifth Ave. at 25th St. OR 9-1161. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show is called "Stars of the Christmas Sky." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn Friday, Dec. 12), as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Interviews with United Nations figures and films of General Assembly meetings are shown on WCBS-TV on Sunday mornings from 11 to 11:30. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry and Drama Readings—At **kaufmann concert hall,** Y.M.H.A.: Richard Wilbur and John Malcolm Brinnin reading from their own poetry. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.) . . . **brooklyn academy of music:** A group of actors, sponsored by Helen Hayes, in a reading of Shakespeare's "Richard III." (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, Dec. 4-5, at 1:45: Chinese furniture; early-dynastic pottery and porcelains; jades and other semiprecious-mineral carvings; Chinese, Siamese, and Tibetan sculptures;

paintings; Chinese and Japanese ivory carvings; and lamps and other decorative objects. The property of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Kullgren and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture; terra-cotta, bronze, and other sculptures; paintings and drawings by such artists as Boucher, Fragonard, and Corot; French and other old silver; and Gothic and Renaissance objects of art. From the collection of the late Baron Cassel van Doorn. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 1:45: Bird books, first editions, and other literary material; from the estate of Peter C. Briggs and from other sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8: Paintings and drawings by Old Masters and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century artists, from several collectors, among them the late Stephen Powys. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 6.

Note—If everything goes according to schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its three thousand lights and one thousand red and white balls and ready to be lighted at 6:15 on Thursday, Dec. 11.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Dec. 14, 21, 28, and 31, and Jan. 4, 7, and 10. . . . ¶ Amateur game: United States vs. Russia, Jan. 1.

Horse Show—Secor Farms Indoor Horse Show. (White Plains. Dec. 28.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Dec. 16, 21, 25, and 30, and Jan. 6 and 11.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Cleveland Browns. (Yankee Stadium. Dec. 14.)

Skating—Silver Skates finals. (Madison Square Garden. Dec. 17.)

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship. (Downtown Athletic Club. Jan. 7-21.)

Music—**metropolitan opera** (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 11. . . . **carnegie hall** (CI 7-7460): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 3. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 16 and Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Dec. 22 and Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Pete Seeger, folk singer, Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Paul Badura-Skoda and Joerg Demus, piano, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Joseph Fuchs, violin, Jan 12. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Jan. 14 and 17. . . . ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, Jan. 16. . . . **town hall** (JU 2-4536): Harold Farberman and members of the Boston Symphony, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Mount Holyoke College Glee Club, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Vienna Choir Boys, Dec. 27 and 29. . . . ¶ Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Andres Segovia, guitar, Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Otto Edelmann, bass-baritone, Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Jan. 13. . . . **grace rainey rogers auditorium**, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Music Forgotten and Remembered, Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Joyce Flissler, violin, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ American Chamber Orchestra, Jan. 14. . . . **hunter college assembly hall** (RE 7-8490): Zino Francescatti, violin, Jan. 10.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Whoop-Up," a musical with a book by Cy Feuer, Ernest H. Martin, and Dan Cushman, based on Mr. Cushman's novel "Stay Away, Joe." Norman Gimbel did the lyrics, Moose Charlap is responsible for the score, and the cast includes Susan Johnson, Paul Ford, and Ralph Young. . . . ¶ John Gielgud in a four-week solo engagement of readings called "Shakespeare's Ages of Man." . . . ¶ A play by Eleanor and Leo Bayer, "Third Best Sport," starring Celeste Holm. . . . ¶ Edward Chodorov's play "Listen to the Mocking Bird," taken from an English work, "Tabitha," by Arnold Ridley and Mary Cathcart Borer, with Eva Le Gallienne and Billie Burke.

Prose Readings—Truman Capote. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A. AT 9-2400. Dec. 18.)

Other Dates—The first day of winter is Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Thursdays. . . . ¶ Ice Follies of 1959, at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 13-25. . . . ¶ Federal estimated income-tax payments are due Thursday, Jan. 15. . . . ¶ National Motor Boat Show, at the Coliseum, Jan. 16-25.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, topped by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; through Dec. 8.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai—There's plenty of variety in this entertaining description of life among a group of British soldiers captured by the Japanese during the Second World War. The film includes everything from satire to high adventure, and the cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa, performs valiantly under the direction of David Lean. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 9.)

Damn Yankees—Gwen Verdon singing and strutting ebulliently in a film about a baseball fan who has sold his soul to the Devil to make sure that Washington will beat the Yankees to a pennant. Ray Walston is the smooth Lucifer in the doings, and Miss Verdon is his impish assistant. Under the direction of George Abbott, the whole thing moves at a fast clip, and there are lively songs to beguile you along the way. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Dec. 10, tentative.)

The Defiant Ones—A first-rate melodrama, produced and directed by Stanley Kramer, in which Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis portray a pair of fugitives from a chain gang in flight from a posse. While describing their odyssey, Mr. Kramer, without sententiousness, underlines some of the causes of race prejudice and indicates a possible cure. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Dec. 6, tentative.)

Gervaise—A mournful look at the way things were among the lower orders during the Second Empire. A French film, adapted from a novel by Emile Zola, in which Maria Schell gives a wonderfully persuasive performance, as do François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair, her assistants in the enterprise. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 5.)

Gigi—An enormous range of talent is represented in this musical revamp of Colette's novel about a young lady, tutored by relatives in the wiles of the demimondaine, who eventually lands a rich young fellow. Alan Jay Lerner contributed the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe the music, and Cecil Beaton the costumes. Filmed in Paris, the picture is a good-looking affair, and has a solid cast that includes Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Horse's Mouth—Alec Guinness performing with droll ingenuity as a threadbare, talented, amoral artist trying to get along, however furtively, in a world he never made but that he wouldn't mind remaking. An English film, adapted by Mr. Guinness from the novel by Joyce Cary. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Matchmaker—An agreeable period piece, adapted from a play by Thornton Wilder, in which Shirley Booth is delightful as a widow who has her eye on a Yonkers merchant, a difficult man to snare. The time is late nineteenth century, and the camera does a fine job in revealing some of the quaint aspects of American life during that era. Paul Ford plays the merchant Miss Booth has set her cap for, and Anthony Perkins and Shirley MacLaine supply a bit of young love. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Dec. 9.)

Me and the Colonel—Danny Kaye is most ingratiating in this pleasant comedy based on S. N. Behrman's play. It has to do with the lively adventures of a Jewish refugee fleeing the Nazis after the invasion of France in 1940. In company with the refugee is a Polish colonel (Curt Jurgens) who is none too bright, and a French girl (Nicole Maurey) who has eyes for both her escorts. The direction, by Peter Glenville, is altogether satisfactory. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Dec. 5, tentative. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 7, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Dec. 7, tentative. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 10.)

Pather Panchali—An excellent film about life in a village in India, which is honest, moving, and utterly without pretension. The movie was made on location and was directed by Satyajit Ray. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Roots of Heaven—Save the Elephant Week in French Equatorial Africa, with Trevor Howard leading the fight to keep the hunters away from the mammoths. Directed by John Huston, the film is handsome pictorially, and intermittently exciting. Along with Mr. Howard, we have Juliette Greco, Errol Flynn, Eddie Albert, and Orson Welles, all participating competently. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626.)

REVIVALS

Five Fingers (1952)—Spy stuff, with James Mason as the sneaky one. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 7-8.)

I'll Cry Tomorrow (1956)—Susan Hayward in a run-through of the autobiography of Lillian Roth, which has to do with a talented musical-comedy actress and the perils of drink. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 9-10.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. The dialogue is in both French and English. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 8, tentative.)

The Moon Is Blue (1953)—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy concerning some Manhattan mating cries, with Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800; through Dec. 10, tentative.)

New Faces (1954)—A CinemaScope version of the Broadway revue. With Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, and Alice Ghostley. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 9-10.)

The Rose Tattoo (1955)—Tennessee Williams' adaptation of his own play. Anna Magnani is the dishevelled Italian lady of the bayous, and Burt Lancaster is the truck driver who catches her eye. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 4.)

Sabrina (1954)—Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in a comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Dec. 7-9.)

The Sheep Has Five Legs (1955)—Fernandel as a Gallic father and as all five of the forty-year-old male quintuplets he has sired. Funny and French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 8, tentative.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a shabby New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting Dec. 10.)

The Sun Also Rises (1957)—Mr. Hemingway's novel, with Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, and Errol Flynn. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; Dec. 8-9.)

Umberto D. (1955)—Vittorio De Sica's sad account of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. In Italian. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 6.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn, and revolution in Mexico. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 7-8.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The First Sixty Years, Part II"—Through Dec. 6, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Blind Husbands" (1919), directed by, and with, Erich von Stroheim. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 7, showings at 3: "Greed" (1924), directed by Erich von Stroheim, with Zazu Pitts. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Big Country," Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Charlton Heston.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Houseboat," Cary Grant, Sophia Loren.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Dec. 10 (tentative): **THE MOON IS BLUE**, revival; and "The Man with the Golden Arm," revival, Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Auntie Mame," Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"From the Earth to the Moon," Joseph Cotten, George Sanders, Debra Paget.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Dec. 10: "Mardi Gras," Pat Boone, Christine Carère.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Tunnel of Love," Doris Day, Richard Widmark.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"China Doll," Victor Mature, Ward Bond.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"I Want to Live!," Susan Hayward, Simon Oakland.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Girl in the Bikini" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.

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EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 9 (tentative): "The Man in the Raincoat" (in French), Fernandel; and "Fire Under Her Skin" (in French), Raymond Pellegrin, Giselle Pascal.
From Dec. 10 (tentative): **DAMN YANKEES.**

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Dec. 7: "In Love and War," Robert Wagner, Dana Wynter; and "The Restless Breed," Scott Brady, Anne Bancroft.
Dec. 8-9: **THE SUN ALSO RISES**, revival; and "The Tall Men," revival, Clark Gable, Jane Russell.
From Dec. 10: **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, revival; and "A Nice Little Bank That Should Be Robbed," Tom Ewell, Mickey Rooney.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 6 (tentative): "La Parisienne" (in French), Charles Boyer, Brigitte Bardot.
From Dec. 7 (tentative): **ME AND THE COLONEL.**

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Dec. 9: **THE MATCHMAKER**; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.
From Dec. 10: "Torpedo Run," Glenn Ford, Ernest Borgnine; and "The Decks Ran Red," James Mason, Dorothy Dandridge.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"What Price Murder" (in French), Mylene Demongeot, Henri Vidal.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
GIGI.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Dec. 7: "In Love and War," Robert Wagner, Dana Wynter; and "The Restless Breed," Scott Brady, Anne Bancroft.
Dec. 8-9: **THE SUN ALSO RISES**, revival; and "The Tall Men," revival, Clark Gable, Jane Russell.
From Dec. 10: **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, revival; and "A Nice Little Bank That Should Be Robbed," Tom Ewell, Mickey Rooney.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Pepote" (in Spanish), Pablito Calvo.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Inspector Maigret" (in French), Jean Gabin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"My Uncle" (in French), Jacques Tati.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Dec. 5 (tentative): **ME AND THE COLONEL.**
From Dec. 6 (tentative): **THE DEFIANT ONES.**

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 10: "The Barbarian and the Geisha," John Wayne, Eiko Ando.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Dec. 8: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.**
From Dec. 9: To be announced.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Dec. 9 (tentative): "The Man in the Raincoat" (in French), Fernandel; and "Fire Under Her Skin" (in French), Raymond Pellegrin, Giselle Pascal.
From Dec. 10: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 6 (tentative): "La Parisienne" (in French), Charles Boyer, Brigitte Bardot.
From Dec. 7: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 7: "In Love and War," Robert Wagner, Dana Wynter; and "The Restless Breed," Scott Brady, Anne Bancroft.
Dec. 8-9: **THE SUN ALSO RISES**, revival; and "The Tall Men," revival, Clark Gable, Jane Russell.
From Dec. 10: **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, revival; and "A Nice Little Bank That Should Be Robbed," Tom Ewell, Mickey Rooney.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 8: **THE MATCHMAKER**; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.
Dec. 9: "The Party Crashers," Connie Stevens; and "The Space Children," Adam Williams.
From Dec. 10: "Torpedo Run," Glenn Ford, Ernest Borgnine; and "The Decks Ran Red," James Mason, Dorothy Dandridge.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Dec. 4: **THE ROSE TATTOO**, revival; and "Young at Heart," revival, Doris Day, Frank Sinatra.
Dec. 5-6: "Poor but Beautiful" (in Italian), Marisa Allasio; and "There's Always a Price Tag" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Daniel Gelin.
Dec. 7-8: **VIVA ZAPATA!**, revival; and **FIVE FINGERS**, revival.
Dec. 9-10: **I'LL CRY TOMORROW**, revival; and **NEW FACES**, revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 7 (tentative): **ME AND THE COLONEL.**
From Dec. 8 (tentative): **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY** (in French and English), revival; and **THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS** (in French), revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
PATHER PANCHALI (in Bengali).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 9: **THE MATCHMAKER**; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.
From Dec. 10: "Torpedo Run," Glenn Ford, Ernest Borgnine; and "The Decks Ran Red," James Mason, Dorothy Dandridge.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 6: **UMBERTO D.** (in Italian), revival; and "Ugetsu" (in Japanese), revival.
Dec. 7-9: **SABRINA**, revival; and "The Last Time I Saw Paris," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Van Johnson.
From Dec. 10: "Circus of Love" (in German), Curt Jurgens, Eva Bartok; and "A Plea for Passion" (in Italian; formerly called "The Bigamist"), Vittorio De Sica.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Dec. 7: "In Love and War," Robert Wagner, Dana Wynter; and "The Restless Breed," Scott Brady, Anne Bancroft.
Dec. 8-9: **THE SUN ALSO RISES**, revival; and "The Tall Men," revival, Clark Gable, Jane Russell.
From Dec. 10: **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, revival; and "A Nice Little Bank That Should Be Robbed," Tom Ewell, Mickey Rooney.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"My Uncle" (in English), Jacques Tati.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Flesh and Desire" (in French), Rossano Brazzi, Viviane Romance.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Tosca" (in Italian). (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Sundays at 6. Reserved seats only.)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Pot Bouille" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE HORSE'S MOUTH.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Dec. 8: **THE DEFIANT ONES**; and "Hong Kong Confidential," Gene Barry, Beverly Tyler.
From Dec. 9: **THE MATCHMAKER**; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 9: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.**
From Dec. 10: **ME AND THE COLONEL**; and "The Parson and the Outlaw," Anthony Dexter, Sonny Tufts.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 4: "Merlusse" (in French), revival; and "Janosik" (a Czechoslovakian picture), revival.
From Dec. 5: **GERVAISE** (in French); and "The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Dec. 9: "In Love and War," Robert Wagner, Dana Wynter; and "The Restless Breed," Scott Brady, Anne Bancroft.
From Dec. 10: **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, revival; and "A Nice Little Bank That Should Be Robbed," Tom Ewell, Mickey Rooney.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through Dec. 9: "The Man in the Raincoat" (in French), Fernandel; and "Fire Under Her Skin" (in French), Raymond Pellegrin, Giselle Pascal.
From Dec. 10: "Only the French Can" (in French; formerly called "French-Cancan"), revival, Jean Gabin; and "The Light Across the Street" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Raymond Pellegrin.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Dec. 8: **THE DEFIANT ONES**; and "Hong Kong Confidential," Gene Barry, Beverly Tyler.
From Dec. 9: **THE MATCHMAKER**; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Dec. 7: "In Love and War," Robert Wagner, Dana Wynter; and "The Restless Breed," Scott Brady, Anne Bancroft.
Dec. 8-9: **THE SUN ALSO RISES**, revival; and "The Tall Men," revival, Clark Gable, Jane Russell.
From Dec. 10: **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, revival; and "A Nice Little Bank That Should Be Robbed," Tom Ewell, Mickey Rooney.

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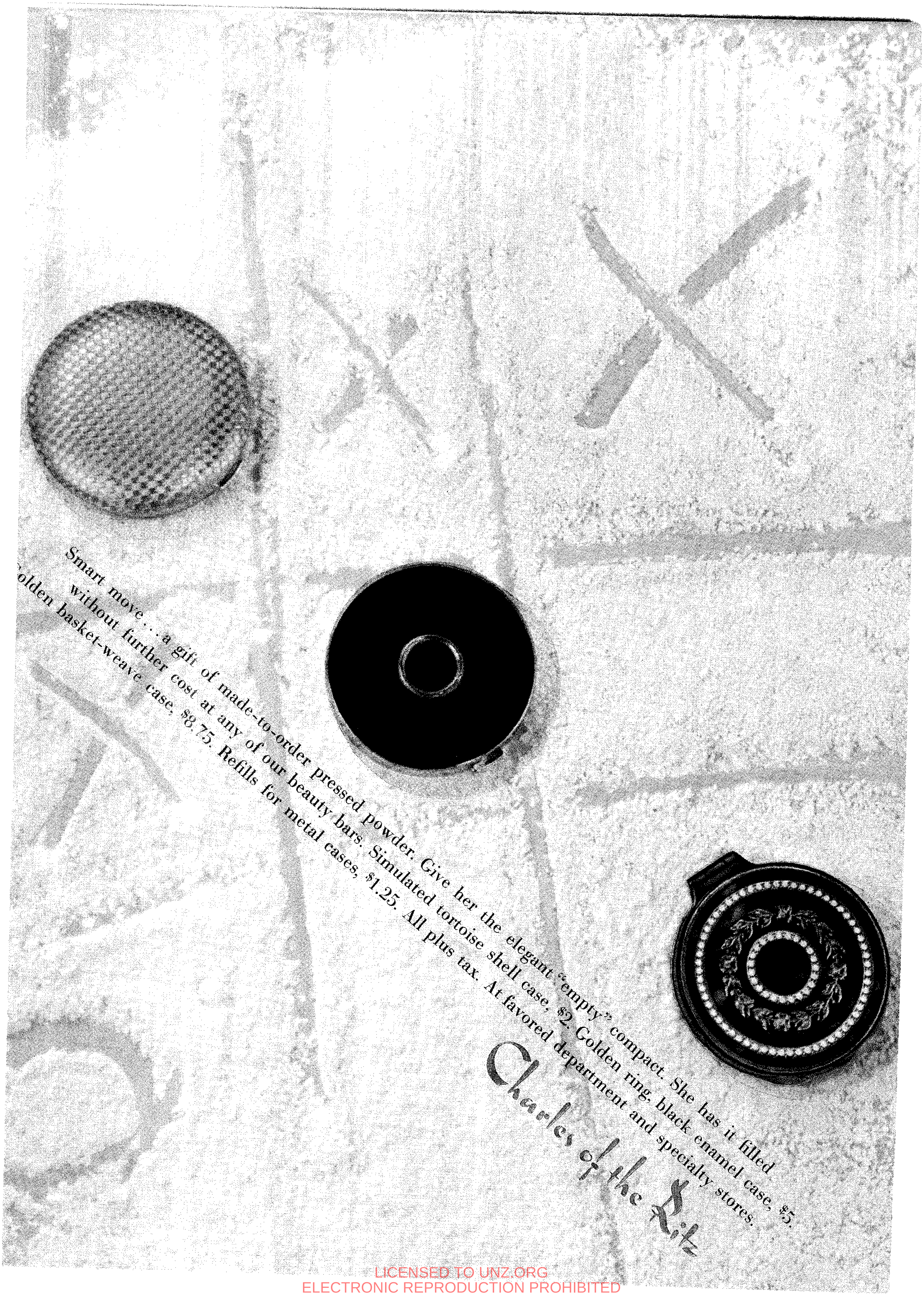

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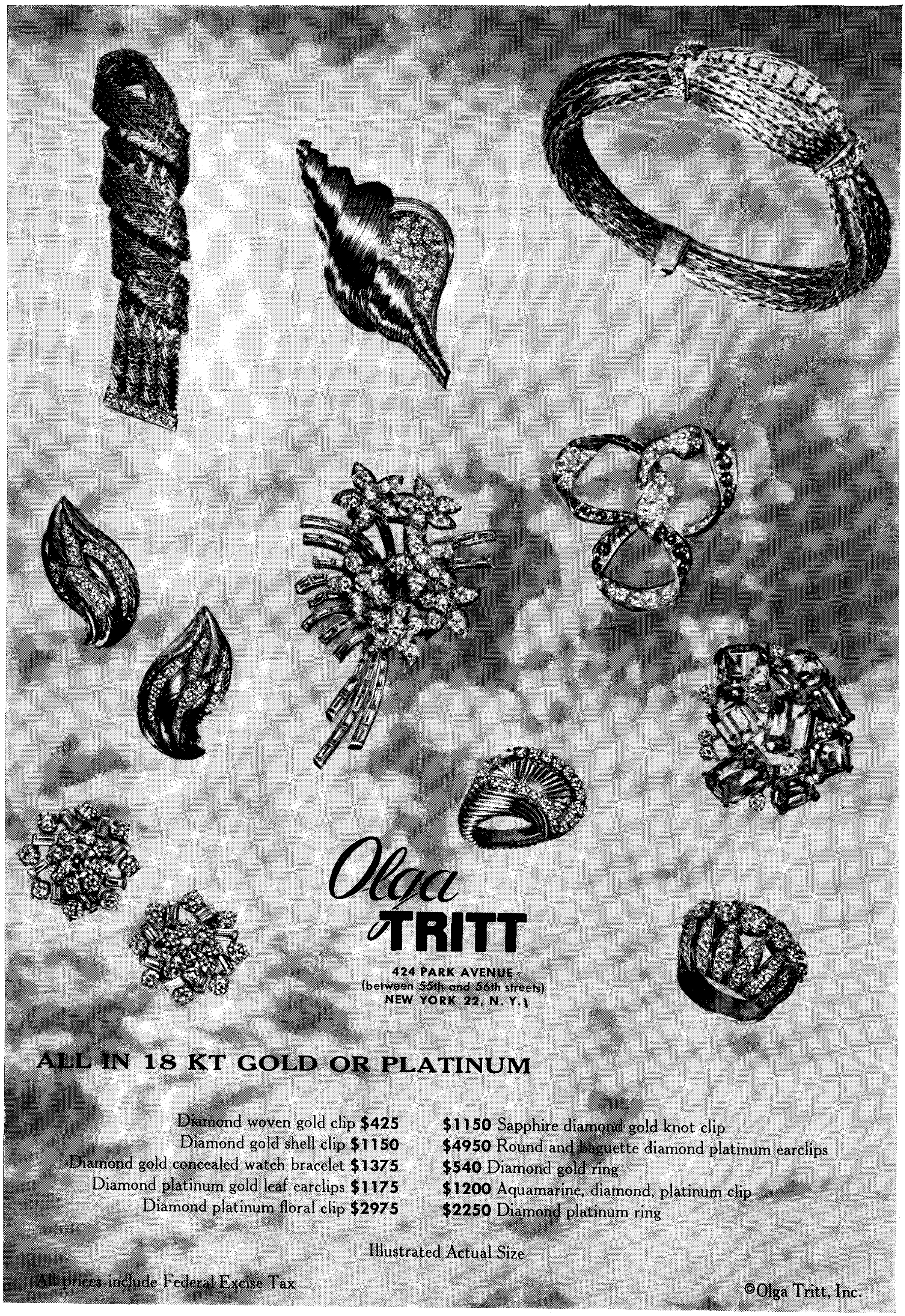

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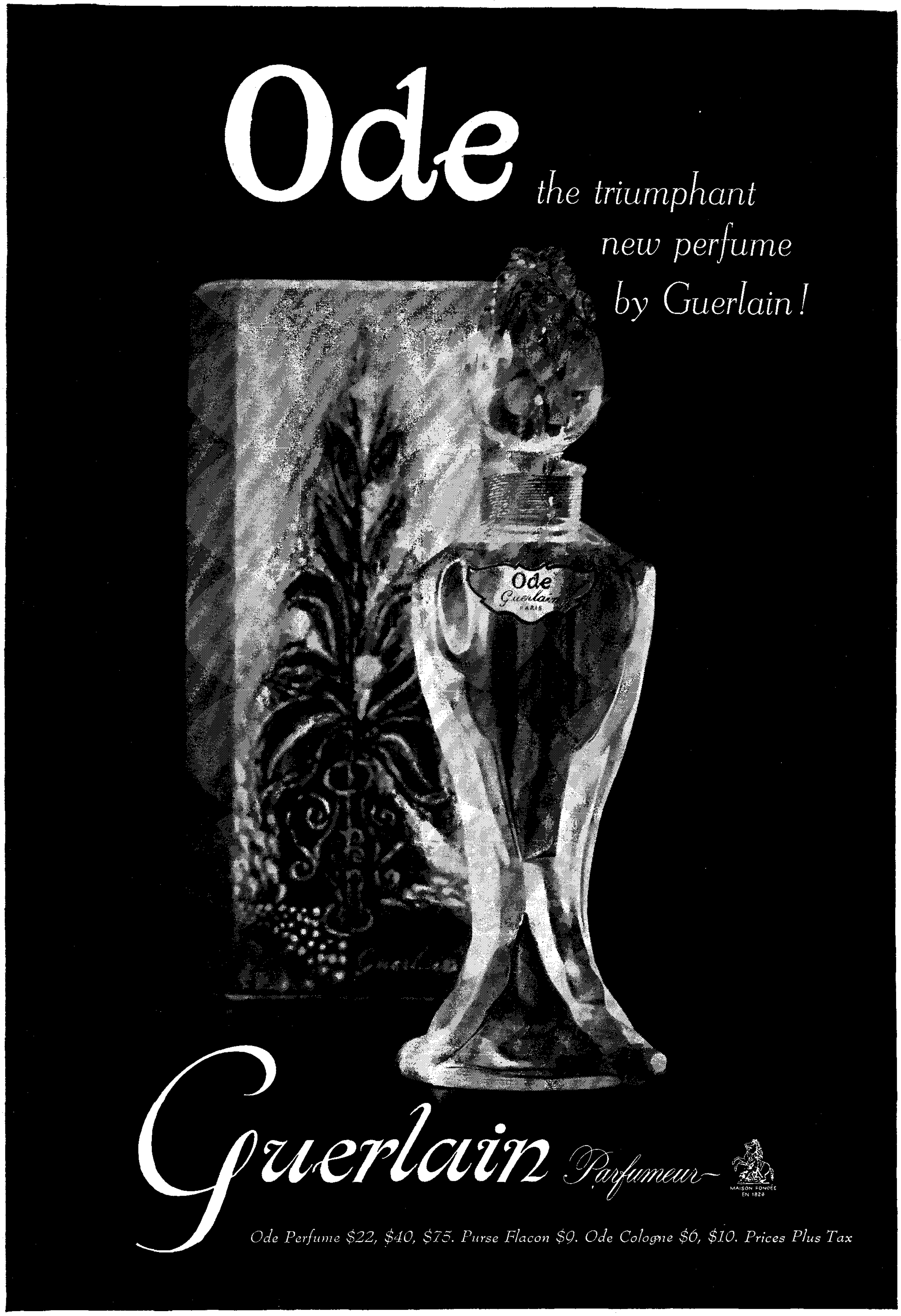

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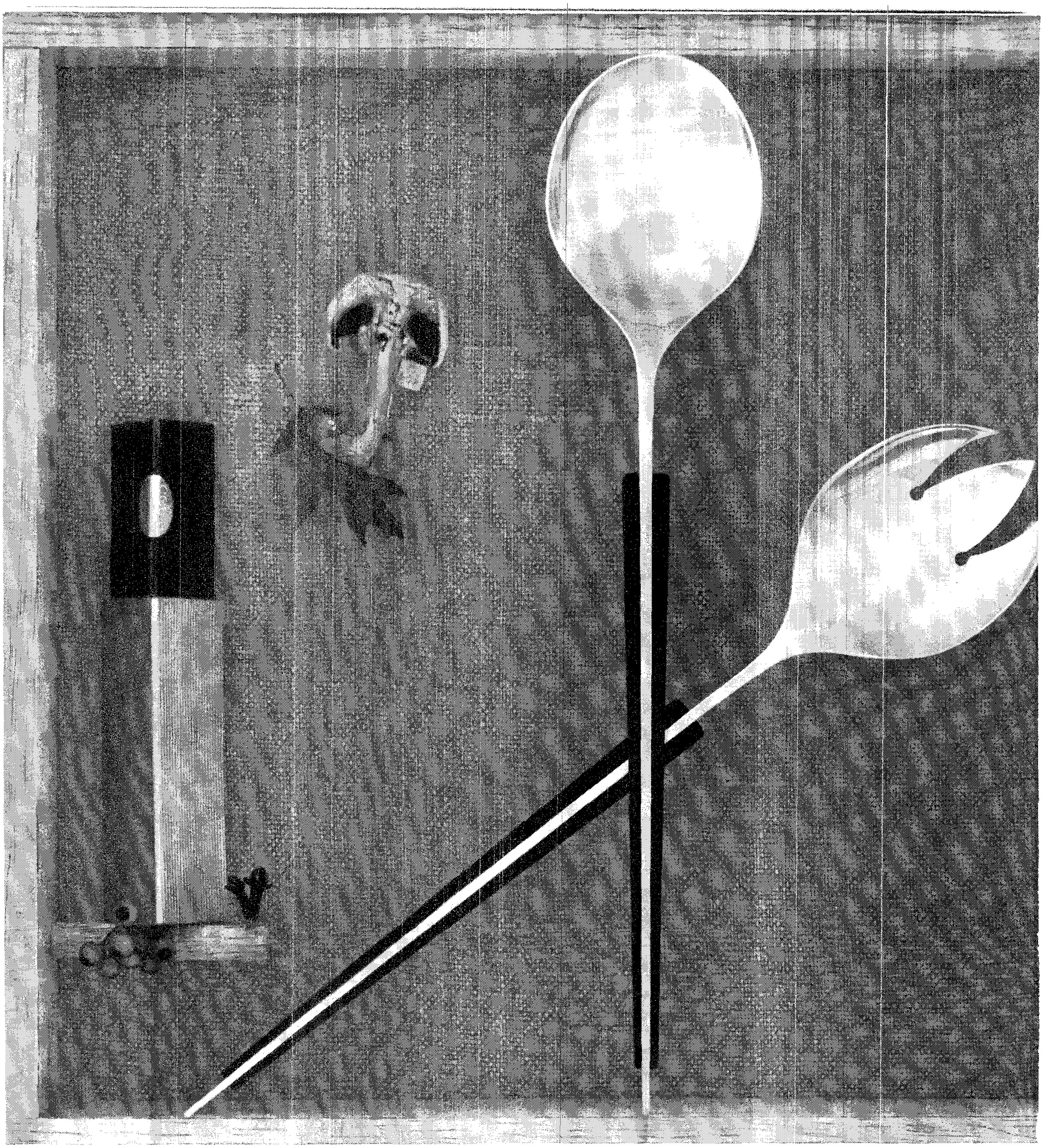

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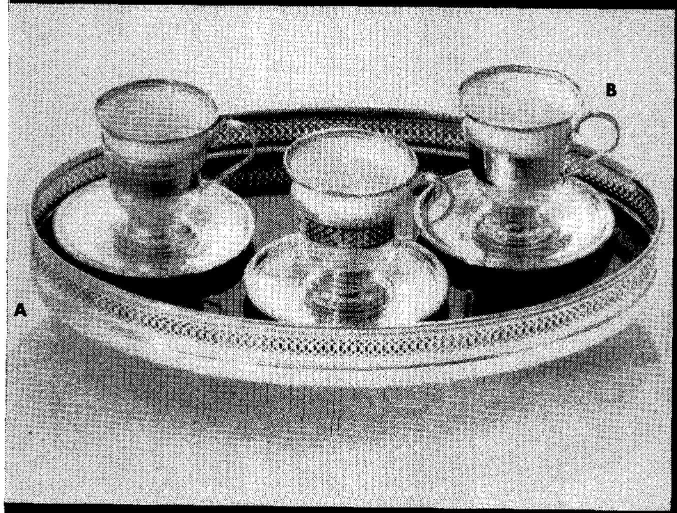

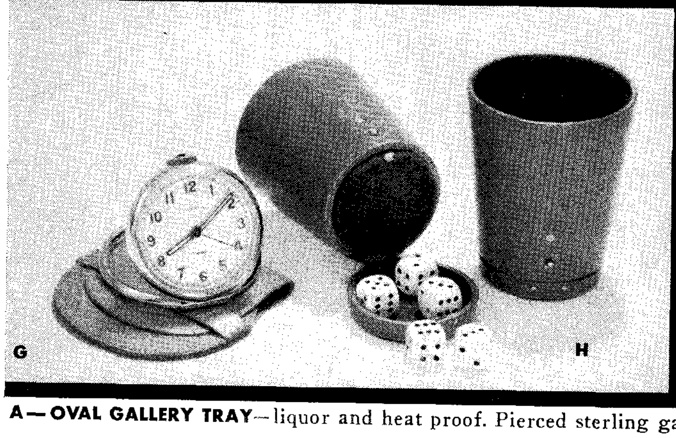

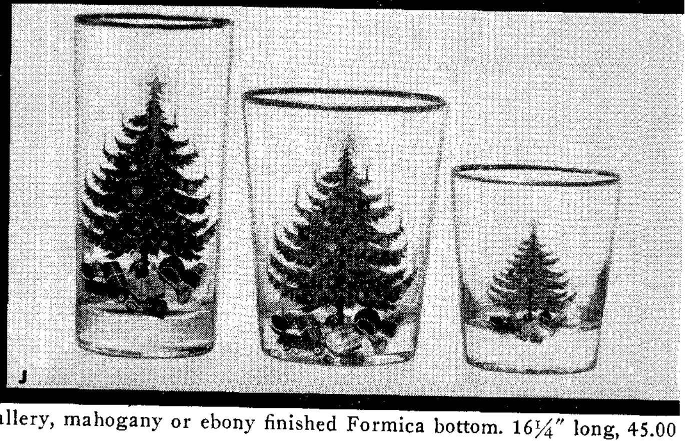

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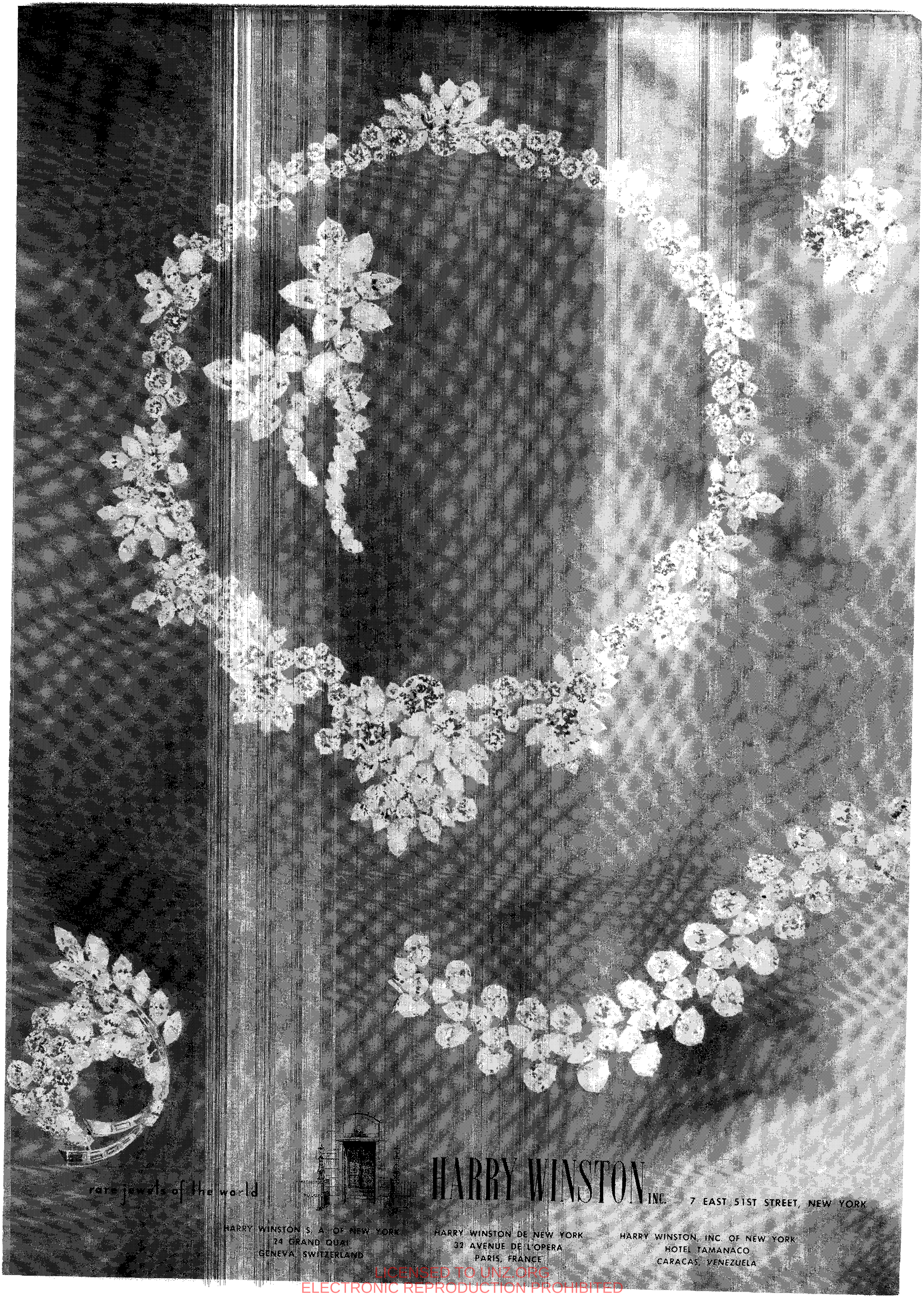
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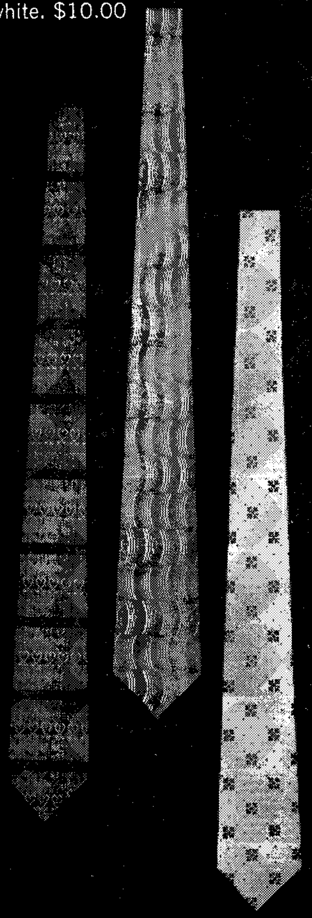

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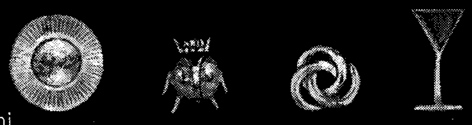

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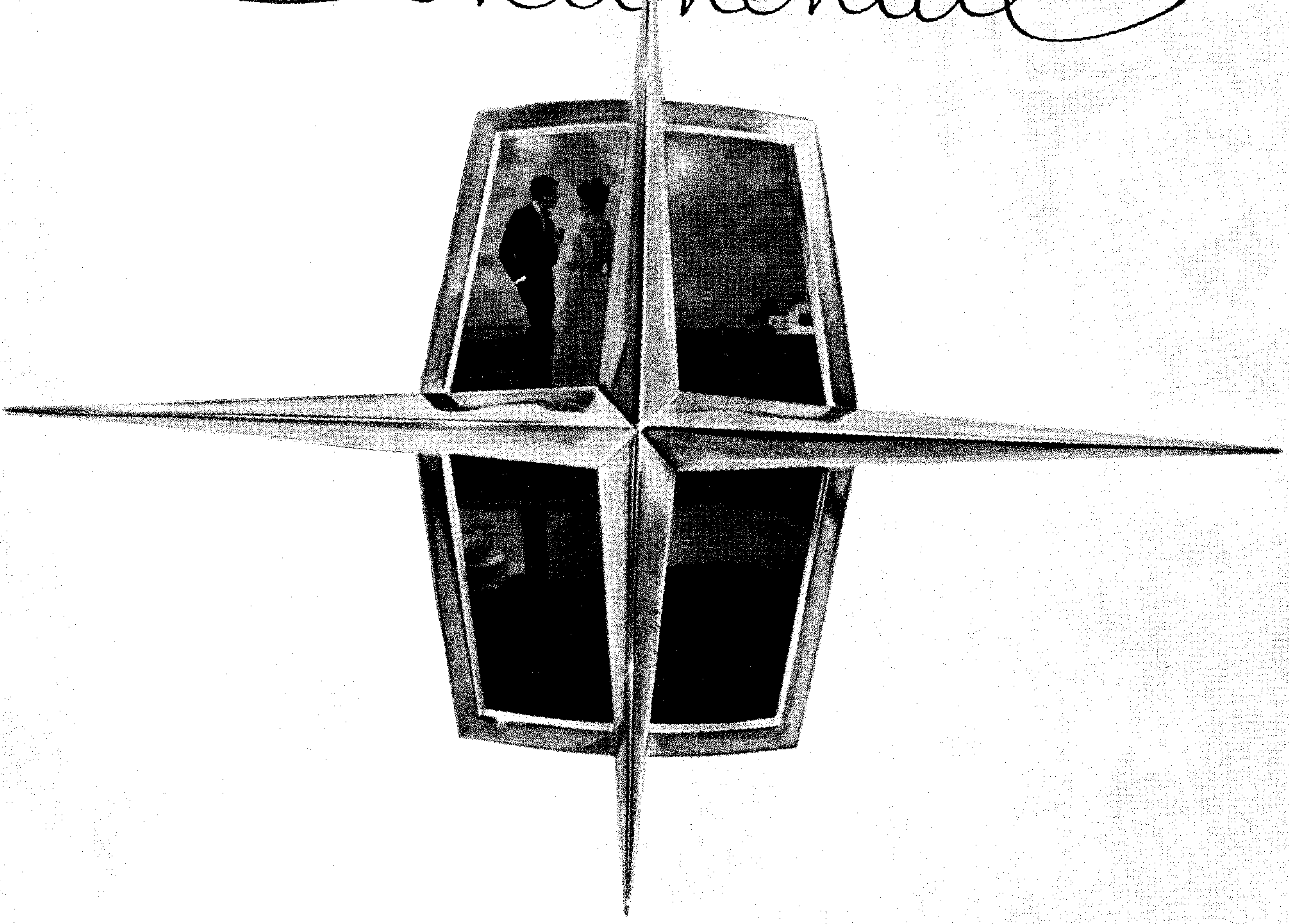

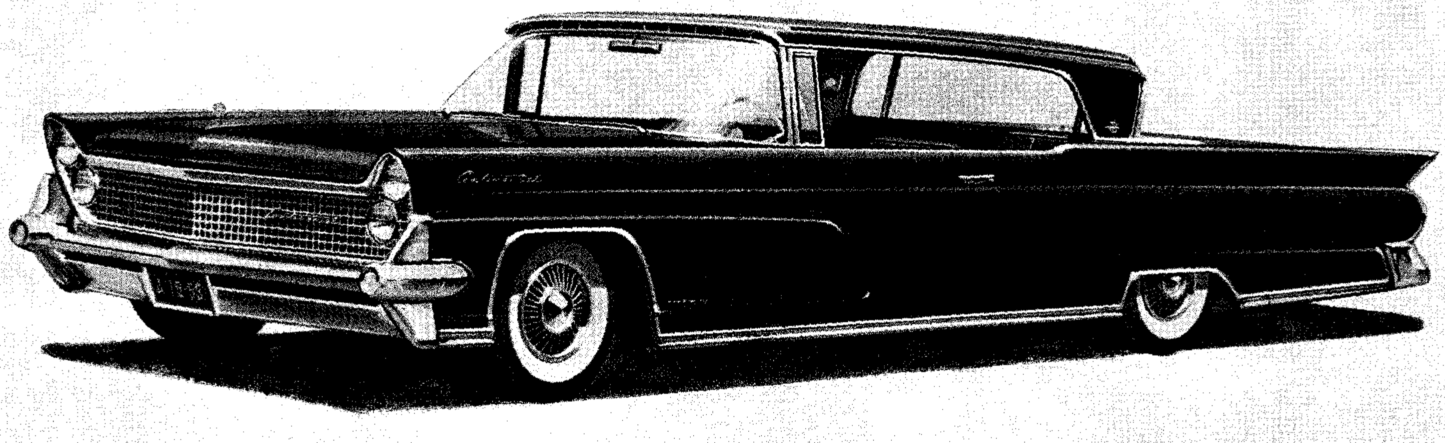

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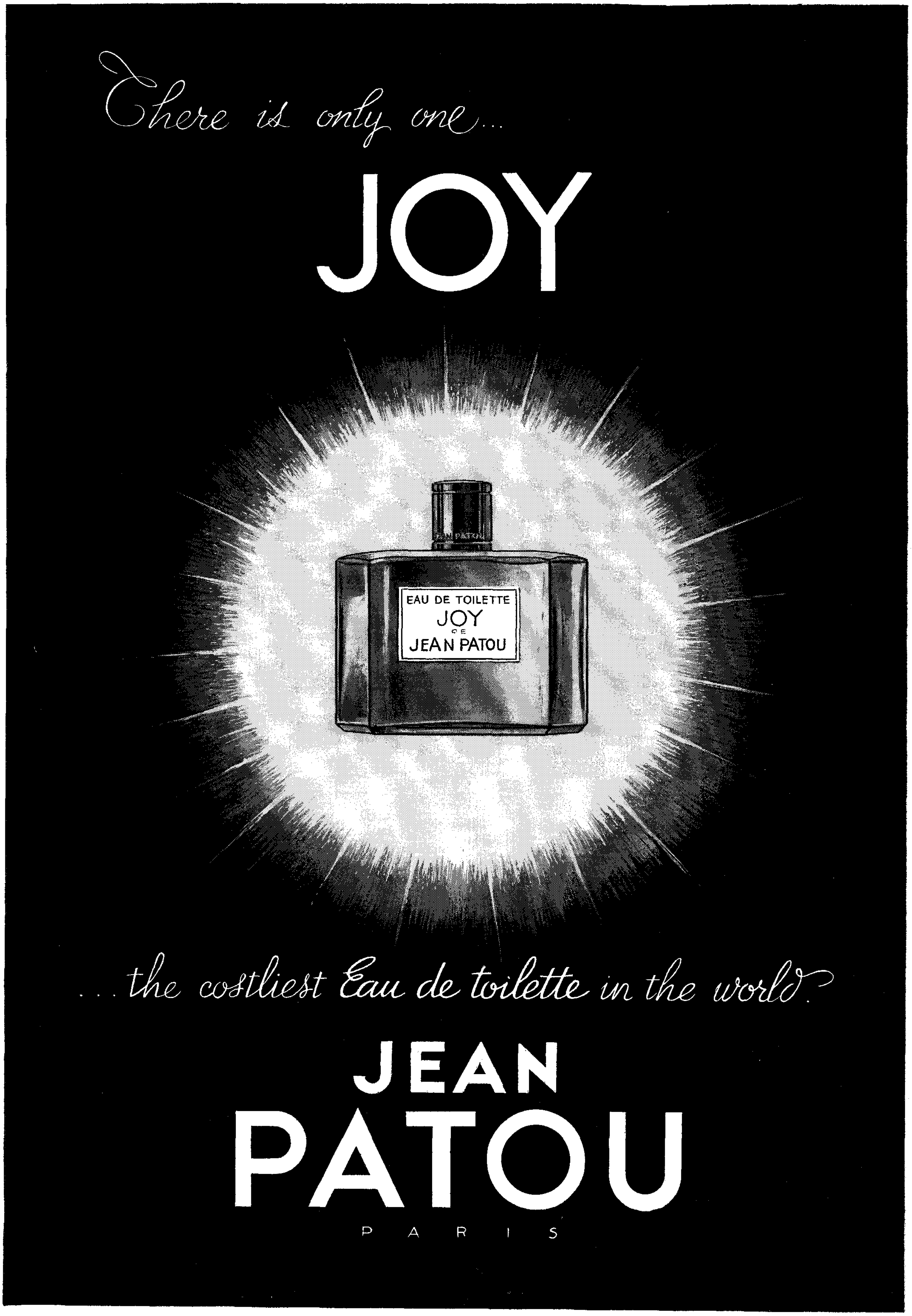
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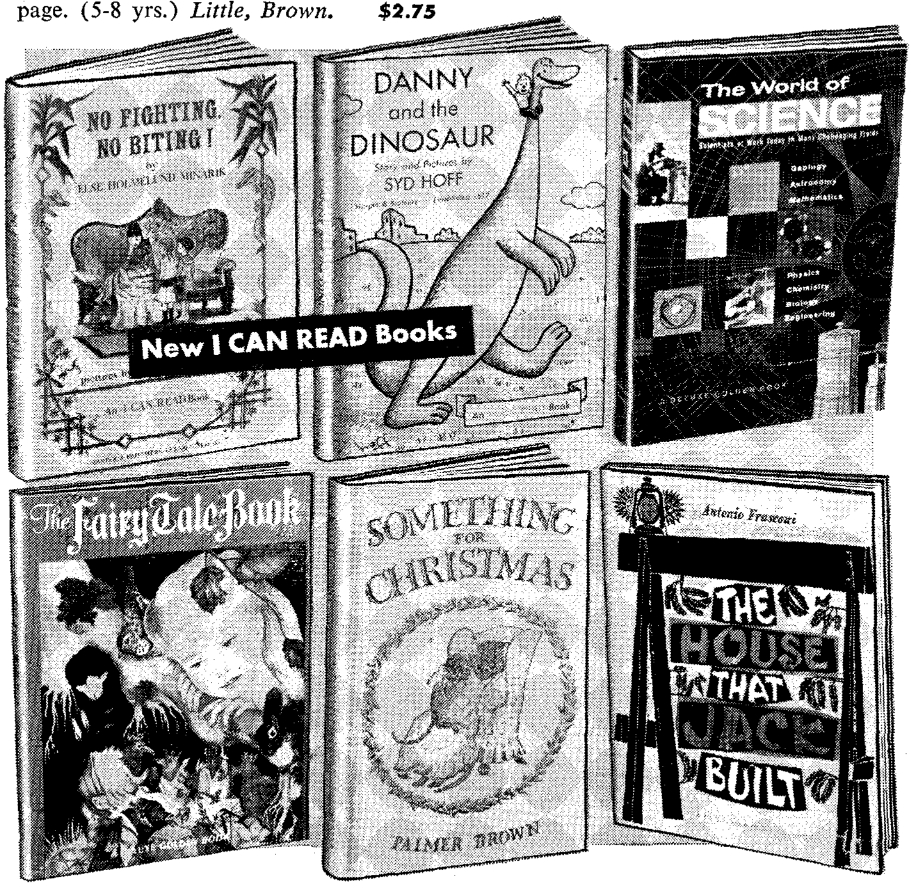
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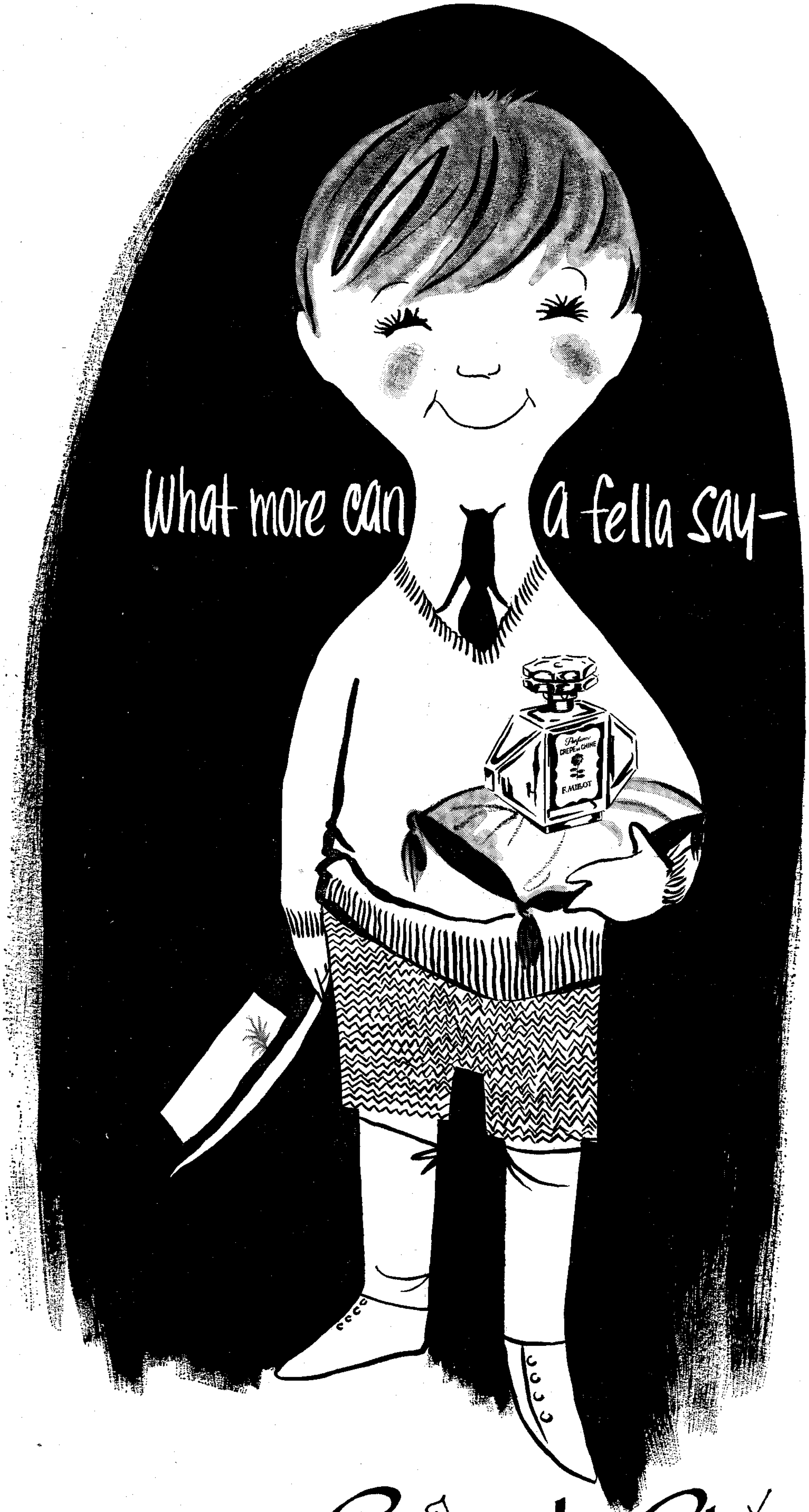
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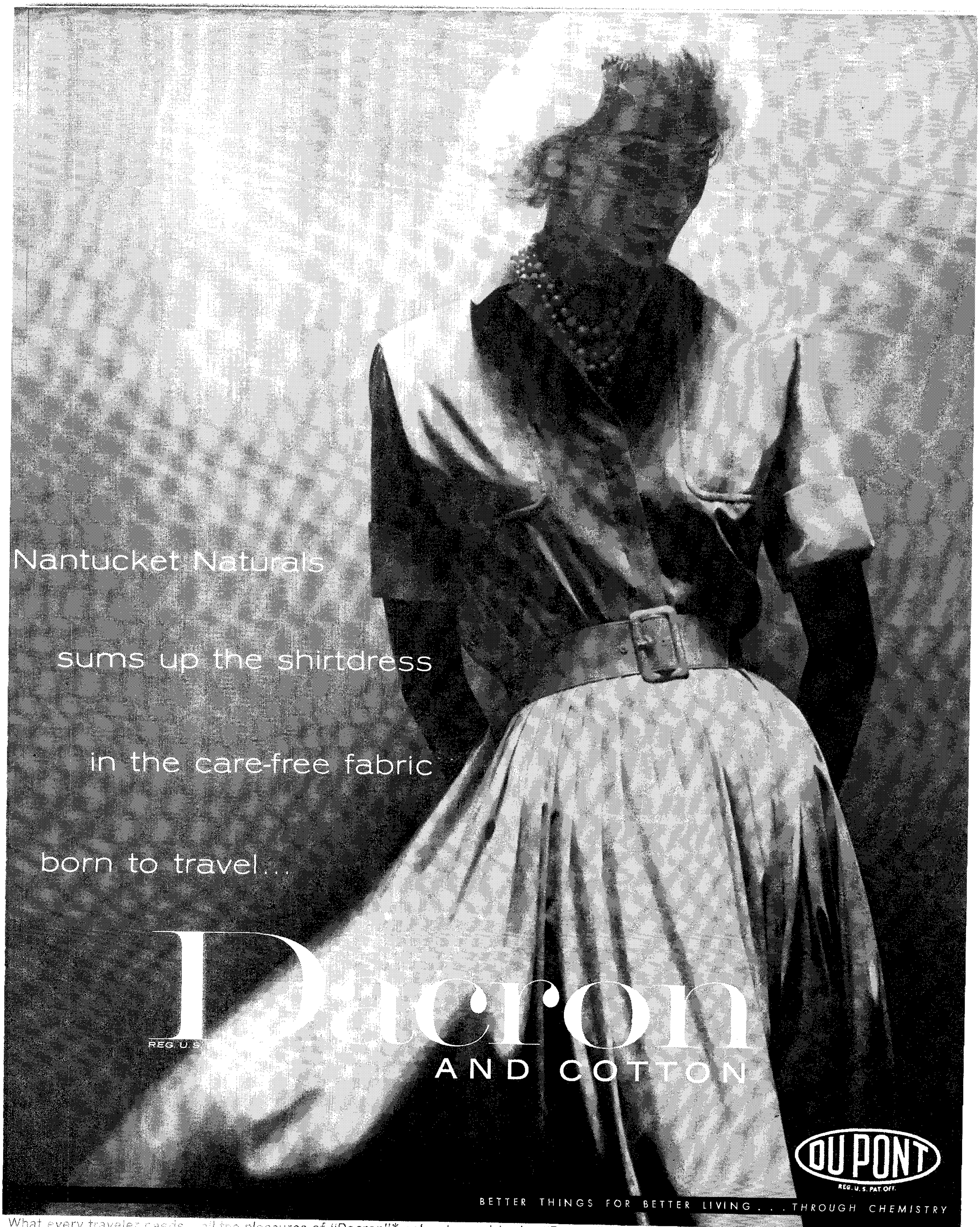
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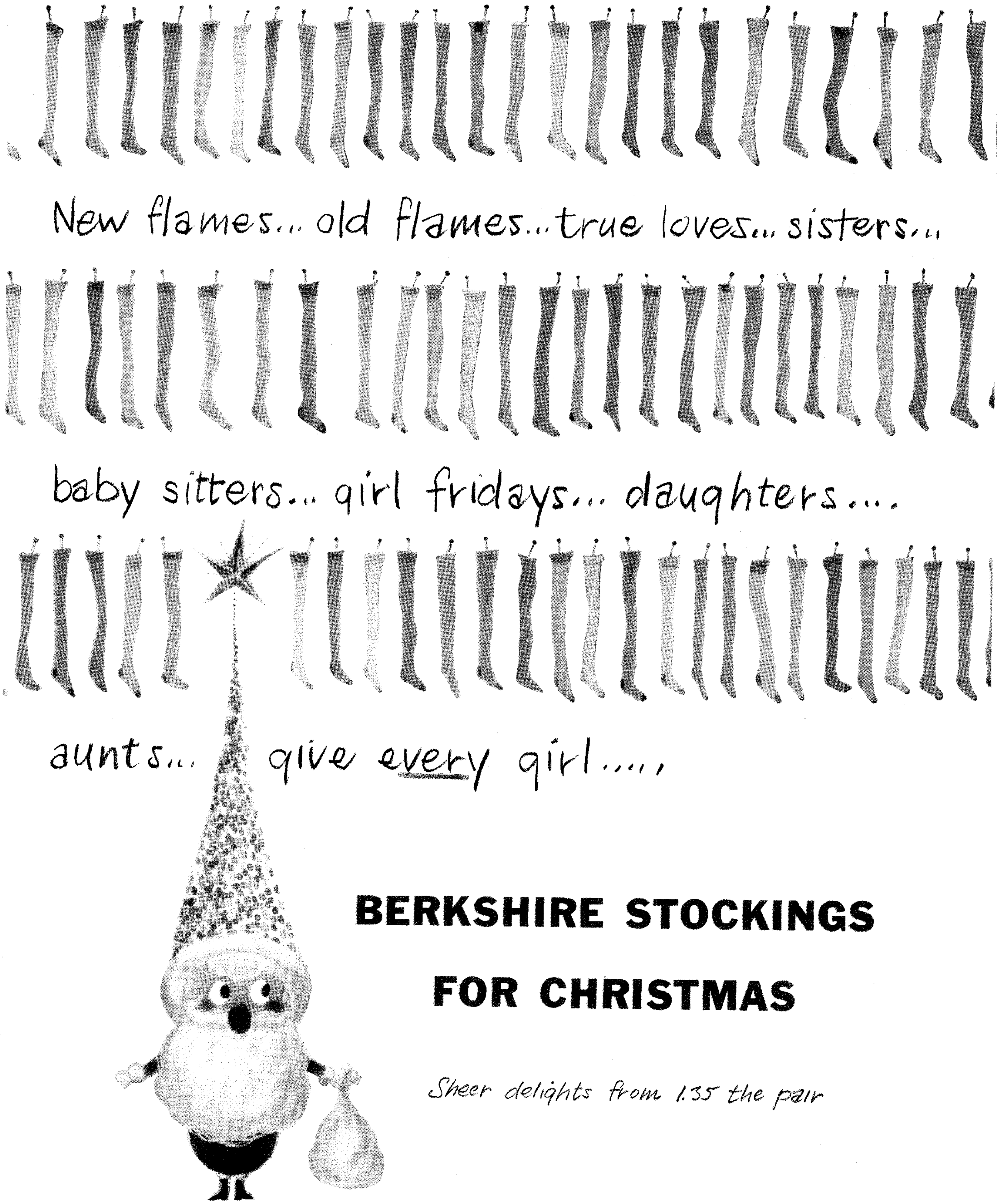
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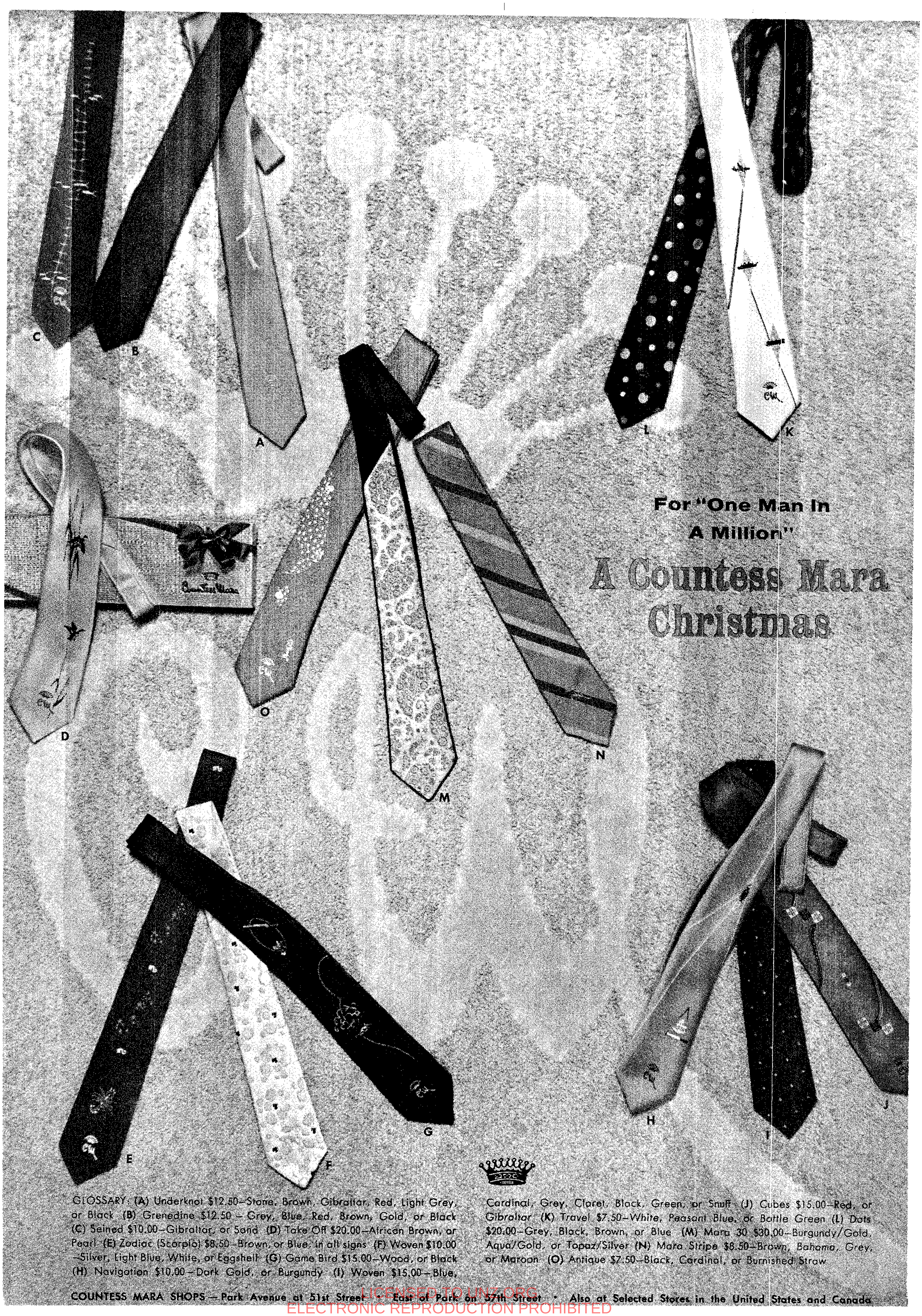

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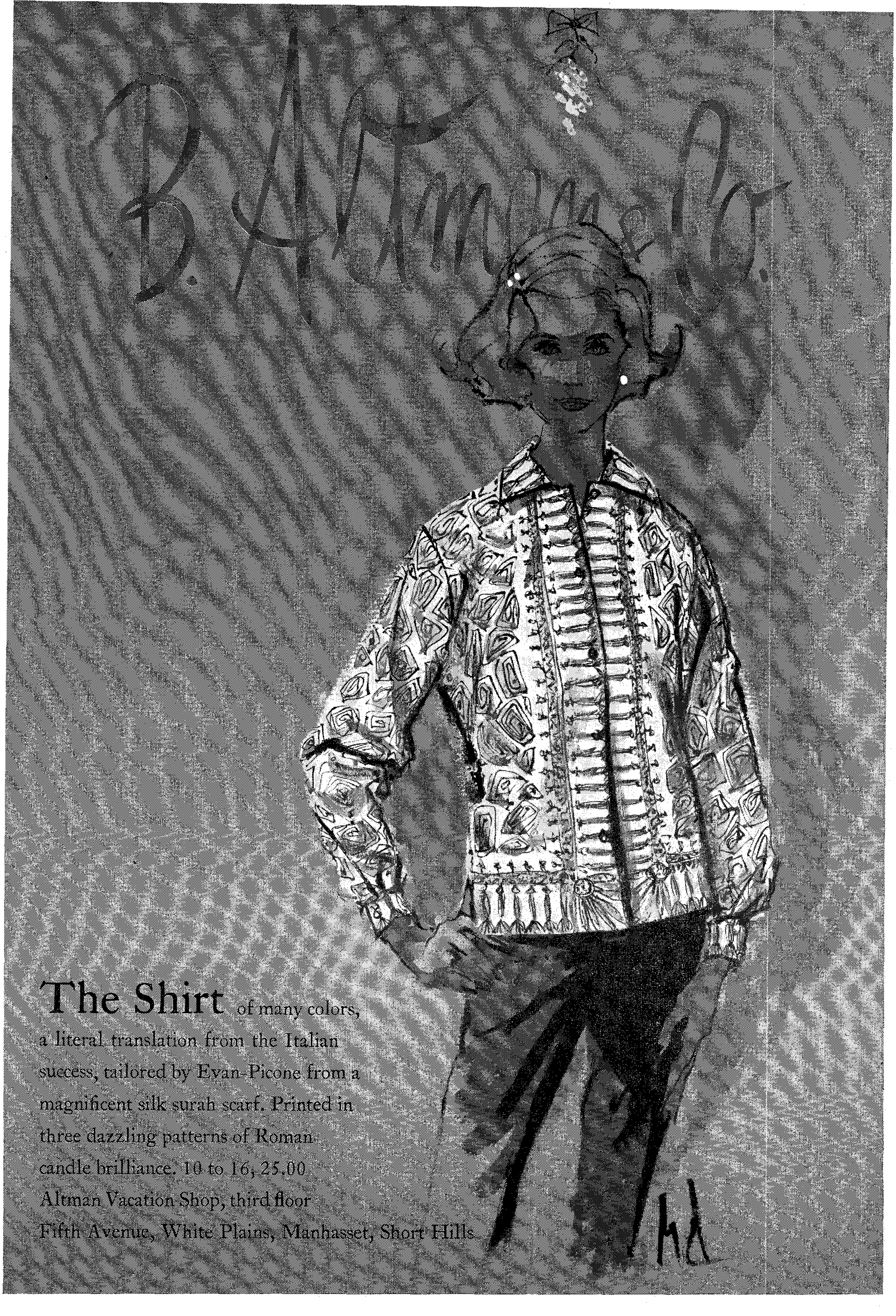

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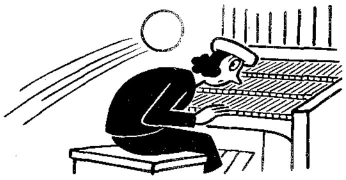
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE watched a science show on television the other Sunday—one that dealt with the human brain—and while all of it proved to be interesting, its first few moments held us positively spellbound. That was when the program's commentator, Eric Sevareid, respectfully addressed a neurophysiologist, Dr. Robert Livingston, of the National Institutes of Health, as Doctor, in return for which he heard himself called Eric. We sensed that in the next instant we might see the great American tradition of buddy-buddy on the air, a two-way street if there ever was one, blown sky-high, and waited tensely. Soon, to our immense relief, order was restored. Mr. Sevareid, as smooth and affable as you please, called his expert Bob, and we found ourself able to go back to concentrating on the human brain. We might have been just as relieved if Bob and Eric had Mistered and Doctored each other all the way.

IF soccer is to become a regular feature at Madison Square Garden, Gladys Gooding will have to have more protection. Miss Gooding is the Garden's venerable singing organist. In the course of a six-game, seven-team American Soccer League bash we attended over there one evening recently, a ball off the foot of the outside right for the Newark Portuguese came bulleting out of the arena, well above the lower stands, and smack at her. Miss Gooding ducked just in time, the ball ricocheted harmlessly off the top bank of her keys, and a few minutes later she was retaliating spunkily with "The Colonel Bogey March." It was a near thing, though, and if the sphere had found its mark, the incident would have been tantamount to defilement of a national monument, for Miss Gooding, woman and girl, has very likely rendered "The Star-Spangled Banner" in line of duty more often than any other American. We suggest that for the next soccer night at the Garden she be surrounded by an honor guard of Marines.



Up from Babylon

THE other day, Edgar Tafel, an architect of our acquaintance who has worked with everybody from Frank Lloyd Wright, in Taliesin, to a firm giving the Navajos a better housing shake in Flagstaff, Arizona, led us down the East Side to take a look at a new church that he designed—the DeWitt Church, hard by Baruch Houses, the housing development at Columbia and Rivington Streets. Mr. Tafel's church, built and run by the New York City Mission Society, has been erected on the site of a church built by Germans in 1881 to accommodate the ecclesiastical needs of Protestant German immigrants. When the Germans headed north, to Yorkville, the church program was expanded to take care of Protestant Italians, Russians, Poles, and Chinese, and converted Jews. The new church carries on the same sort of work, and at the moment the congregation consists of Negroes; a severe group of Puerto Rican Protestants, who disapprove of smoking and dancing; a group, very small, of less hidebound Russians; and a scattering of people of varied ancestry. Whatever the background of the worshippers, Mr. Tafel has provided a right nice gabled structure of brick, almost as simple as those Unitarian churches in New England. "Much still to be done," observed Mr. Tafel, a jolly, middle-sized man of forty-six, "but one thing I'm proud of is those bricks. They are all second-hand, and many of them must have come from the walls of the tenements that were torn down to make way for the Baruch development. Personally, I can't stand new bricks. If I could get hold of some bricks from the Babylonians and Egyptians, I'd put them in any church I built, to give the place some sort of continuity in time and history. There were bricks around a hundred and twenty centuries ago. The Tower of Babel, the walls of Babylon, the Great Wall of China—what were they but brick? And what about the City of Abraham, at Ur, or the Sumerian Palace of Kish? Or, for that matter, the adobe bricks of our own Southwest?"

We were about to say that we didn't know when we were joined by Alexander Singer, whose firm of contractors, Cuzzi Brothers & Singer, of Mount Vernon, built the DeWitt Church. "The aesthetics I won't go into," said Mr. Singer, a gray-haired, efficient-looking sort. "What the architect wants, we give him. But I have some views on second-hand bricks from a practical standpoint. For a cheap new brick, it costs us about forty dollars a thousand; for a better new brick, it may go to fifty-five dollars a thousand. On the other hand, for old bricks it costs us about twenty dollars a thousand. This might look like a considerable saving in material. But these second-hand bricks come in all shapes and sizes; some of them may be clean and some may not. They are not facing bricks—the ones you see on the front of a house—but back bricks, which are used as fill or in some location where they are not going to be seen. A bricklayer, if you please, costs, figuring welfare and the like, six dollars an hour, and a laborer four dollars an hour. If these men have to pick and choose among the bricks, the costs go up and the profits go down, down, down."

Mr. Tafel looked pained. "A brick without age," he remarked, "is like a kiss without a squeeze."

"You kill me, Edgar," said Mr. Singer. "What this old-brick-new-brick thing is based on," he continued, "is the poppycock that old things are softened by time. Suppose you have a garment of discarded style and tear out the lining and make it look good—what have you got? You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. In Westchester, when they are building houses, they're always looking for old bricks. My children built a place in New Rochelle, and do you think I recommended second-hand bricks? No."

"What did you recommend?" inquired Mr. Tafel.

"Fieldstone," said Mr. Singer, "but that's neither here nor there."

"In my view," said Mr. Tafel, "a new brick, particularly when used in building a church, makes the end product resemble something with no more tradition than something you might find at Las Vegas. Think of the experiences the bricks in this church have had!"

"They had plenty, Edgar, I can tell you that," said Mr. Singer. "They were oil-stained, fire-scorched, and I don't know *what* else. I still contend you get a good, quiet brand-new facing brick and it will have just as much patina as these second-hand back bricks. And you know, before long, with all these old-law tenements coming down, there's bound to be a glut of second-hand bricks, and you'll find them being used as fill or dumped into the Bay. The way I look at it, it's like fashions. A neighbor says she wouldn't use anything, even for a walk, except second-hand brick, and it becomes all the rage."

"I am still a second-hand-brick man," said Mr. Tafel.

"I wish I could be aesthetic," said Mr. Singer.

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Incidental Intelligence: The sportive five-year-old set is playing an old game with a new name—Throw the Kleenex on the Floor.

Hall on Fishing

"ON receiving your instructions to 'cover' the meeting of the Associated Fishing Tackle Manufacturers, at the Biltmore," says a longhand report from our thoroughgoing, old-timey operative named Hall, "I first sought to whet my interest in fishing—which, I may say, has never reached a very high point and has been flagging appreciably since I emerged from puberty, a good many years ago—by looking up the subject in my copy of the Columbia Encyclopedia. 'The practice of catching fish—by hand, by club, by spear, and, possibly, by hook—was known to prehistoric man, was engaged in by the ancient Persians and Chinese, and is mentioned in Homer's 'Odyssey.' As a sport, it is a comparatively recent development, the fishing classic 'The Compleat Angler,' by Izaak Walton, not having appeared until 1653. 'There are three methods used in modern angling,' the Encyclopedia goes on to say, enumerating them as 'fly-fishing on the surface of the water, mid-water fishing with moving bait such as a small fish, and bottom-fishing with worms and other bait,' and adding, 'Fly-fishing has become very popular, and several fly-casting tournaments are held annually. The artificial fly—made of feather, quill, and metal hook—resembles a favored food of the fish to be caught. The sport of deep-sea fishing has received increasing attention in recent years.'

"Crammed, one might say, with these facts, I made my way over to the Biltmore, after a leisurely luncheon at a sea-food restaurant on Third Avenue, only to find that the fishing-tackle manufacturers had hurried through their own midday meal and had gone back where they came from, leaving behind them, in the four-room suite that had been used as their headquarters, only their exhausted but patient president, Mr. Andrew J. Boehm, of Momence, Illinois, who is with a fishing-tackle outfit called P & K, Inc., in that city. Mr. Boehm, an articulate, youngish man with an intense interest in the future of fishing, told me that the Association has a hundred and seventy-one members and thirteen associate members, and that there had been no displays of fishing tackle at the four-day convention—merely an earnest exchange of ideas having to do with ways and means of persuading more boys, girls, and adults to take up fishing. 'For fresh-water fishing alone,' he said, 'more than nineteen million licenses were taken out in this country last year—fiscal '57. Fishing is the most popular outdoor sport, with golf a possible exception. The amount of money spent on fishing is truly enormous, for the sum spent on fishing tackle represents only fifteen per cent of what the fisherman spends when he goes fishing. Cigarettes, beer, liquor, wearing apparel—most of our associate members manufacture wearing apparel for fishermen—boats, oars, outboard engines. The thing is endless. Our principal concern this year was the progress made by the American Association of Health, Physical Education, and Recreation, which consulted us about ideas for putting fishing on the physical-education curriculum of every school in the country. There is the problem of teaching the physical-education instructors in the schools how to fish, in order that they may teach the pupils how to fish. Then, there is the Sport Fishing Institute, which was conceived of by our association. We feel not only must we put the fishing pole into the child's hands but we must see to it that he or she catches a fish. The Institute concerns itself with water pollution and impounded water—things like that. We even have the coöperation of the Army Engineers, these days, when they build a dam. They think of the fish when they build that dam. Except in the case of trout, fish hatcheries do not solve the problem of providing more fish for the fisherfolk to catch. The answer lies in learning more about the habitats of fish, what effect the temperature of the water has on fish, and so on. It has been found that good land—land that produces good crops—will, if submerged, produce good fish. The proteins are there. It's a big thought. And it's a great satisfaction to have a part in teaching such a good, clean sport. A boy who learns fishing is not likely to become a juvenile delinquent. Fishing has a cleansing effect. And there's nothing like seeing a guy come back with a fish—doesn't have to be a big fish, just an ordinary-sized fish.'

"I thanked the affable Mr. Boehm and stepped out into the fresh air of Madison Avenue, promising myself, if you will forgive my saying so, a steak for dinner."

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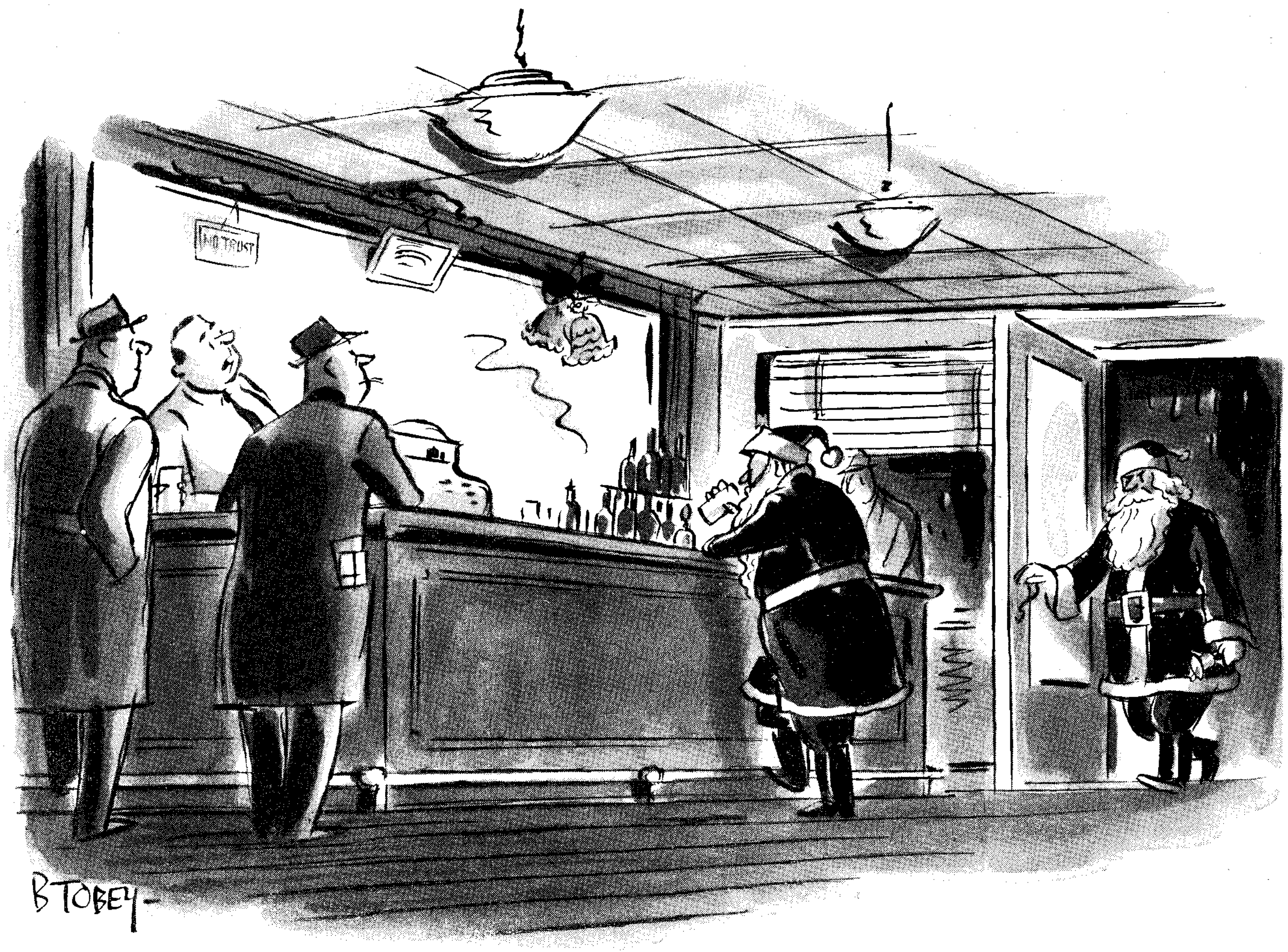
LITERARY discussion overheard in a midtown beauty parlor:

First Lady: "Did you read the book about the Wac's adventures in this month's *Reader's Digest*?"

Second Lady: "No, but I've heard about it."

Caricaturist

Albert Hirschfeld, the theatre caricaturist of the *Times*, forty of whose drawings and gouaches are now on exhibition at the John Heller

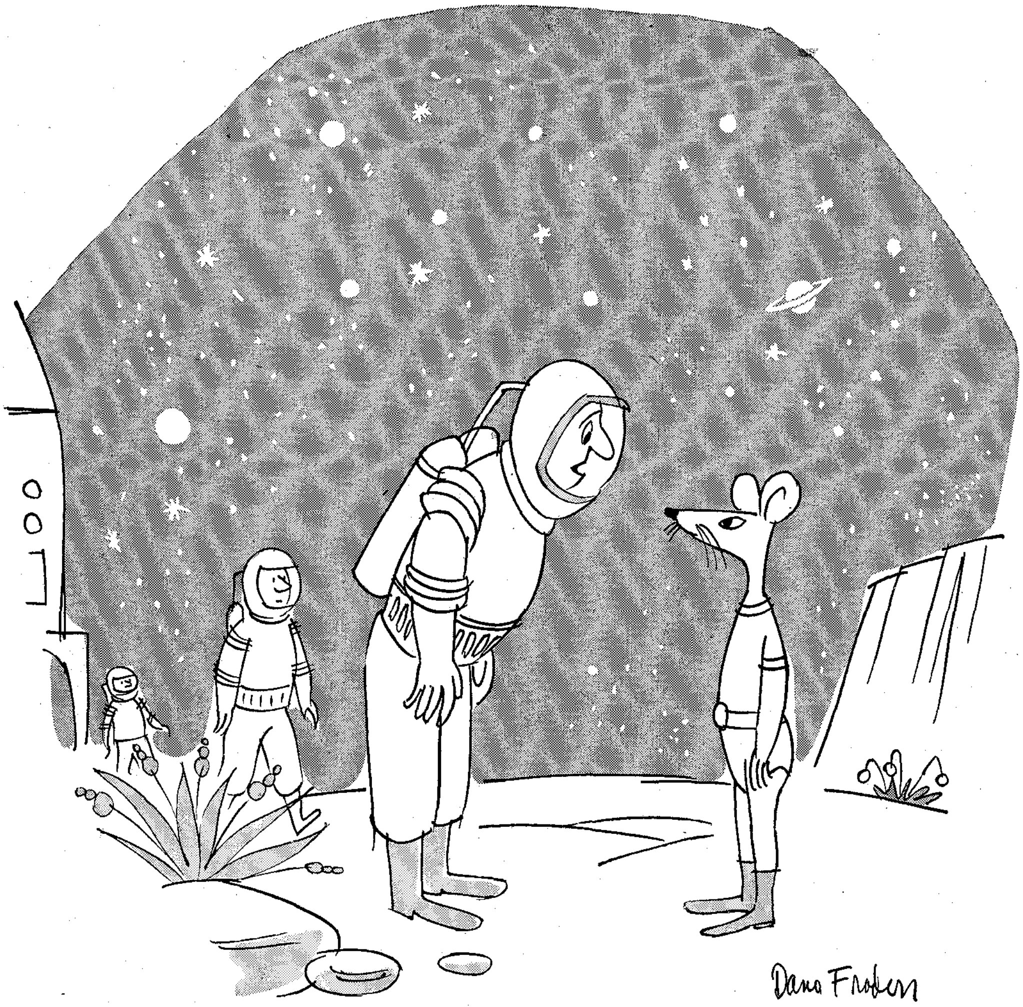


"Oh, oh! Here comes trouble."

Gallery, is a calm, friendly, brown-eyed, luxuriantly spade-bearded man of fifty-five with a magisterial air. He was born in St. Louis, where his father, on his way home to Albany after a junket to Texas, had stopped off, married a girl who had just arrived from Russia, and settled down. "Mom didn't speak a word of English at the time, and Pop didn't speak a word of Russian," Mr. Hirschfeld told us over a mushroom omelet one recent afternoon. "He got a job as a travelling salesman. Mom worked in a store. I had two brothers, and we were poor, but I was never aware of it. I studied art in St. Louis; I can't remember a time when I didn't draw, paint, or sculpt. Mom felt that I had talent, and thought that St. Louis was no place for it, so when I was twelve she packed up Pop and the rest of the family and came here. We got on an Amsterdam Avenue streetcar, went to the end of the line, started walking back, and picked out—and moved into—a house at a Hundred and Eighty-second Street, which was then farmland. We later moved to a Hundred and Seventy-seventh Street, where my parents still live. Pop is ninety-one and Mom is eighty-seven. He retired at fifty and took to the park—J. Hood Wright Park. He's been sitting in that damn park for forty years. He and some friends founded a club, the J. Hood Wright Men's Club, to keep kids off the street. He got the city to appropriate two hundred thousand dollars for a clubhouse. Robert Moses sometimes asks his advice on matters of community welfare. A month or so ago, Pop gave a lecture at Carnegie Hall in favor of increasing old-age pensions. Pretty good for a man who never knocked himself out working."

We asked Hirschfeld *fils* how about himself. "Well, I went to public school and studied at the Art Students League," he said, "and at seventeen, since I had to make a living, I got a job as an office boy with Goldwyn Pictures. Two years later, I became art director for David Selznick. I moved over to the Warner Brothers art department, and in 1924, having saved a little money, quit to spend a year in Paris, where I did painting and sculpture. That was a salutary thing. Back here, I continued to paint, began to do caricatures for the *Times*, and sued *Variety* on behalf of my beard, which I'd just grown. *Variety* ran a page-one story about people who weren't able to get any work growing beards in order to get work, elevator boys growing beards to give them stature, and so forth. My name was the only one in the whole story. My lawyer, David Schenker, advised me to sue, and after a three-year delay the case came up before Judge Peter Schmuck. Schenker tried the case as though it was murder. The jury brought in a verdict of six cents against *Variety*, plus costs. My lawyer wanted compensatory as well as punitive damages, and urged me to appeal. I had discussed the difference between humor and satire at great length on the witness stand, and found that the appeal would have cost four thousand dollars, much of it going toward printing my remarks, double-spaced, on handmade paper. You have to do this for an appeal. It's as though you were Max Beerbohm! Well, I wouldn't do it."

Mr. H. had a one-man sculpture



"Are you man or mouse?"

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show at the Newhouse Gallery in 1928, and since then his work, mostly drawings, has been bought by, among others, the St. Louis Art Museum, the Cleveland Art Museum, the Fogg Museum, the Museum of the City of New York, the Museum of Modern Art, and the Metropolitan. His caricatures of new shows appear in the theatrical section of the Sunday *Times* thirty or forty times a year.

As part of his job, Hirschfeld, who has written a play himself, faithfully attends out-of-town tryouts and Broadway openings. He is married to a red-haired actress, Dolly Haas, and they have a red-haired thirteen-year-old daughter, Nina, who plays the piano with authority and hopes to become a red-haired actress herself. The Hirschfelds live in a big house, on East Ninety-fifth Street, that was once owned by Jacob Ruppert, the brewer. Nina's father works her name into all his *Times* drawings, often concealing it in curlicues of curtains and the folds of costumes. "I started that in a circus poster, on which I wrote 'Nina the Wonder Child,' when she was born," he said. "Sometimes you can't find the name without a microscope. Nina has a microscope, and she always finds it. I'm told her classmates, at Brearley, look for it every week. I worked 'Brearley' in a few weeks ago. The engraving department at the *Times* has a kind of pool on this; the first to spot 'Nina' is the winner. 'Nina' is hardest to find when it's large; sometimes I make the whole design say it. I hardly ever go out during the day. I work in my studio, on the top floor of the house, until the sun is down; then I go out and raise hell. I'm a late stayer-upper. I read from 1 to 3 A.M.—anything that's in print. I've written and illustrated a couple of books—'Manhattan Oases,' about speakeasies during prohibition, and 'Harlem,' about Harlem."

Mr. Hirschfeld finished his omelet and lit a cigar. "I believe that there's been a subtle change in my style in the last few years," he said, "and that the reason for this is that *people* are changing. They're becoming more standardized. They're getting to look more and more alike. You used to be able to immediately identify the Marx Brothers, Eddie Cantor, William Jennings Bryan, and even such leading men as John Barrymore and Lou Tellegen. Now things aren't that clear. Politicians and actors and Presidents all look like advertising men. People all over the world look alike. Americans and Frenchmen and Englishmen all look alike. Twenty years ago, Soviet statesmen looked like Soviet statesmen, but today they look like Bernard Baruch. People don't write their own books, and Presidents don't write their own speeches. What does a man leave of himself except a photograph? What would we think of Lincoln if it turned out that the Gettysburg Address was written by C. D. Jackson?"

On our way to the coatroom, Mr. Hirschfeld told us that he first met his present wife when she was with the Jitney Players, in Hershey, Pennsylvania, and he did a summer-theatre drawing of her. "I was smitten with her the minute I saw her," he said. "A year later, dining at the Samson Raphaelsons', in Hollywood, I asked Sam if he'd ever heard of Dolly Haas. 'Ask this fellow. He's her husband,' he said, indicating another guest, John Brahm. They'd separated, and I looked her up when I got back, and married her."

Adjustment

WHILE an acquaintance of ours, an official in the Department of Health, Education, Etc., in Washington, was waiting to buy a new hat in Farnsworth Reed's, on Seventeenth Street N.W., last week, a customer said to a clerk, "The color is fine, but this hat is a round oval, and I take a long oval," whereupon the clerk instantly said, "Oh, that's no problem, sir. We'll have it long-ovalized for you."

Rival

HAVING told you about the giant digital computer known as I.B.M. 704 and how it has been taught to play a fairly creditable game of chess, we'd like to tell you about an even more remarkable machine, the perceptron, which, as its name implies, is capable of what amounts to original thought. The first perceptron has yet to be built, but it has been successfully simulated on a 704, and it's only a question of time (and money) before it comes into existence. This about-to-be marvel is a lot more subtle than the 704; indeed, it strikes us as the first serious rival to the human brain ever devised, and our own brain is thoroughly dazzled by the things it's said to do. The begetters of the prodigy are Dr. Frank Rosenblatt, of the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, and Dr. Marshall C. Yovits, of the Office of Naval Research, in Washington. Dr. Rosenblatt was passing through town recently, on his way to a consultation with Dr. Yovits, and we conned him, over a cup of coffee, into a brief exegesis of their brilliant offspring. "Our success in developing the perceptron means that for the first time a nonbiological object will achieve an organization of its external environment in a meaningful way," Dr. Rosenblatt said. "That's a safe definition of what the perceptron can do. My colleague disapproves of all the loose talk one hears nowadays about mechanical brains. He prefers to call our machine a self-organizing system, but, between you and me, that's precisely what any brain is."

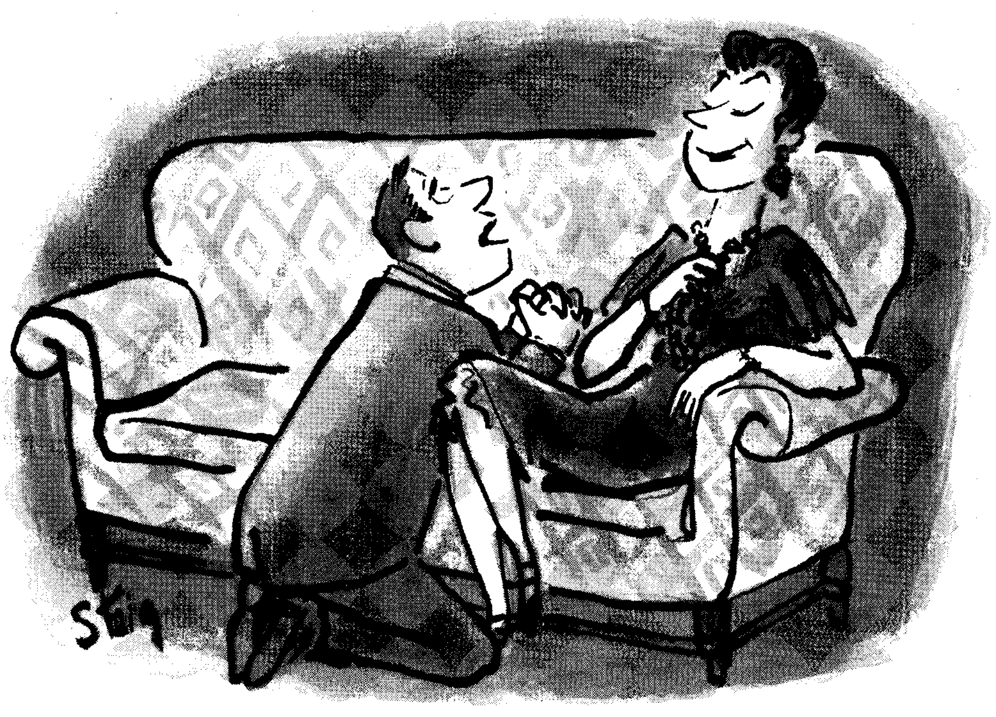
Digital computers, Dr. Rosenblatt said, are equipped to solve certain problems more quickly and accurately than human beings can, but the problems must be prepared and, in effect, spoon-fed to them by specialists; being basically adding machines, the computers lack creativity. The distinctive characteristic of the perceptron is that it interacts with its environment, forming concepts that have not been made ready for it by a human agent. Biologists claim that only biological systems see, feel, and think, but the perceptron behaves *as if* it saw, felt, and thought. Both computers and perceptrons have so-called memories; in the latter, however, the memory isn't a mere storehouse of deliberately selected and accumulated facts but a free, indeterminate area of association units, connecting, as nearly as possible at random, a sensory input, or eye, with a very large number of response units.

If a triangle is held up to the perceptron's eye, the association units connected with the eye pick up the image of the triangle and convey it along a random succession of lines to the response units, where the image is registered. The next time the triangle is held up to the eye, its image will travel along the path already travelled by the earlier image. Significantly, once a particular response has been established, all the connections leading to that response are strengthened, and if a triangle of a different size and shape is held up to the perceptron, its image will be passed along the track that the first triangle took. If a square is presented, however, a new set of random lines is called into play and a new response results. The more images the perceptron is permitted to scan, the more adroit its generalizations in respect to those images become. Dr. Rosenblatt picked up a silver cream pitcher beside his coffee cup. "I recognize this as a pitcher, though I've never seen it before," he said. "That process of thought may seem simple to you, but in fact it's immensely complicated. The perceptron is able to draw subtle conclusions of that sort. It can tell the difference between a dog and a cat, though so far, according to our calculations, it wouldn't be able to tell whether the dog was to the left or right of the cat. We still have to teach it depth perception and refinements of judgment."

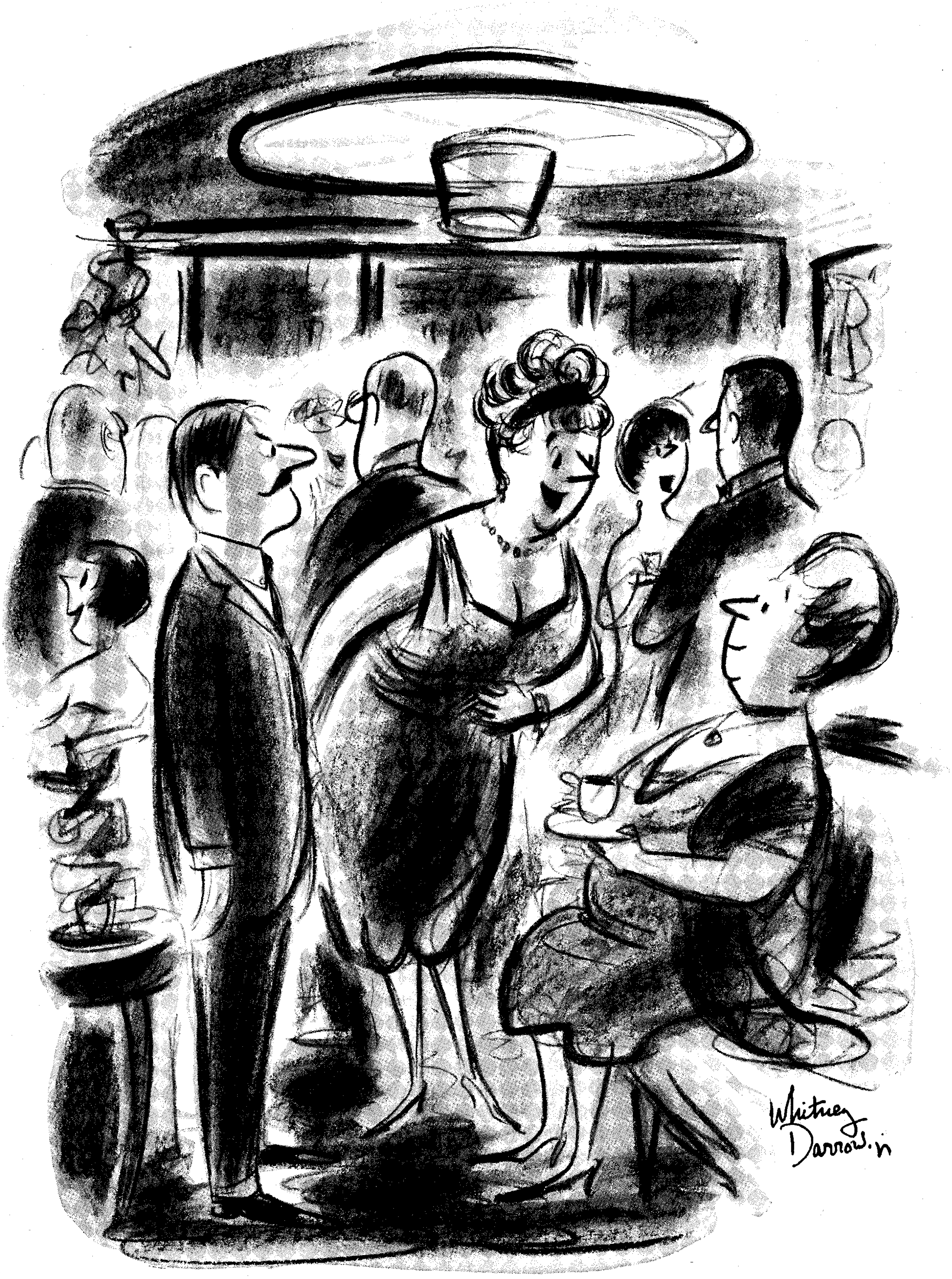
Of what practical use, we asked, would the perceptron be? "At the moment, none whatever," Dr. Rosenblatt said cheerfully. "Someday we may find it useful to send one out into space to take in impressions for us. In these matters, you know, use follows invention. Something called an Interdisciplinary Conference on Self-Organizing Systems has been scheduled for May. It'll bring together biologists, psychologists, physicists, and social scientists from all over, and we'll see what happens when they all get to thinking and talking about perceptrons." What, we asked, *wasn't* the perceptron capable of? Dr. Rosenblatt threw up his hands. "Love," he said. "Hope. Despair. Human nature, in short. If we don't understand the human sex drive, why should we expect a machine to?"

Resolution

PEOPLE who claim it is getting harder and harder to do any business in this city—among them the Governor-elect, who has promised to improve conditions—ought to know, perhaps, about the case of a lady named Anne Ford, who works in Boston for Houghton Mifflin, the publishers. Not long ago, we've been told, she came down here to do some business with a lady named Mildred Smith, who is editor of *Publishers' Weekly*. After checking in at the Algonquin Hotel, on the north side of West Forty-fourth Street, she put in a call for Miss Smith, but had no luck. She finally slammed down the phone and glared out of her window, which happened to give onto a narrow court, facing north. Inside a window across the court she saw a pile of magazines, and was able to perceive that they were copies of *Publishers' Weekly*. Then she saw Miss Smith herself, and remembered that the offices of the magazine were in a building on the south side of West Forty-fifth Street. She accordingly hoisted her window and began to gesticulate and holler. Miss Smith saw her, recognized her, and came out onto the fire escape. The business matter was settled in a jiffy—nothing to it.



"Sandra, my whole life's happiness is in your hands."


Whitney Darrow, Jr

"Mr. Bradshaw is one of our really great minor poets."

THE ROYAL DIVERSION

OUR host in Gibraltar is one Fernando Cruz Guerrero, a Gibraltarian of opaque means of support, from whom my friend Dr. James Johnson cut the tonsils. Dr. Johnson is an English doctor practicing in Gibraltar. Fernando has the true Latin hypochondria, and he is convinced that his tonsils—the only pair in which he had ever taken any interest—were unique in the annals of surgery. Hence, Dr. Johnson is the greatest surgeon of all time. In anesthesia, Fernando talked of fighting cocks; Johnson mentioned this to him to cheer his convalescence in the Colonial Hospital here; the invitation to visit him and attend a Spanish cockfight followed.

So here we are, Dr. Johnson and I—two Englishmen—in the back yard of Cruz Guerrero, drinking sherry while he gets two cocks ready for battle. As soon as he has finished, we will be taking them to the cockpit, across the frontier, in Spain. These cocks, Fernando says, are the best breed in the world—the English Game. He has one of them in his lap; the bird lies quietly while he files and measures its spurs over and over again, using a triangular glass file and, for measuring, the *escantillón*, or spur gauge, an ancient instrument made from a metal tube, with a slide in it like a spring balance.

It is true, as even Johnson and I know, that the English Game is world famous. The gamecock was brought to England by the Romans, who got him, with other things, from the Greeks. No doubt they brought him to France and Spain as well—in France he rose to be a national emblem; in Spain he continues his public career as though the Romans were still there—but his finest development was in the more rigorous climate of England. Only there did he rise to royal favor and fight in Whitehall Palace, with great funds behind him. Only in England did the cockfight become known as the Royal Diversion.

"These cocks are fighting one to each other when they are the size of that wineglass," explains Fernando, in his best offbeat English. "When they have four months, I am having to raise myself at five in the morning if it makes rain."

"Why if it rains?"

"Because the light comes at five o'clock, and one looks to the other. All are disfigured in the feathers with the wetness. They go by the sight; they don't smell nothing never. One he is saying, 'This fellow I do not know. Who the hell is he, that is putting to me the hard face?' The other, his little brother, he is saying, 'Who the hell is this stranger over there? Who let *him* in?' Then—poum!—they are off, killing one to each other until all remain killed but one." Fernando wipes his brow and takes a gulp of sherry. Then he says, "He dies."

At five months, each cock has to be put in a cage by itself, he tells us. Once, he had ten of them in a row. One escaped during the night, and as soon as there was light enough to see, it ran up and down in front of the cages. The cages did not prevent those cocks from showing fight. They could not use their spurs, but, with their English blood, they did not hesitate! They stuck their necks out, and the free cock killed his nine brothers before Fernando came down to breakfast.

Now Fernando makes a final careful measurement of the spur. This cock is to fight at three pounds two ounces, with spurs of sixteen millimetres. There is up to an ounce of tolerance in the weight, but not a shade of tolerance in the length of the spurs.

They are the cock's own spurs. Spain is a poor country, Fernando explains, where men cannot afford to throw a cock into the pit every five minutes, to be slaughtered in a moment by steel. In England, yes—steel spurs two inches long. There, you have plenty. Plenty of cocks, and plenty of steel. In Spain, a cock gets false spurs only if he has broken his own. Then they give him spurs from a dead cock, of natural length.

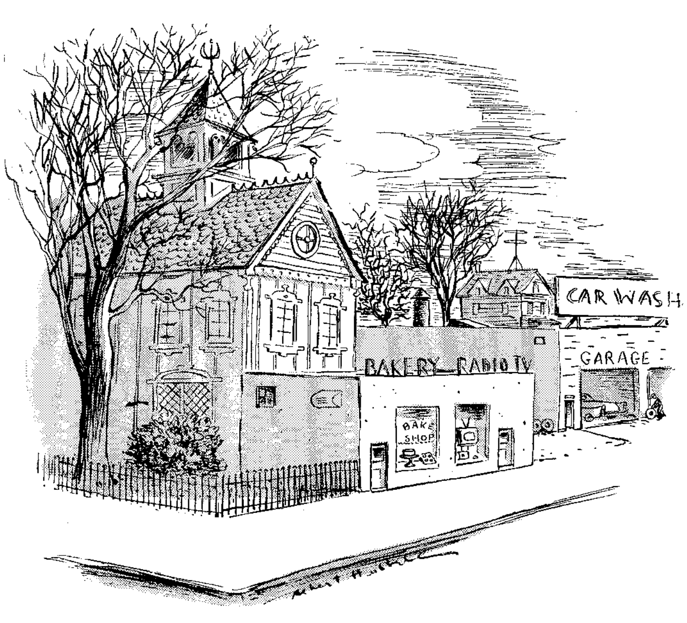
We are nearly ready. The cock has been clipped long before—the red, reptilian head, so that the enemy cannot hold him easily, the comb trimmed down to a stump, and the breast and flanks plucked, so that his wounds will be the better seen and bathed. Now the bare bird is washed down with sherry; the alcohol will toughen his skin. Food? Not a bite for twenty-four hours back, but before that all he could eat of the very best. As for training, he has had a run every day—half an hour's dancing, scratching, and shadow sparring, alone in the little pen in front of his hutch—and, once a week, a five-minute bout with another cock, with gloves of chamois leather on the spurs. Thus he is made cunning for the duel, and stiff in the thighs; we shall see why.

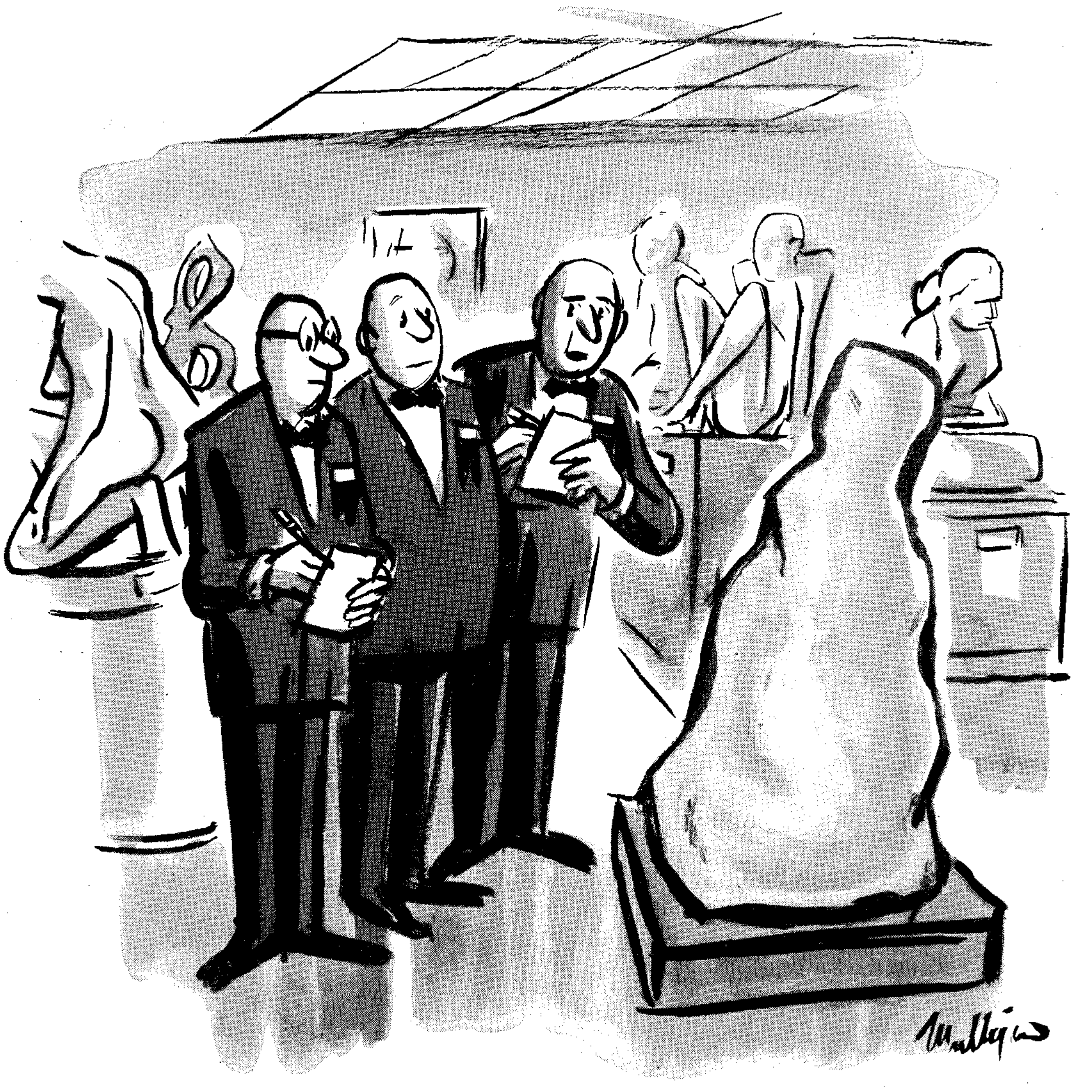
The cock that Fernando holds is called Tranquilo (the Quiet One), because he is so fierce. The other is Cuatro Minutos (Four Minutes), because he has twice killed a cock in that time. Yes, Fernando says in answer to a suggestion from Dr. Johnson, he would have called him Dr. Bannister had he thought of it.

With Tranquilo in one basket and Cuatro Minutos in another, we set out for the cockfight.

THE cockpit is the first I have ever seen, yet it is familiar, for cockpits have not changed since Hogarth made his prints. It is a twelve-foot circle with a matting floor and a white canvas wall two feet high. At one side, behind a little ringside shelf, sits the president; his face is dark and wizened, and he winks behind thick spectacles. On his shelf he has the tools of office—a sponge in a glass of wine, a tin alarm clock, a sandglass to measure out the last, fatal minute, a spur gauge, and half a lemon. The assessor sits beside him—a sleek and glossy fellow with a tin tray to hold the stakes. All around, on four tiers of rough benches, sit the Fancy—about two hundred souls.

We are ushered to a back bench—high enough, we are told, to be clear of the blood spatters. Here Fernando presents us to a dapper man of middle age—a commandant of the Civil Guards. He is a cock man of note, Fer-





"I say we play it safe and give it an honorable mention."

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nando says, with a grand bird entered in the lists today. Then Fernando excuses himself; he has to present Tranquilo to the president. The commandant explains to us everything that is going on, and offers much polite admiration for England, a country that, no matter what may be said against it, has made a great contribution to the noble sport we are about to witness.

Below us, the president, with Tranquilo docile in his hand, is consulting his list of weights and spurs. He announces that the rival to Tranquilo will be a cock called Bicicleta (Bicycle). In turn, the two cocks are put down, and prance around the ring to show their form. Bicicleta makes three rapid circuits, to prove his name. Everybody laughs at this.

The cocks are laid in cradles of string and weighed against each other on a small Roman steelyard—still called *la romana*. They balance exactly. All four spurs are measured. The betting opens.

Fernando lays five hundred pesetas on the tray. "A hundred bottles," the assessor announces. A bottle, the commandant tells us, is five pesetas—a euphemism surviving from some brief period when it was illegal to bet in money. He explains that since the cocks are the same in weight and armament, and only the hidden courage and fortitude are in the balance, the betting is even: Bicicleta's owner will have to match the amount that is wagered on Tranquilo, or his cock will be retired—although, the commandant adds, if even money cannot be reached, two-thirds will do.

Bicicleta's owner can put down only fifty bottles. He addresses the ring, seeking backers. It is not, he says, that he lacks confidence in his champion—far from it. But he is a man modestly situated and with many children. Had he a thousand bottles—nay, a million—they would lie there on that tray. He does us the favor of advising us to back Bicicleta with our all.

The commandant begs Dr. Johnson and me not to back Fernando's cock. Bicicleta will have his work cut out to rise to a hundred bottles, and if we increase the sum he has to meet, by raising Tranquilo, there will be endless delay. Tranquilo is a known killer; Bicicleta is a dark horse. Oh, yes, the commandant says, they both look good—identical, in fact. But Cruz Guerrero has race and blood and caste in his cock house. This other fellow—a peasant—has three cocks and a lot of cheek.

Bottle by bottle, Bicicleta's pile rises until it reaches sixty-eight. The president then decrees that the fight begin. The peasant protests—even money, or home he goes! Fernando, holding Tranquilo gently over the ring in both hands, swings him gently to and fro, and turns his eyes up to heaven.

The president quotes the ancient rule: A cock must fight when his backing reaches two-thirds of the leading stake. The peasant remarks that it is a funny thing that the rules, like the laws, are always invoked against the poor man. At this, everyone looks up at the commandant, but he is staring up in the air.

"The rules! The rules!" comes from all sides, but "To hell with the rules!" shouts the peasant, hugging Bicicleta under his arm. Then, suddenly, Hispanically, he gives in, and thrusts the cock into the president's hands. The president impales his half lemon on each of the cock's spurs in turn, and twirls it vigorously. Tranquilo's spurs are similarly treated, and the two cocks are placed carefully in the ring by their owners, each cock pointed at his adversary, and released with a final encouraging pat.

NOW a tight circle of anxious faces bends toward and over the cockpit. A foot below the noses of the first tier, the cocks crouch on the mat, necks stretched, wings hanging, beak to beak. They weave with their necks, each trying to get a little "side" on the other.

Tranquilo strikes first, with a jump into the air, a flick of hard wings, and a double blow with spurs almost too fast to follow. Bicicleta rolls over once, lands on his feet, twitches his fiery head, and runs back to battle.

"The head," says the commandant. "They die by the head. You will see."

In the next ten minutes, that brief action is repeated fifty times. Thirty times Tranquilo leads; twenty times it is Bicicleta. In the cockfight, I remark, there seems to be no variation and very little luck. True, says the commandant—rarely a lucky knockout, and hardly ever an unexpected recovery. It is a war of attrition, in the manner of modern heavyweights hammering each other's damaged eyes. Indeed, it is duller, for the cocks fight by reflex only. They fight to win and kill, with no dash, no undue risks—nothing but a dull and deathly fortitude.

The birds are beginning to tire. Their relative quality becomes more exposed, and the betting reopens. Even I can see that Bicicleta is tiring faster than Tranquilo. "Blood tells," whispers the commandant. "And look at the spurs." Tranquilo's long legs are bloodstained right up to the feathers; Bicicleta's are yellow and clean. Both heads look bloodstained; the wounds there do not show. It is the weapons that tell the story.

The birds are striking less often, but with even more effect. The aim is surer, and the target more fixed. They stand sparring, trying to catch each other by the stumpy comb—to catch, hold, and strike. Every blow now is patiently maneuvered; no strength remains to be wasted. Both beaks are open, both crimson heads are glistening with blood. Tranquilo's nostril is torn. Then Bicicleta loses an eye.

"It is criminal," says the commandant. "But they are born to fight. What can we do?"

"We could separate them," I suggest, not hopefully.

"And the money?" he asks, laughing. "Who would get the money?"

Tranquilo is keeping on the blind side of the enemy—by cunning, they say, but to me it seems that by mere trial and error he has found the blind side to be safer. He seizes and strikes incessantly, pressing his advantage. Bicicleta pecks the air, his remaining eye filled with blood. When he feels the foe, he strikes, but he does this rarely and wildly, throwing his feeble funds away. He runs here and there, bleeding, fumbling, groping for a target. Alert and confident, Tranquilo trips along after him and hits him when he turns. No one will bet any more on the result. Bicicleta's owner, the modest man with many children, watches in dull despair.

Soon Bicicleta is pushed against the spattered canvas wall and cornered. Tranquilo holds him there and cuts him rhythmically twenty times. The blind bird strikes back once or twice, but misses. He clinches, and tucks his head under his tormentor's wing. Tranquilo twists away, breasts him to the wall, steps back, flips Bicicleta's head up, and hacks him in midair. Bicicleta's head droops downward in jerks, lower and lower, until his bill rests on the matting. But even that will not do. Tranquilo plucks his head up by the stump of comb, steadies it at the correct level, and strikes again.

"If he let him alone," says the commandant, "Bicicleta would put his breast on the canvas and end it. But while he's attacked, his legs won't bend—that's his instinct and his training."

"What's the point of keeping him there?" I ask.

"The money, sir, the money! If he stands on his feet for forty-five minutes—keeps his breast off the mat—then it's a draw, and they all get their money back."

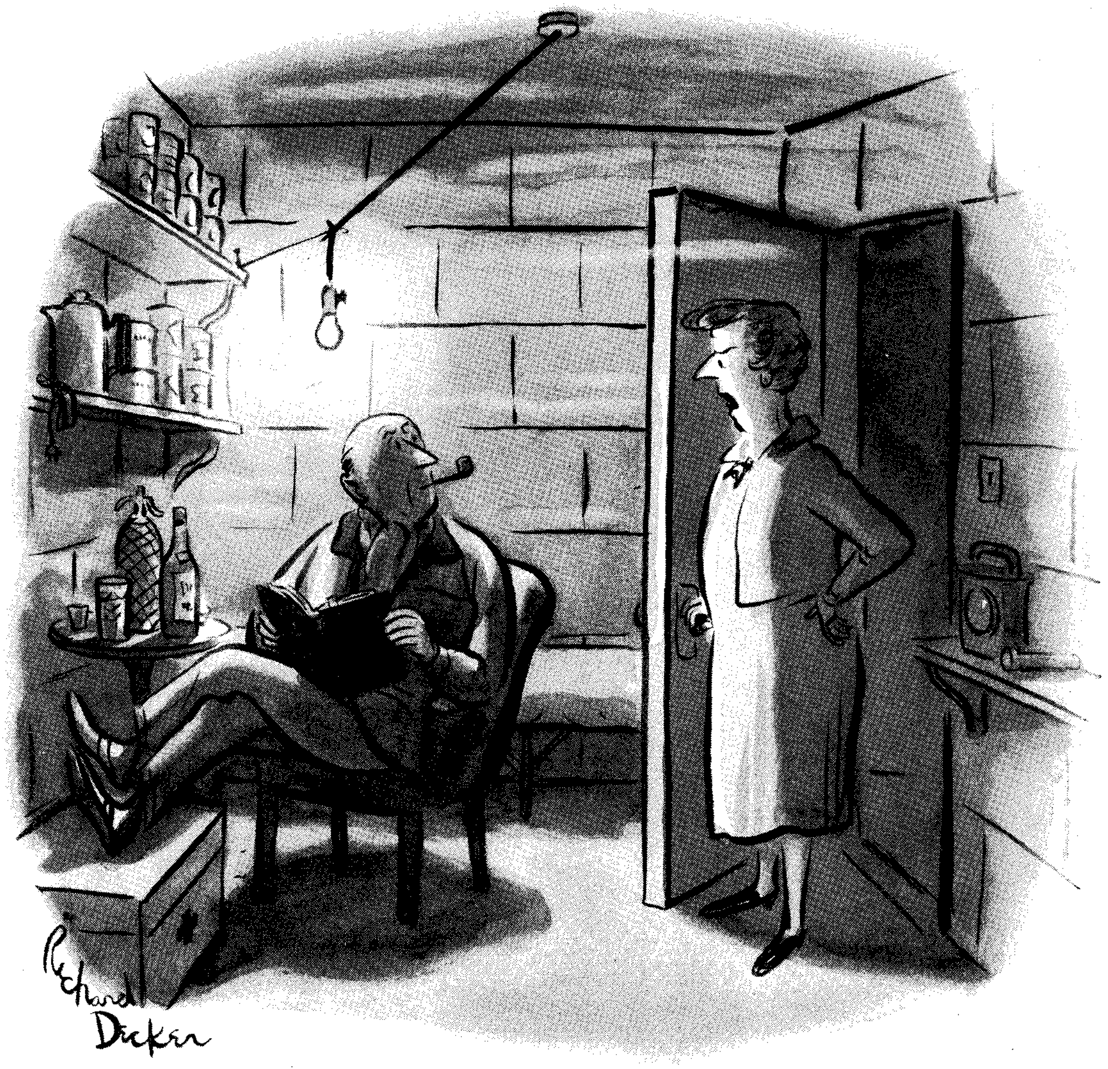
"How long has he stood it?"

"Sixteen and a half minutes now. He'll never make the time. Too sick too early."

"Why doesn't his owner take him out?"

"Cheek, sir. I told you."

Tranquilo has no intention of letting the dying cock alone. He will



"You told me this was only for use in case of allout attack."

VIVALDI

I

In the dark church of music,
Which never is of land or sea alone
But blooms within the air inside the mind,
Patterns in motion and in action—successions
Of processionals, moving with the majesty of certainty
To part the unparted curtains, to bring the chandeliers
Into the sarabande of courtiers who have bowed and curtsied,
Turned somersaults in circuses, climbed masts and towers,
Or dived as from a glistening tower toward a glittering lake,
Springing, daring and assured, fearless and precise—
Find, in the darkness of the dark church
That music is: This is what music is:
It has no meaning and is possessed by all meaning,
For music says,

Remorse, here is the scar of healing.
Here is a window, curiosity!
And here, O sensuality, a sofa!
Behold, for ambition's purposeless energy,
Mountains rising beyond mountains
More tense and steep than any known before.

Devout
The processional (having a solemn majesty,
Though childlike acrobats like flowers decorate
With flourishes and *entrechats* the passage to success,
As queens serene, crowned by poise, slowly
Are drawn in cars by dragons domesticated in the last of wars)
Is uttered again, freshly and fully, newly and uniquely,
Uniquely and newly, fully and freshly uttered again.

II

O clear soprano like the morning peal of bluebells!
O the water colors of the early morning,
Con amore and *vivace*, dancing, prancing, galloping, rollicking!

This is the surrender to the splendor of being's becoming and being!
Here are all the flowers and the images of faces as flowers, of fear and hope, longing and despair;
Here is the hour of the new blue flower
Dissolved, consumed in this being that is the being of beings.
So we are to be contained, so we are to be consumed—
The iron petal of the flute possesses morning's intuition;
The cellist is as Gautama Buddha, curved like an almond;
The first violinist is St. Francis of Assisi,
Blessing the trees, the cats, the birds, calling to them, and calling them his brothers and his sisters;
The full orchestra responds to the virtuoso's cadenza:
"Love is the dark secret of everything,
Love is the open secret of everything,
An open secret as useless as the blue!"

Music is not water, but it moves like water;
It is not fire, but it soars as warm as the sun.
It is not rock, it is not fountain,
But rock and fountain, clock and mountain
Abide within it, bound together
In radiance, pulsing, vibrating, and reverberating,
Dominating the domination of the weather.

III

The music declares
"Is this what you want? Is this the good news for which you have been here convened—
To be, to become, and to participate in the sweet congress of serene attention,
Silent, attentive, motionless, waiting,
Save for the heart clutching itself and the hushed breathing?"

The answered question is: Our being. Our presence. Our surrender.
Consciousness has consented, is consumed, has surrendered, to hear only the players playing.
Consciousness has become only and purely listening;
The vivid world has been barred,
The press of desire shut out.
This is the dark city of the innermost wish,
The motion beyond emotion,
The power beyond and free of power.
This is the dark city of the hidden innermost wish,
This is the immortality of mortality, this
Is supreme consciousness, the grasped reality of reality, moving forward,
Now and forever.

—Delmore Schwartz

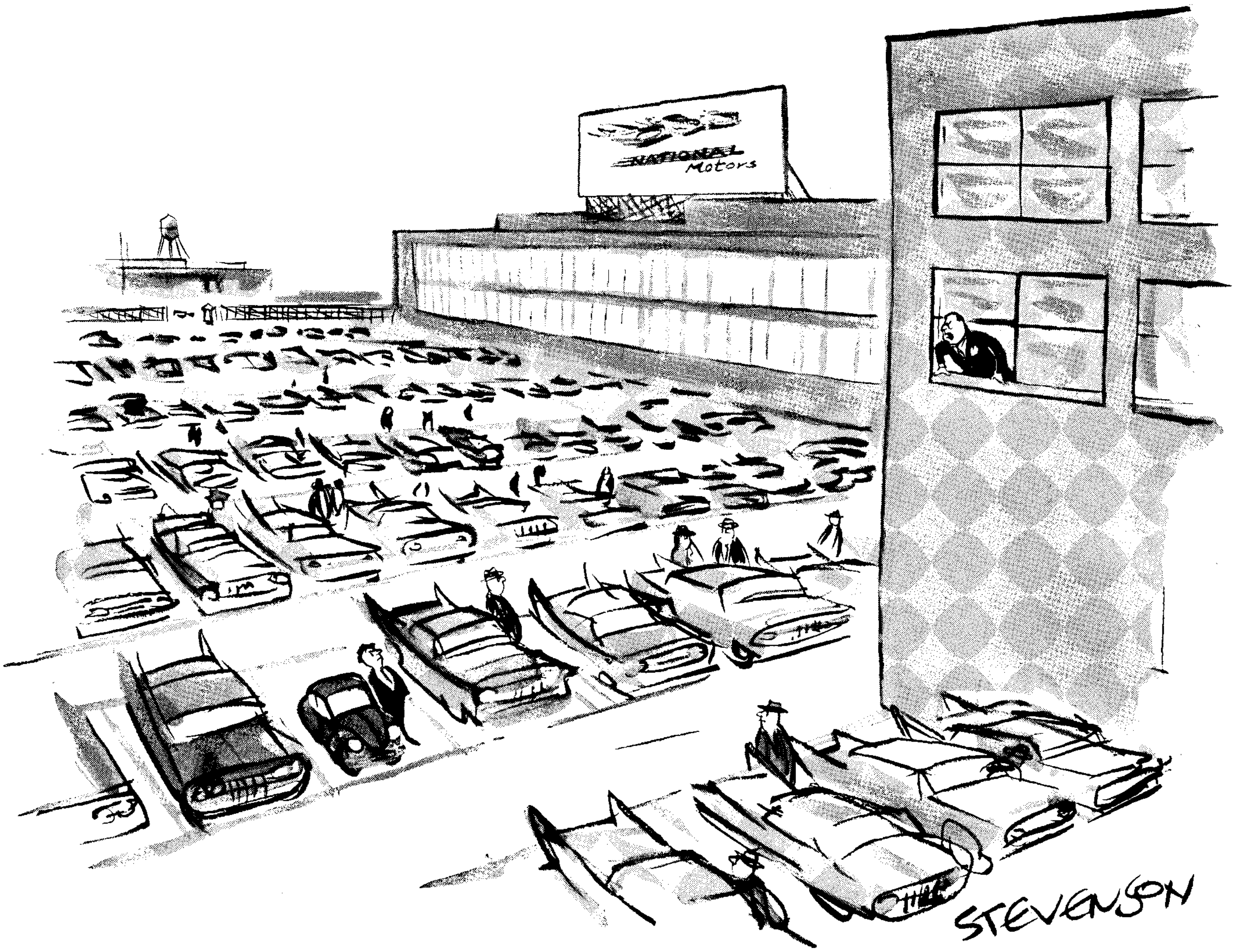
• •

chance nothing. He flicks the head up again and again, until a hook catches Bicicleta in the eye socket and rolls him onto his back. He lies there, striking feebly upward with his yellow legs, and dies.

Tranquilo stands eying the corpse. There is nothing in his wild, hard eye but a wary curiosity about the enemy's new position. He waits, watching for the slightest movement, but sees none. Then he draws in a little breath, throws back his bloody head, and crows a short, hoarse crow. A ripple of laughter runs around the cockpit.

There are five more duels to come, but Dr. Johnson and I decide that we have seen our cockfight. Our host, Fernando, is busy presenting Tranquilo to the president, and the commandant accompanies us out into the spring sunshine. He has seen many fights in Madrid, he tells us. This is only country stuff. So long as he is in again for the fourth bout—his own cock, heavily backed . . . Meanwhile, will we do him the honor of drinking a bottle of sherry with him?

So we share a half bottle of fine



"You in the Volkswagen! I don't know who you are, but you're fired!"

• •

sherry out in the yard, with the caged gamecocks crowing all around us, and the Spanish commandant beaming at us across the table.

"Well, gentlemen? Good? Or not good?"

"Very interesting," we say. "A great tradition in our own country . . ."

"Ah, in all the world!" he says. "*There* is bravery, single-mindedness, and cunning! Now, a nation with soldiers like that . . ."

But the Doctor wants to know the purpose of the half lemon the president applied to the spurs The commandant says it is used to remove all possibility of poison. What kind of poison? The commandant says there are many kinds, but he does not know their names, because, of course, he has never given a thought to such methods himself. He has lost money at the cocks, much money, but a man has to face his own honor; there is no hiding from that. No. The lemon removes every known poison, and keeps the grand old sport clean and pure—thank God!

"I know one poison it wouldn't remove," says the Doctor.

"Which is that?" asks the commandant.

"Curare," says Johnson. "Curare would permeate the spur. And it would be deadly, too. It paralyzes the muscles."

"What color is it?"

"Colorless."

"Spell it, please."

The Doctor's Spanish is not equal to this, so he writes it down on a piece of paper. The commandant puzzles over the writing; then he asks Johnson if he will be so good as to print the name out. Johnson writes it in block letters. The commandant reads it, nods, and tosses the paper on the table.

Before the bottle is finished, we escape. Dr. Johnson says he must get back to Gibraltar; he has a patient to attend. The commandant is very sorry that we have to go, but he understands—none better—the stern call of duty. He walks with us to the yard gate, shaking hands and slapping shoulders. There we part.

But I find I do not have my camera with me, and run back to see if I have left it at the table—run back just in time to see the commandant in the act of snatching up the little paper with the name of the poison in block letters and thrusting it into the pocket of his tunic. He bows briefly and hurries into the cockpit.

On the drive back to Gibraltar, I tell Johnson what I have seen. "That's fine!" he says. "Now maybe some of them will die a bit faster."

—JOHN D. STEWART

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DEAR MRS. POST: Is it proper to write "Dear Dorothy" at the top of a printed message on a greeting card? I have never done this myself but I have received several cards lately that start out this way, or else they begin "To Dorothy." I would like your opinion on this.

Answer: I think your husband should give the invitation, and you should be waiting for them in the lobby when they arrive.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Open up on them as they come through the revolving door.

CHILD, I KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO MISS ME

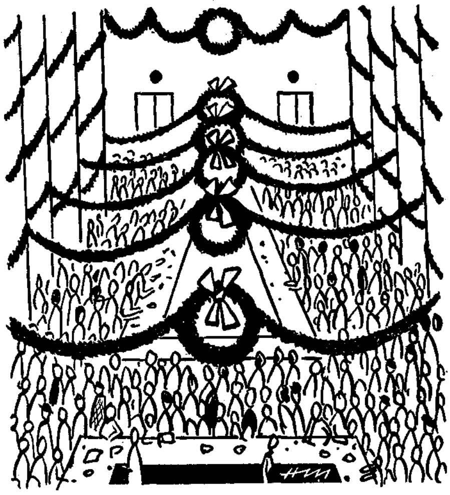
As a matter of historical fact I know that I was born in Douglas Street, Cork, over a small sweet-and-tobacco shop kept by a middle-aged lady named Wall, but my memory has nothing to do with living in Douglas Street. My memories begin in Blarney Street, which we used to call Blarney Lane, because it follows the track of an old lane from Cork to Blarney. It begins at the foot of Shandon Street, near the riverbank, in sordidness, and ascends the hill to something like squalor. No. 251, where we lived, is one of the cottages near the top on the right, though I realize now that it would be more properly described as a cabin, for it contained nothing but a tiny kitchen and a tiny bedroom with a loft above it. For this we paid two and sixpence—sixty cents—a week.

Up here we were just on the edge of the country, and behind the house were high, windy fields that are now all built over. A hundred yards farther up, the country proper began, and there a steep lane called Strawberry Hill descended into the classy quarter of Sunday's Well. The Women's Prison was at the foot of this lane, where it turned into Convent Avenue, and beside the Women's Prison was the Good Shepherd Convent. The convent had a penitentiary for "fallen" women and an orphanage, and it was in the orphanage that Mother had been brought up. At the foot of Convent Avenue, just on the left, was a house where Mother had been a maid for eight years with a family called Barry, and where she had been happier than at any other time in her life. To the right was a shop the owner of which had once wanted to marry her. All these places were full of significance for me—the convent because my mother and I often visited it to see Mother Blessed Margaret and Mother of Perpetual Succour, who were my mother's friends there, the Barrys' house because of the elegance of the life that Mother described having experienced in it, and the shop because of a slight feeling of resentment at the thought that if Mother had only been sensible I should have had a pretty elegant life myself.

That was the exalted end of Blarney Lane. At the other end it descended to the river and across the bridge to the North Main Street, where Mother took me shopping, and beyond the North Main Street, over another bridge, to Douglas Street, where I was born, and where my mother's brother, Tim O'Connor, had a cobbler's shop across the wharf from Miss Wall. My memories of the cobbler's shop are hazy; I can remember my uncle only when he was dying in the South Infirmary of dysentery he had contracted in the Boer War; and yet I seem to have a very vivid recollection of him—tall, thin, and fair-haired, unlike Mother, who had very dark hair—because he seemed to be always gay. One of the things I have inherited from my mother's side of the family is a passion for gaiety. I do not have it myself—I seem to take more after my father's family, which was brooding, melancholy, and violent—but I love gay people and books and music.

Not that Tim had much to be gay about; his wife, as I remember her, was coarse and jealous, and disliked Mother's politeness and gentleness, while Mother never ceased to resent the hysterical scenes Annie O'Connor made over Tim's grave. Mother disliked and distrusted any form of demonstrativeness. On the other hand, Tim had objected to Mother's marrying my father, Michael O'Donovan. The two men had been in the Army together. They were stationed at Charles Fort, near Kinsale. Tim's girl, Annie, and Mother visited Tim together, and Mother returned to visit Father. Though Tim and Father were friends and drinking companions, Tim told him he wasn't good enough for Mother—and Father, to give him his due, did not hold it against him. Certainly neither Tim nor my mother had much to boast of in their marriage. Maybe there is about these men and women of Mozartean temperament a certain unworldliness that makes them get the worst of any bargain.

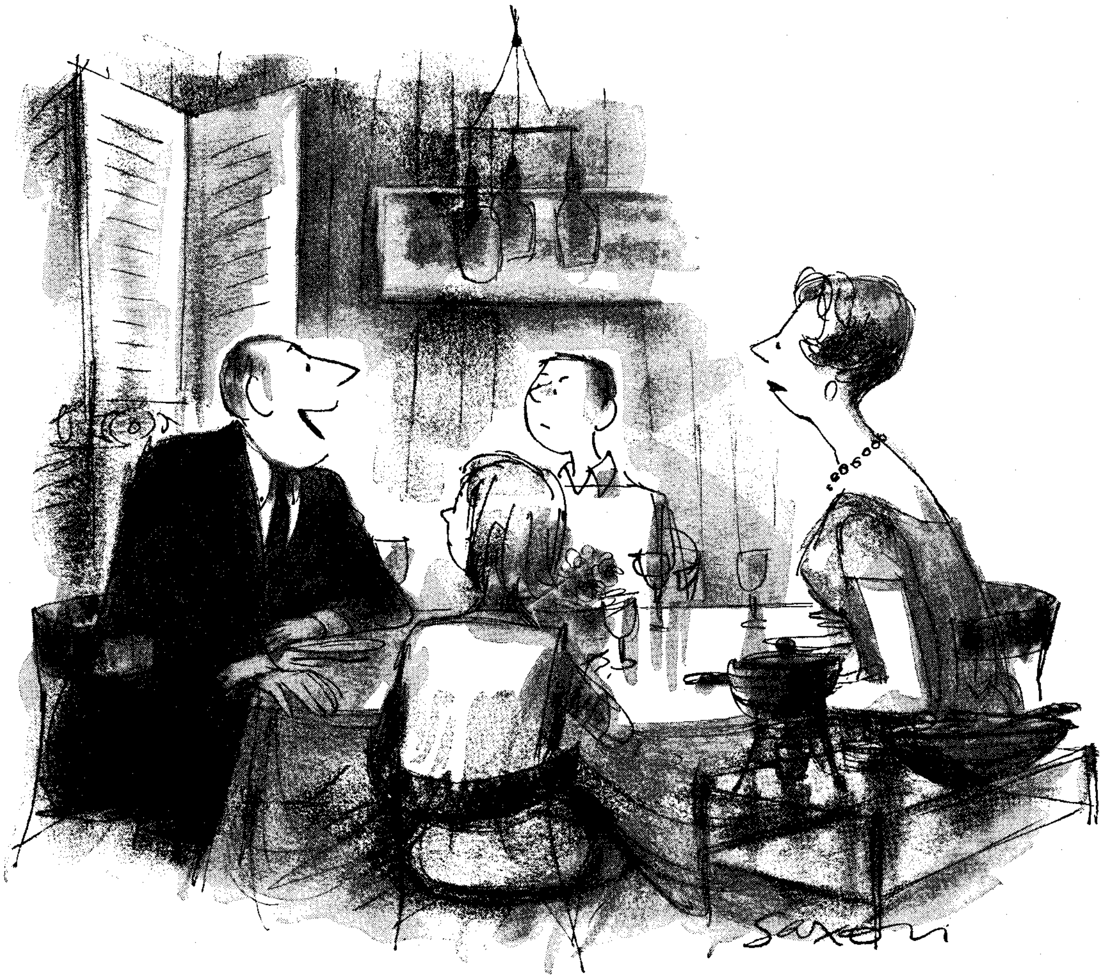
Father played the big drum in the Blackpool Brass and Reed Band, and much against my will I had often to accompany him on his Sunday trips to the band room or on band promenades at holiday resorts. The Cork bands were divided into supporters of William O'Brien and supporters of John Redmond, two rival Irish politicians with little to distinguish them except their personalities—flamboyant in O'Brien and frigid in Redmond. The Blackpool Band was an O'Brienite group, and our policy was "Conciliation and Consent." The Redmond supporters we called Molly Maguires, and I have forgotten what their policy was—if they had one. Our national anthem was "God Save Ireland" and theirs "A Nation Once Again." I was often filled with pity for the poor degraded children of the Molly Maguires, who paraded the streets with tin cans, singing (to the tune of "John Brown's Body") "We'll Hang William O'Brien on a Sour Apple Tree." Sometimes passion overcame me to such an extent that I got a tin can of my own and paraded up and down singing "We'll Hang Johnny Redmond on a Sour Apple Tree."



The bandsmen shared our attitudes. There were frequent fights, and during election times Father came home with a drumstick up his sleeve—a useful weapon if he was attacked by Molly Maguires. There were even more serious incidents. Bandsmen raided a rival band room and smashed up the instruments, and one of Father's most gloomy songs listed some of the men who had done this:

Creedy, Reidy, Dessy and Snell,
Not judging their souls, they're already in Hell.
The night of the battle we'll show them some fun;
We'll hang up the ruffian who stole our big drum.

Almost all the bandsmen were ex-bandsmen of the British Army, as Father was, and I think it may have been something of a tragedy to them that when once they had returned to Cork, music became less important than the political faction for whom one made it. Father loved the policy and personality of William O'Brien, who had married the daughter of one of the great Franco-Jewish bankers. Once, when there were threats of a Molly attack, Father, an enormously powerful man, had acted as bodyguard for William O' and William O' had thanked him and handed him a pound note; but for several years Father had been the big drummer of a Molly band. It was a superb band, and Father liked music so well that he preferred it to politics. For the sake of the music he even endured the indignity of playing for John Redmond. Naturally, whenever he attended a



"I have a wonderful idea for this Christmas. We're all going to give each other presents we've made ourselves."

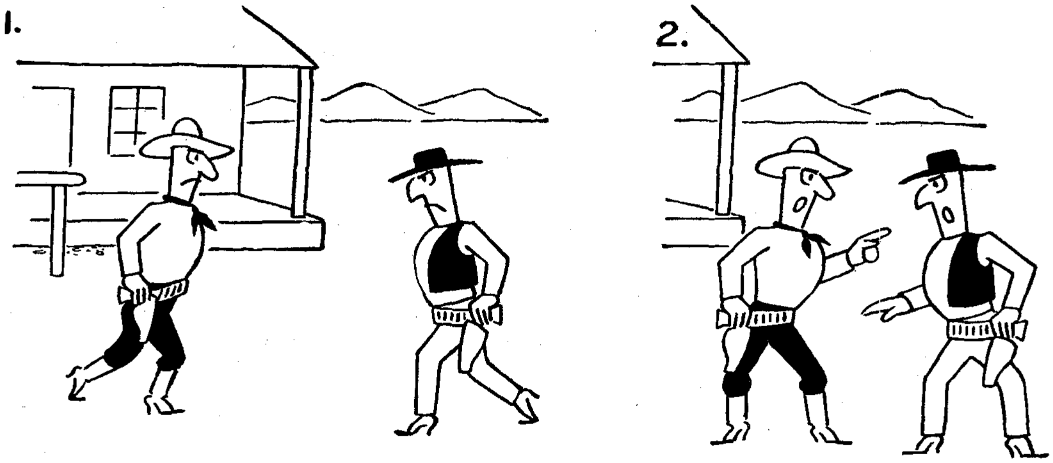
• •

demonstration at which William O' was criticized, he withdrew, like a good Catholic from a heretical service. What induced him to leave the Molly band and join the Blackpool Band I do not know. It was a period that for some reason he never liked to talk about, and I suspect that someone in the band must have impugned his honor by calling him a turncoat. That is the sort of thing that would have broken his spirit, for he was a proud man and a high-principled one, though what his principles were based on was more than I ever knew. He would not permit a slighting reference to William O', and reading the *Echo*, the only evening paper in Cork, and a Molly one, was as much a torment as a pleasure to him. "Oh, listen to George Crosbie, the dirty little caffler!" he would cry with mortification. In days when no one else seemed to worry about it, he was a firm believer in buying Irish manufactures, and often sent me back to the shop with a box of English matches that had been passed off on me. He was a passionate supporter of Jim Larkin, the Irish labor leader, and for months when he was out on strike we practically didn't eat. According to Mother, there was a period in my infancy when Father didn't drink for two years. He had drunk himself penniless, as usual, and some old friend had refused him a loan. The slight had cut him so deep that he stopped drinking at once. A pity he hadn't a few more friends of the sort!

It was no joke to go with Father on one of his Sunday outings with the band, and I often kicked up hell about it, but Mother liked me to go, because she had some strange notion that I could restrain Father from drinking too much. Of course, I was fond of music, and proud of Father, as, with the drum slung very high about his neck, he glanced left and right of it, waiting to give the three taps that brought the bandsmen in. He was a drummer of the classical type; he hated to see a man carrying his drum on his belly instead of on his chest, and he had nothing but scorn for the showy drummers who swung or crossed their sticks. He was almost disappointingly unpretentious.

When Father was on the drink, he was so uncertain that I always had the feeling that one day he'd lose me and forget I had been with him. Usually the band would end their piece in front of a pub at the corner of Coburg Street. The pubs were always closed on Sunday until after the last Mass, and when they opened it was only for an hour or two. The last notes of "Brian Boru's March" would hardly have been played when Father would unsling the drum, thrust it on the young fellows who had the job of carrying it, and dash across the road to the pub, accompanied by John P., his great buddy. John P.—I never knew what his surname was—was a long string of misery, with an air of unutterable gravity. He was one of the people vaguely known as "followers of the band"—a group of lonely souls who gave some significance to their miserable lives by attaching themselves to the band. They endlessly discussed its policies and personalities, looked after the instruments, and knew every public house in Cork that would risk entertaining the band during the hours when they were closed. John P., looking like Einstein after he first entertained the idea of relativity, would give a secret knock on the door of the pub and utter what seemed to be whispered endearments through the keyhole, and more and more bandsmen would join the group peppering outside, while messengers rushed up to them shouting "Come on, can't ye, come on! The bloomin' train will be gone."

And then it would be the seaside at Aghada, or Crosshaven, or the grounds of Blarney Castle, and in the intervals of playing the band would sit in various public houses with the doors barred, and if I was inside I couldn't get out, and—what was much worse for a shy small boy—if I was out I couldn't get in. It was all very boring and sometimes alarming, and I remember once at Blarney, in my discouragement, staking my last penny on a dice game called the Harp, Crown, and Feather in the hope of retrieving a wasted day. Being a patriotic child, with something of Father's high principle, I put my money on the national emblem, and lost. This was prophetic, because since then I have lost a great many pennies on the national



emblem, but it cured me of the more obvious forms of gambling for the rest of my days. On another occasion, after a long day in Crosshaven, I found myself outside a locked public house in Cork by the North Cathedral late at night, waiting for some drunk to emerge, so that I could stick my head in the door and wail, "Daddy, won't you come now?" At last, in despair, I decided to make my own way home through the dark streets, though I had never been out alone at night before this. I crept down the sinister length of Shandon Street in terror, and crossed the street to escape seeing what I might see by the old graveyard, and then, at the foot of Blarney Lane, I saw a tiny shop still open. There were steps up to the hall door, and railings round the area, and the shopwindow was small and high and barely lighted by the one oil lamp inside, but I could plainly see a toy dog in it. I prayed that it would not be beyond my means and climbed the steps. Inside, a door on the right led to the shop, where the counter was higher than my head. A woman came out of the kitchen and asked me what I wanted. I asked the price of the dog, and the woman replied, "Sixpence." I had earned a lot of pennies by not whining at Daddy that day, and I just had the sixpence. I threw the money all on the counter and staggered out, clutching my treasure. The rest of the way up Blarney Lane, I walked without fear, setting my woolly dog at every dark laneway that rose from the street, with a fierce "At 'em, boy!" Fortunately for myself, I was fast asleep when Father arrived home distracted over losing me.

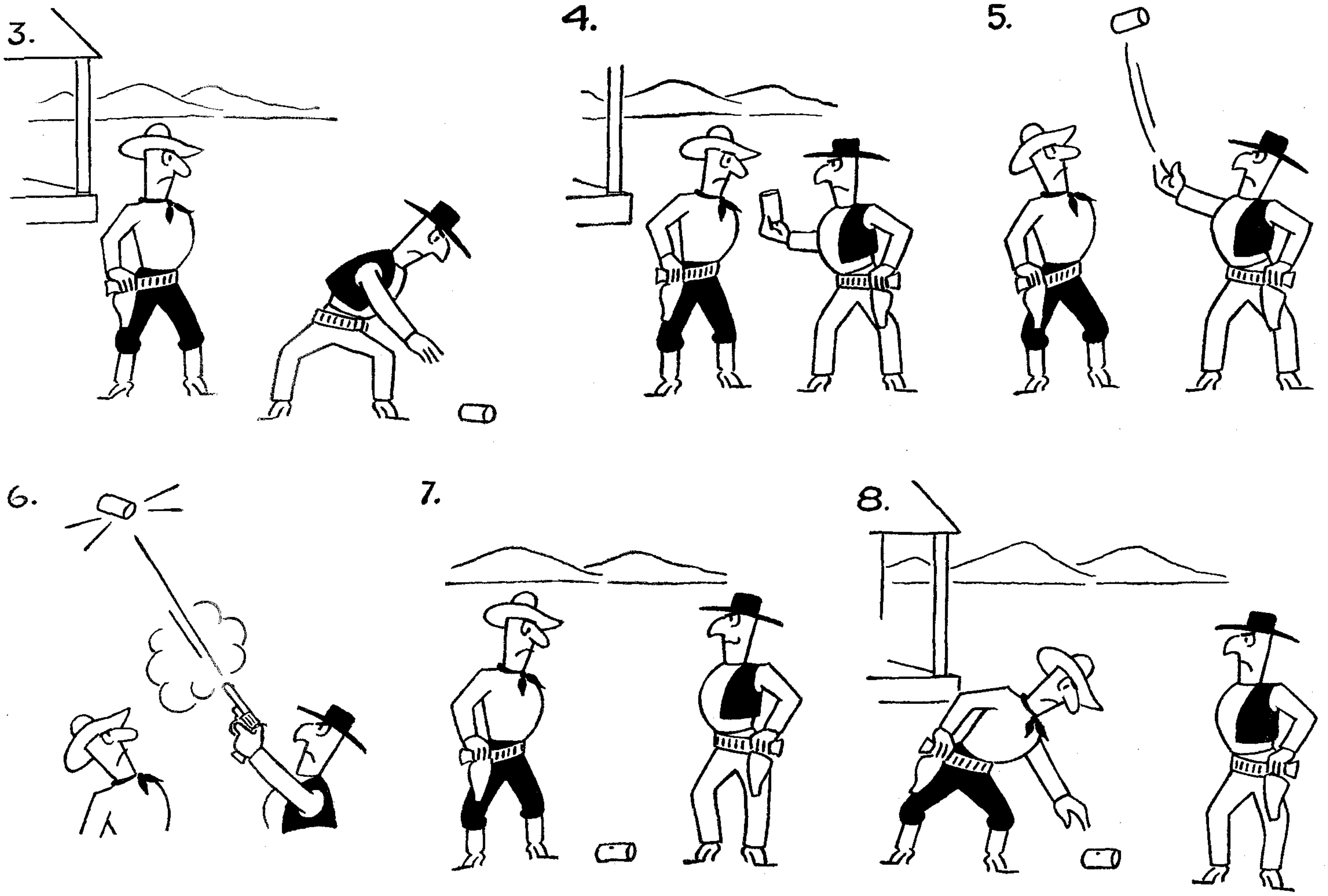
As for keeping him off the drink, I never did it but once, when I drank his pint, became very drunk, smashed my head against a wall, and had to be steered home by himself and John P., both of them mad with frustration and panic, and be put to bed.

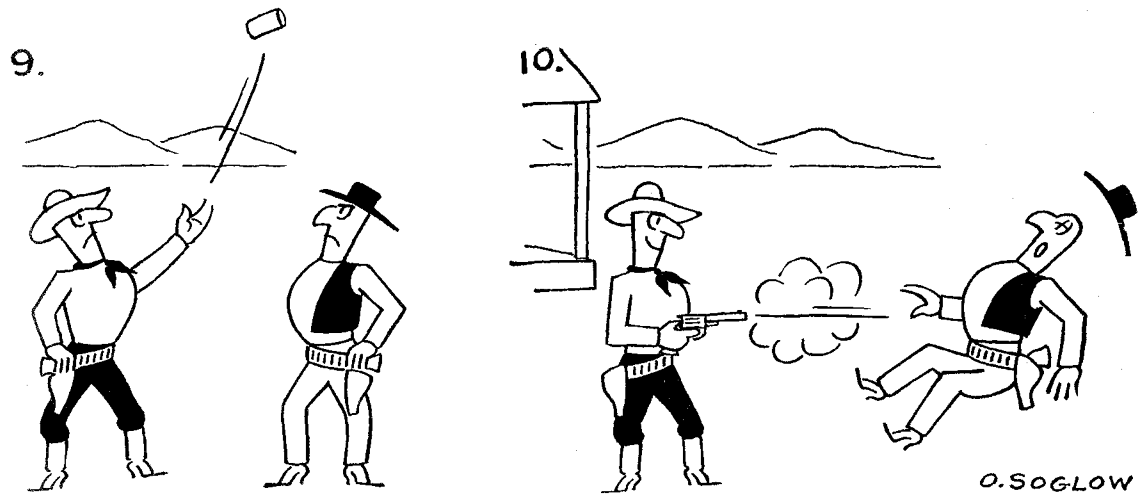
FATHER had been brought up in the neighborhood of Cork Barracks, a mile or two away on the other side of the town, and his family still lived there. For this neighborhood he seemed to pine as an Irish immigrant in Brooklyn is supposed to pine for Galway Bay, though, unlike the Brooklyn immigrant, Father meant it. He used to take me to my grandparents' house in Harrington's Square—an uneven piece of ground, between the Old Youghal Road and the Ballyhooley Road, that seemed to have been abandoned by God and was certainly abandoned by the Cork Corporation. In England such areas are politely known as "non-adopted," a word that well suits their orphaned air. It was inhabited largely by washerwomen who worked mainly for the British officers in Cork Barracks, and there were three sets of iron poles in the middle of the square to support their lines. One set belonged to my grandmother, a stout, coarse peasant woman, who flopped about the floor in bare feet because these were what she was used to and the boots still continued to give her trouble. She had a pronounced Mongolian look, and the protrusion of the brows and the high cheekbones gave her a constant look of peering at things. With it went a curious shrugging of the shoulders, which I never noticed again till I saw it in an eminent Irish writer and traced it down to a common dislike of soap and water. I remember little of my grandfather, a quiet, bearded old man. My father had a sister who was a deaf-mute, and during the early part of my childhood I met her only once or twice, when she was home on holidays from Glasgow, where she lived with her husband—another deaf-mute—a tailor named Hanlon. She, too, seemed to pine for the old spot.

It didn't commend itself very much to me. The kitchen of my grandparents' house resembled that of a country cabin, and there was nothing in it but a table and a few chairs. It was crisscrossed with clotheslines, and in wet weather it smelled of damp linen and was warm with a big fire where the heaters for the box iron were reddened. (I liked the heaters, and I wished Mother would get a box iron instead of her own little flatiron.)

I didn't like the company very much, either. Sometimes my Uncle Laurence, my father's brother, came in, and Grandmother was sent out to the pub and returned with a great pitcher of porter under her old plaid shawl. One night when I was about three or four and sitting on Father's knee, half asleep, he suddenly put me down, lifted the poker, and slashed my uncle's face across with it. I remember the long red line on my uncle's face, which had suddenly gone white, and the blood beginning to pour from it, and the quiet voice in which he said, "Mick Donovan, if another man in the world did that to me, I'd have his life."

I can only have been five or six when a house fell vacant next door to my grandparents'. Mother didn't want to take it; it would detach her from the convent, which was one of the nearest things she knew to a home, and from the neighbors in Blarney Lane, whom she liked and who liked her. It was probably characteristic of the orphan, but I never met anyone who rooted herself so firmly in places and in people. When she began visiting me in Dublin, she was at first very lonely; then she noticed a house that reminded her of a house in Cork, and then she saw a woman with a child who reminded her of a neighbor in Cork, and she even observed a piece of furniture in a shopwindow that reminded her of something similar at home, until she gradually built up a series of minor analogies to protect her from the unknown. She disliked my father's family even more than I did, and besides the rent—four and sixpence a week—was nearly twice what we paid for the little cottage in Blarney Lane. But Father was homesick for the delights of the Barrack Stream (as the old people called the locality), and he argued irritably that with a commodious house like that—four rooms instead of two—we could have lodgers, and everyone knew the money you could make out of lodgers. So one day we said goodbye sadly to the old neighbors, piled all our possessions

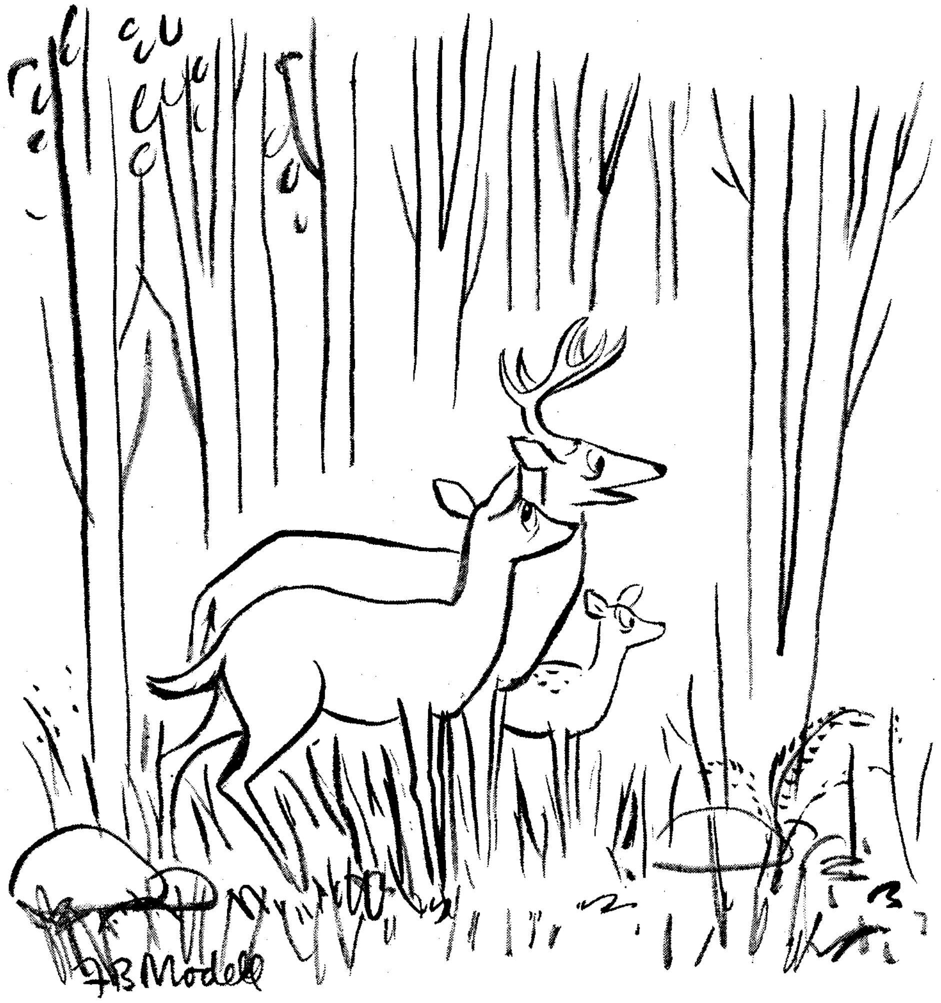




on a little donkey cart, and set out after them down Blarney Lane toward the river. I carried the kitten in my arms.

That night, Mother sat in the dirty, dilapidated kitchen of the new house and wept, but Father's family were happily reunited in a neighborhood where they were well known and—according to themselves—highly respected. At least, in Barrack Stream, Father was sure of a good funeral. Grandfather and Grandmother lived next door, my Uncle Laurence and his family lived up the Old Youghal Road, near Mayfield Chapel, and for a time my deaf-and-dumb aunt and her deaf-and-dumb husband lodged with the old people in the house next door. The homesickness of my father's family was really quite remarkable.

Of course, Barrack Stream had its advantages, particularly when we didn't suffer from lodgers. (Of these I remember only two lots—a family so brutal and filthy that at last Father, who was out for most of the day and pooh-poohed Mother's complaints, practically ejected them himself, and an old lady so scared of drafts that she nailed up the window and padded the door of the front room till it stank.) Most of the time I had an attic to myself, where I could keep my things, and there was an interesting outdoor toilet, with a door suitable for climbing. From the roof I could climb onto the high back wall and command a superb and lonely view of the hillside sloping down into the valley of the city. I sometimes sat up there for hours, till darkness crept up on me, and once, in order to enjoy this view a little longer, I climbed out of the attic window and up the house roof. Besides, there was the Barracks, and the day was punctuated by bugle calls, and sometimes the soldiers went by on a route march, preceded by their band. When this happened in the evening and Father was at home, we both dashed for the front door. The regiments at the Barracks were always changing, and while the fast girls compared lovers—English, Scotch, and Welsh—Father compared the height and smart-



"If we can just get through today, tomorrow we're out of season."

• •

ness of the men, the quality of the band, and, inevitably, the drummers. If you went far enough afield, you could even see an occasional military funeral, with a gun carriage draped in the Union Jack, and a band that played Chopin's "Funeral March." With the O'Donovan morbidity, I loved military funerals, and when Father was in good humor, I could get him to hum dead marches for me. Though he was always ready to oblige with Chopin, Handel, or Beethoven, he maintained without fear of contradiction that the greatest of dead marches was "The Flowers of the Forest" as played by the pipe band of the Scots Guards. Naturally, he performed all these as though the principal instrument were the big drum, and I tested them out, pacing the kitchen with reversed sweeping brush, lost in ecstatic melancholy. After that, he would be almost bound to sing me "The Burial of Sir John Moore," one of his favorite songs and mine. For much of the time, he and I got on excellently.

All the same, the move to Barrackton brought to a head my sense of the conflict between the two families whose heredity I shared. The more I saw of my grandparents the less I liked them. Children, who see only one side of any question and because of their powerlessness see this with hysterical clarity, are abominably cruel. There was no way I could have avoided seeing the contrast between my mother, on the one side, and my grandmother, my aunt, and my uncle's wife, on the other. Mother was dainty in everything she did. Besides, she was an excellent cook and a first-rate housekeeper, a woman to whom cleanliness and neatness came as natural as sloppiness does to me. Though, apart from our beds, the only furniture we had was what went into the kitchen, she made even that room look beautiful. Over the mantelpiece hung the long mirror, and to the right of it the lamp. At either side of the window were the pictures of the Battle of Bethlehem, which I searched by the hour for a likeness of Father, and of Kathleen Mavourneen, with insets of the Lakes of Killarney. Facing the window was the little sideboard with the clock, and between that and the door was the bedroom wardrobe, the only really ugly item of furniture, on top of which Father concealed his treasures.

One of those peculiar romances of Mother's that I was always so curious about, not being very satisfied with the father she had supplied me with, had been with a French chef called Armady, and he had taught her to make superb coffee. I think he must also have taught her to hate fried food, that bane of Irish life, because the first thing she bought when I got a job and turned my wages over to her was a gas stove on which she could grill. In the evenings, when I induced my parents to sing for me, Father's favorites were sentimental songs like "Eileen Alannah" and "Kathleen Mavourneen," and these he sang in the manner of a public-house singer, all sniffle and rallentando. When Mother wasn't singing Moore's melodies—her favorites were "How Dear to Me the Hour When Daylight Dies" and "Farewell, but Whenever You Welcome the Hour"—she sang charming little drawing-room songs of the Victorian period, like "The Danube River," "Alabama Moon," and "Three Students Went Merrily Over the Rhine," and she sang them in good time, in a sweet, clear, girlish voice. It was, I suppose, typical of me that when I sang these same songs I tried to invest them with Father's trills. I got ticked off for it.

She was the sort of woman who is always called in when there is trouble in a house, and as she had to bring me with her in the years when I was still an infant, some of my earliest recollections of her are so extraordinary that nowadays they seem like hallucinations. Once, when we were living in Blarney Lane, she carried me to a neighbor's house and put me sitting on a chair by the door. I could see into the little partitioned-off bedroom, and I watched her, in the candlelight, holding up the head of a young man who was coughing up bucketfuls of red stuff. In a loud voice Mother said something that sounded like prayers, and he continued to cough till all the bedclothes were bright red, and then he seemed to fall asleep, and she laid him back on the pillow and knelt beside him, praying into his ear. Another time, she took me with her on such an errand and I saw a young man crouching at the bedroom window with his arms out, screaming, "They'll never get me alive!" Mother went up to him, smiling, her two hands out in the gesture that was most characteristic of her, murmuring, "Ah, Johnnie, Johnnie, don't you know who it is? It's only Mrs. Donovan."

When Grandfather was dying, it was Mother who nursed him, and I still remember her washing the floor, killing the lice, changing the bedclothes, while downstairs Grandmother, huge, shiftless, and dirty, drained her jug of porter over the fire and moaned. "I'm a bird alone, a bird alone!" she whined, and Mother, sick with disgust, told her sharply that she could at least wash her face before the priest came.

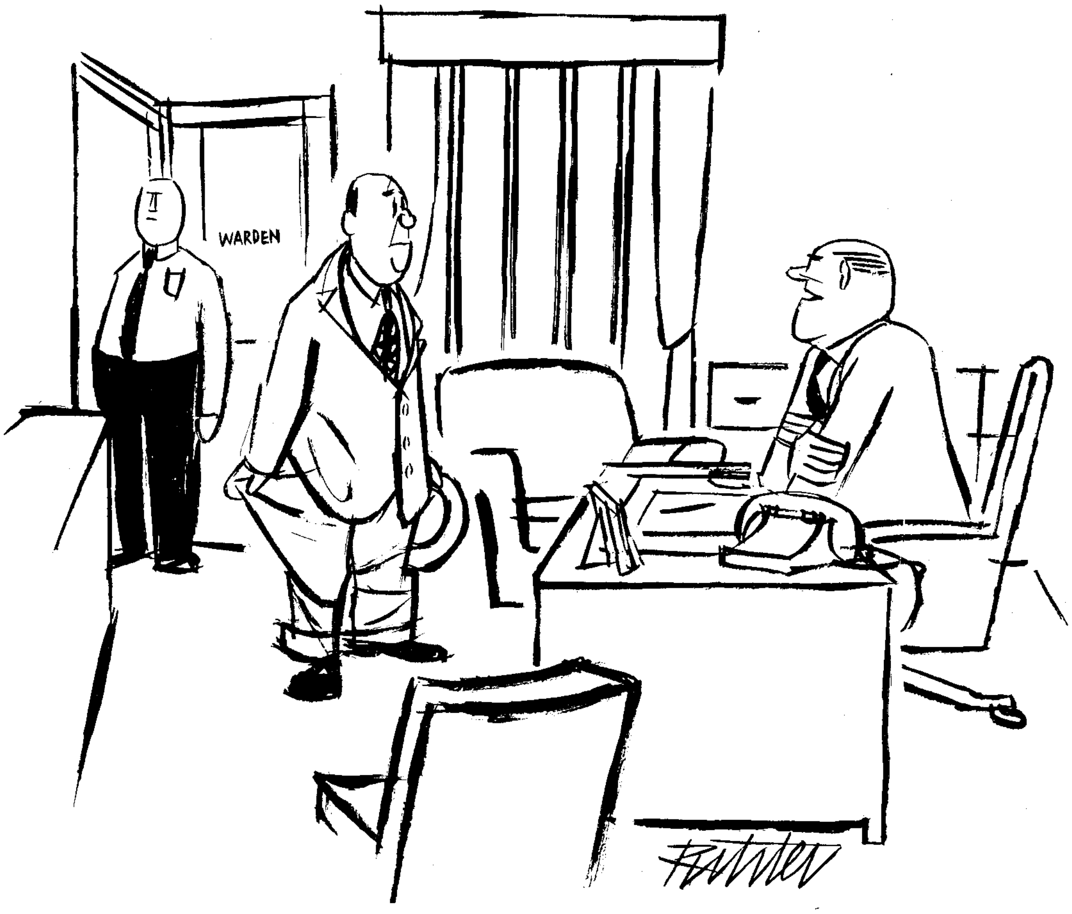
When my grandmother came to live with us after Grandfather's death, I nearly lost my mind. Lodgers were awful, and the large fortunes to be made from them were clearly illusory, but at least they were not relations and you didn't have to apologize for them to any kid you had invited into the house and were trying to impress. I was always trying to make an impression, particularly on one friend, called Bob O'Connell, whose father was a color sergeant and who spoke in a cultured English voice I found most charming, but when I glanced into the kitchen and saw Grandmother at one of her modest repasts—a mess of hake and potatoes boiled in a big pot, with the unpeeled potatoes afterward tossed on the table to be dipped in a big mound of salt, and a jug of porter—I fled for very shame. And once when Mother was at work and Grandmother was to give me my dinner, I hid under the kitchen table, yelling bloody murder and refusing to come out until Mother returned and fed me herself. Mother tried to induce her to keep herself clean, but Grandmother, deeply offended, shrugged in her dirty old clothes, blinked her eyes, and retorted sullenly, "Sure, what is it but clean dirt?"

I was already turning into a classic example of the Oedipus complex. (Perhaps that was the reason that, later, when I changed my name for literary purposes, I took my mother's family name.) I begged her to leave my father and come away to live with me, and though, in those days, I was little tempted to criticize her, I did frequently blame her to myself for her timidity. I felt that Mother, on the one hand, and Father's family, on the other, were the two powers that were struggling for possession of my soul, and I hated every member of my father's family—even cousins I later grew fond of. It wasn't the people themselves I hated, of course; it was drunkenness and dirt and violence. I made a partial exception of my Uncle Laurence, because he was gentler than the rest, and had a sense of humor that partly qualified the O'Donovan gloom. When he was leaving for the front during the First World War, Grandmother, with her alcoholic emotionalism, began a beautiful scene that would have reduced Father to helpless sobs, but Laurence punctured it wickedly by pretending to sob even louder, and left Grandmother with the expression that Shaw once versified as

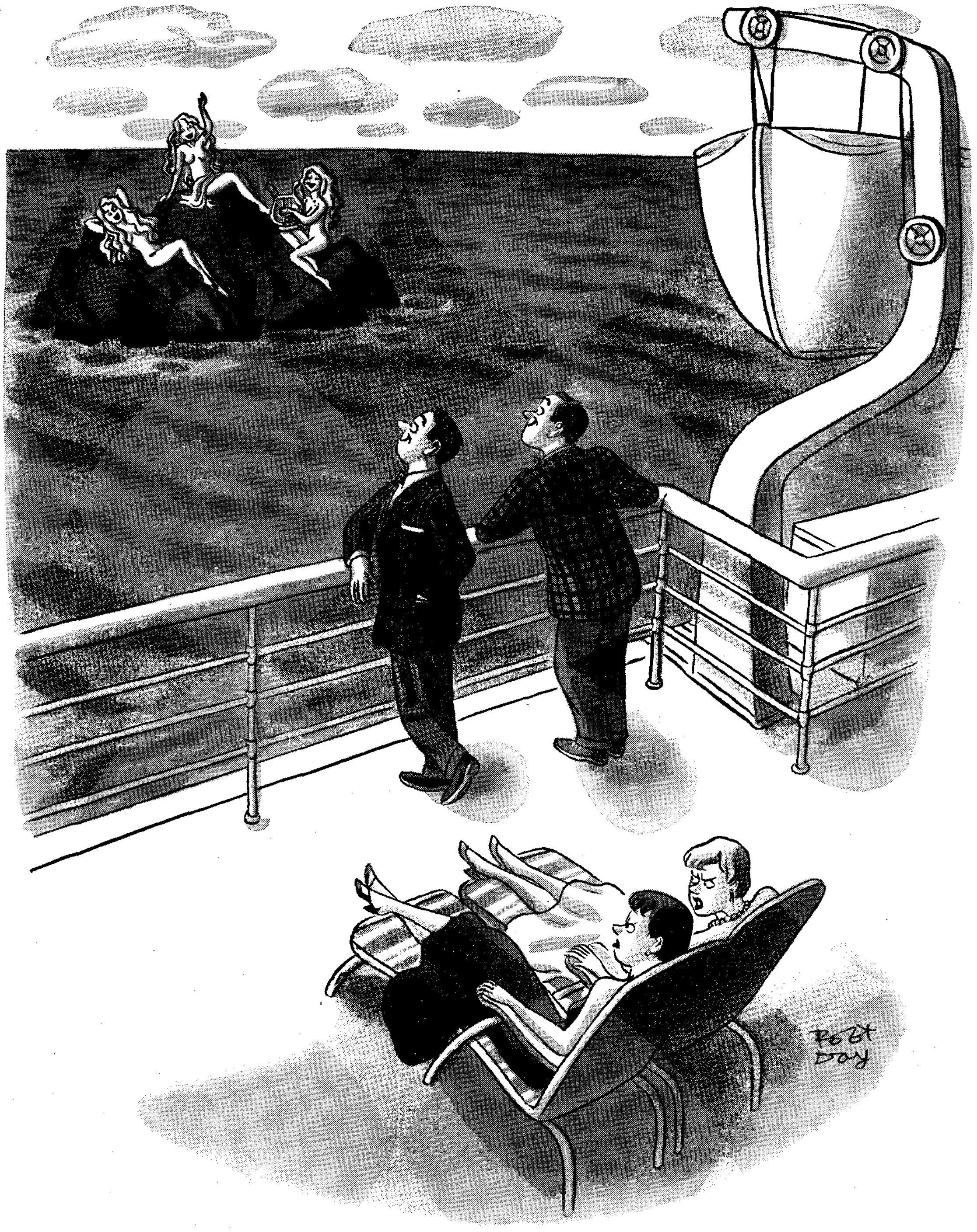
Respect a mother's grief
And give me time to finish out my scene.

Much as I pitied my aunt, I didn't really like her, either; her affliction was never anything but terrible, and her wordless rages and griefs were as horrifying as those of a chained animal. But, like Mother, I was very fond of her husband, Pat Hanlon, because he was a man of great expressiveness and gaiety, and made his affliction serve his purposes. He was a wraith of a man with small black eyes and a little black mustache, and he lurched about in a curiously disjointed way, his head rolling from side to side. I think he hated the O'Donovan atmosphere as much as Mother did, because he never joined in the drinking and was exceedingly industrious. When things got too difficult next door, he got down off the table on which he worked, and lurched into our house with a snort and a shrug. Then he threw himself into a chair with that loose-jointed air of his and began describing his day in the Jewish tailor's in Patrick Street, his fingers flying, his small dark eyes flashing—really flashing—and queer animal noises that were intended to be laughter bubbling in his throat. He was a man who noticed everything. I had never met the Jewish tailor, but he was as real to me as Charlie Chaplin, and just as funny. Hanlon was a superb mimic, and of everybody at once—the tailor, the customers, and the workgirls. Having no sound track to bother with, he acted at the speed of the earliest films, breaking off a scene or a part in one second, impatiently grabbing and growling at Mother, who would be in hysterics, to tell her something new, though his thin face never lost its air of faint anxiety. At the end of a scene, he would shrug his shoulders, as a final commentary on the futility of human existence.

It was a strange entertainment for a child, but I loved it, though I often



"You're entitled to ten dollars and a suit of clothes. The law says nothing about alterations."



"One man to every four girls on board this ship—and now this!"

missed the point. I spoke slowly to him, using my two hands; Mother also used two hands, but she spoke fast and could understand Hanlon when he got so excited that he fell back on one hand, and, between hysterical fits of laughter, she carried on a sort of subdued commentary to herself that told the story to Father and me. Then Hanlon would return to that dirty, uncomfortable house, having enjoyed a couple of hours of intelligent conversation with people far better equipped by nature than himself, and knowing that at least he had given as good as he got. And how many of us, with all our faculties, can feel as much when we leave someone's house? It was a real triumph of art over nature, and something it would take me twenty years to learn.

FATHER was a really fine-looking man. He was a six-footer and built to match, and years of heavy laboring work had not affected the soldierly erectness of bearing he had picked up as a young man in the Army. He had a long Scandinavian head, but, because of the slightly Mongolian cast of feature he had inherited from Grandmother, the lines of his face were horizontal instead of vertical. At the same time, the bulging brows and high cheekbones, instead of making his eyes disappear, tended to make them twinkle. He was extraordinarily like certain photographs of the young Maxim Gorky. He dressed carefully, in the manner of an old-fashioned tradesman, in a blue serge suit with the cuffs of the trousers turned down over the heels, a bowler hat cocked a little to one side, and a starched shirt front, and dressing him for Mass on Sunday was a serious task for any woman, for his fingers were all thumbs and he could rarely fasten his own studs, and it sometimes ended up with his stamping and cursing before the big mirror, and Mother grabbing at a stool to stand on, so she could reach up to him, and begging him for the Lord's sake to keep quiet and let her do it for him. Then he put an open white handkerchief, casually disposed, in his breast pocket, and went down the road, graciously bowing and raising his hat to any woman he met.

Nothing could ever persuade Father that he was anything but a naturally home-loving body—which, indeed, for a considerable part of the time he was. Often he would be up first in the morning, give Mother a cup of tea in bed, and have a tremendous wash-up under the tap in the yard, summer and winter. It was a bitter disappointment to him that I could never appreciate the utility of this, and he made angry comments when I got a basin of water and then poured hot water from the kettle into it. When he got in from work in the evening, he usually had a more leisurely, noisy wash, changed into old trousers and "slippers" that were old boots cut down and hacked in all directions, so that the leather didn't impinge on his corns, and sat at the head of the table by the window to read the evening

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OYSTER STEW SOUP

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Oyster Stew • Clam Chowder
Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef
Cream of Shrimp • Cream of Potato

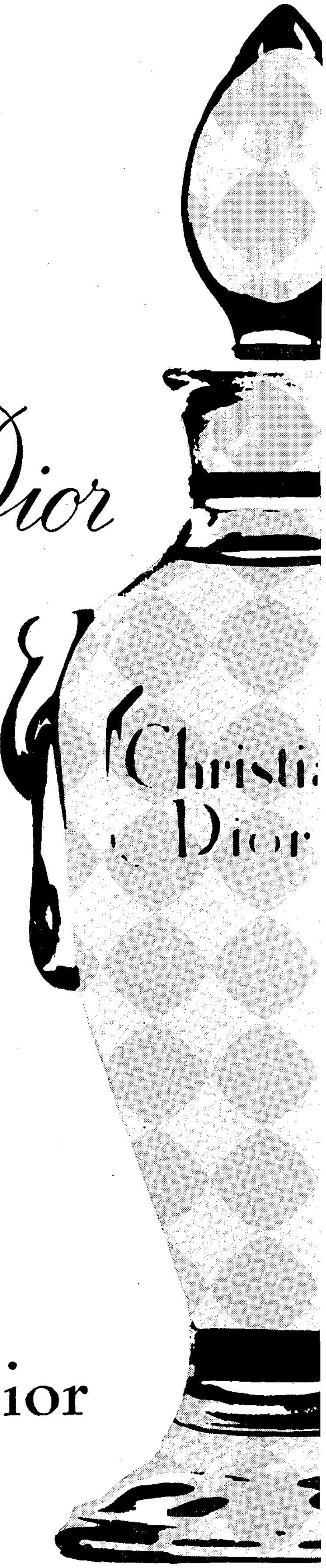
OYSTER STEW

FROZEN *by Campbell's*

paper aloud to Mother, with comments that went on longer than the news. I liked that until I began to read myself, but even then it didn't disturb me too much. I was always too involved in what I read.

This was just as well, because any project of Father's, from cutting his corns to writing to Whitehall about his pension, involved preparation on a major scale and something like general mobilization, and he could become entirely lost in any detail of this. For instance, when he wrote to Whitehall—this usually meant merely filling out some form to show he was still alive—he had first of all to get the penny bottle of ink, and a new nib for the pen, and a bit of blotting paper, and lay them all out on the table before him; then he had to get his papers, which were in a locked tin trunk in the bedroom, and he could never take one of these out without rereading the lot of them; and on reading through his discharge papers and discovering again what a good soldier he had been, he would be moved like an old novelist reading a review of his first talented book, and would have to bring them down and read them all over again to Mother, who knew them by heart. Every question on a questionnaire he read over several times before replying to it, because he knew this particular question had been drafted by an old and cunning hand with the deliberate intention of catching him out. When he spotted the trap—and there nearly always was a trap—his whole face lit up with approval and he explained the trap carefully to Mother while he considered how best to defeat it. He liked a subtle enemy because it enabled him to show how subtle he could be himself. He was a born hob-lawyer, a pseudo-expert, always laying down the law about regulations, and greatly looked up to by other old soldiers, like Bill Heffernan, who were too humble even to pretend that they understood a word of the damn questionnaires. When the form was filled out and in its envelope on the mantelpiece, he would become emotional again on the subject of the British government, and how considerate it was of its old servants—unlike the gnats of employers for whom he worked in Cork, who would let an old workman go without a pennyworth of provision at the end of his days.

When the time came to cut his corns, he got a chair and rooted about on top of the wardrobe, which was his hidey-hole, and after contemplating his many treasures he took down his current razor,



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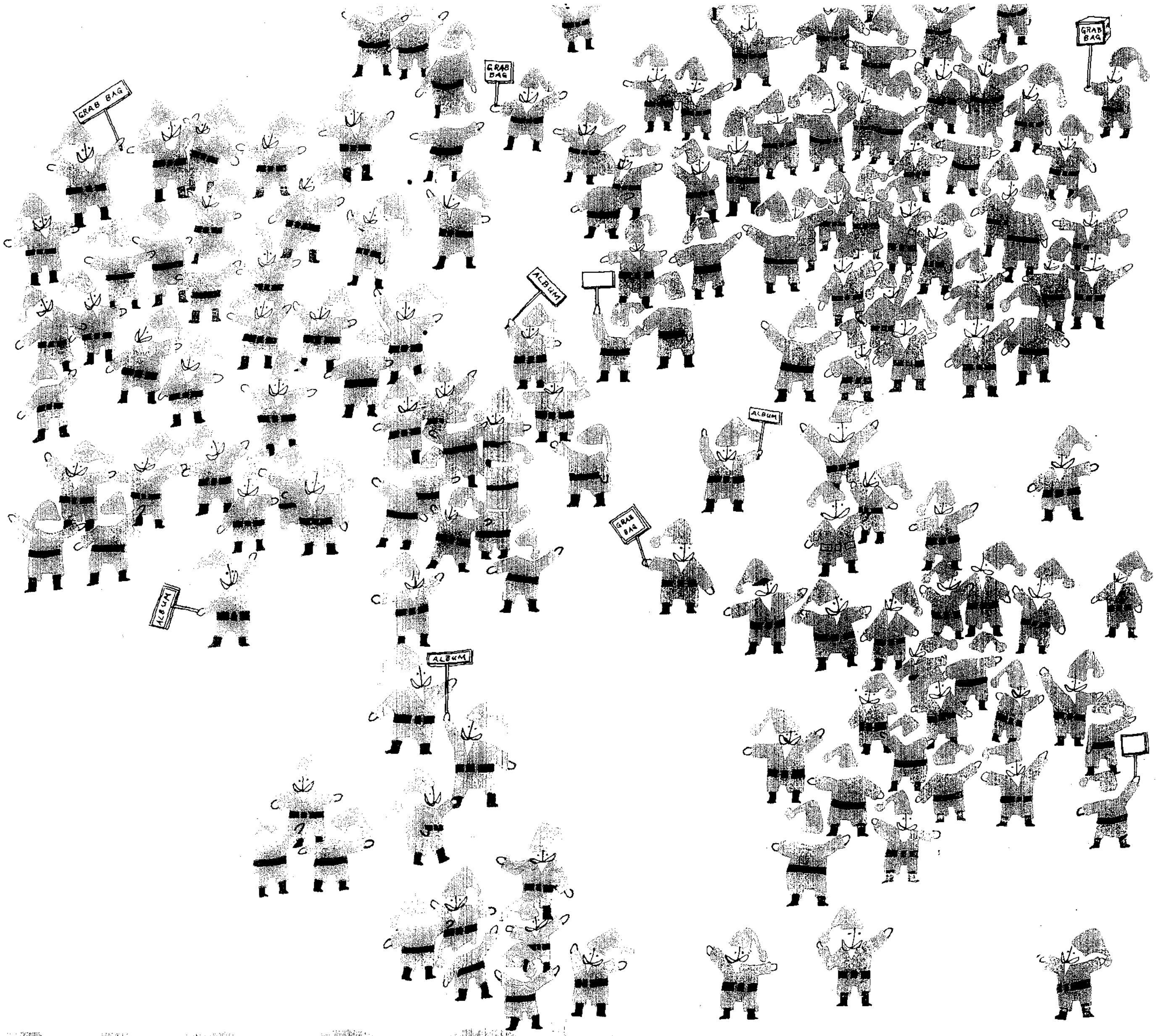

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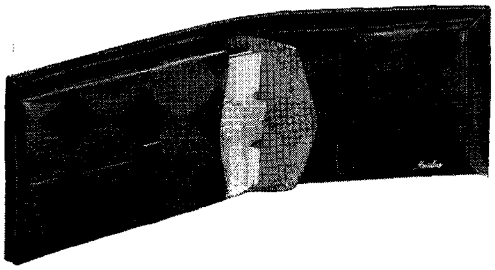

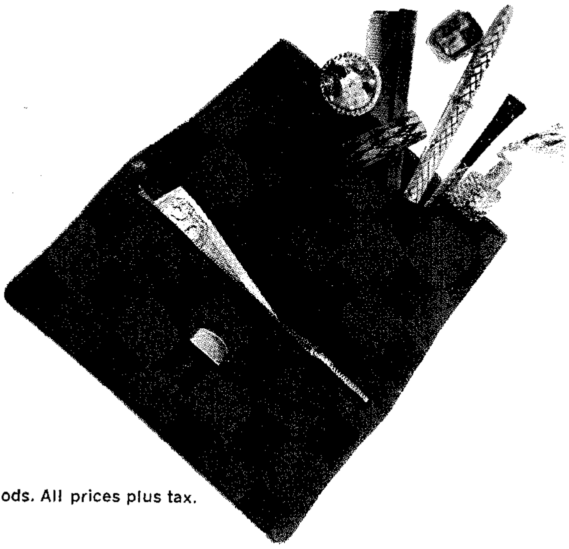

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wrapped in oiled cloth, and a couple of other, older razors that he had either abandoned or picked up from those who were abandoning them but that could be trusted to do the rough work of corn-cutting. Then he got the washbasin, and a jug of cold water, and a kettle of boiling water, and a bottle of corn cure, and a paper of some sort to read while his feet soaked, and a hand mirror to see the parts of his feet that were normally hard to see, and anything else that could conceivably be of use to him, and then, with Mother or myself lined up to hold the mirror, he was set for the evening. Not that I ever remember him doing it without cutting himself somewhere.

Or else it was an evening with his pipes. He was an inveterate magpie, and everything that anyone else threw away Father would pick up, in the full conviction that if you kept it for seven years it would be bound to come in useful, and that the person who had discarded it would probably pay for his improvidence by dying in the workhouse. Old broken pipes were a tremendous temptation, and he had a huge collection of bowls and stems, all of which only needed careful handling to turn them into brand-new pipes of the most expensive kind. This task would have been considerably easier if he had ever had anything like a gimlet handy, but as he rarely did, he had to make such a tool. Usually, the treasure chest yielded some sort of blade and some sort of handle, and the blade had to be heated and set in the handle, and the handle usually burst, and then it had to be bound with a bit of waxed thread. Then the improvised tool had to be heated again and the stem or the bowl of the pipe burned till the two pieces could be joined. The result was usually most peculiar—a delicate bowl joined to a colossal stem or a delicate stem joined to a rural bowl—but Father puffed it peacefully, in the belief that he had cheated some ruffian of a tobacco merchant out of the price of a brand-new pipe.

Father was, I think, a naturally melancholy man; though he was always pleased when people called, he rarely called on anybody himself; and, like all melancholy men, he made his home his cave, and devoted a great deal of thought to its beauty and utility. Unfortunately, he was one of the most awkward men who ever handled a tool, and it is a subject on which I can speak with some authority, for I have inherited his awkwardness. Along with the razors, the pipe bowls and stems,

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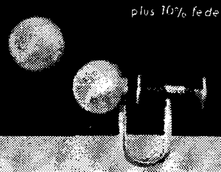

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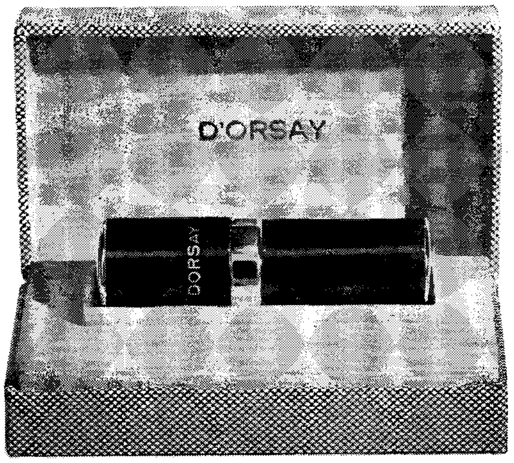

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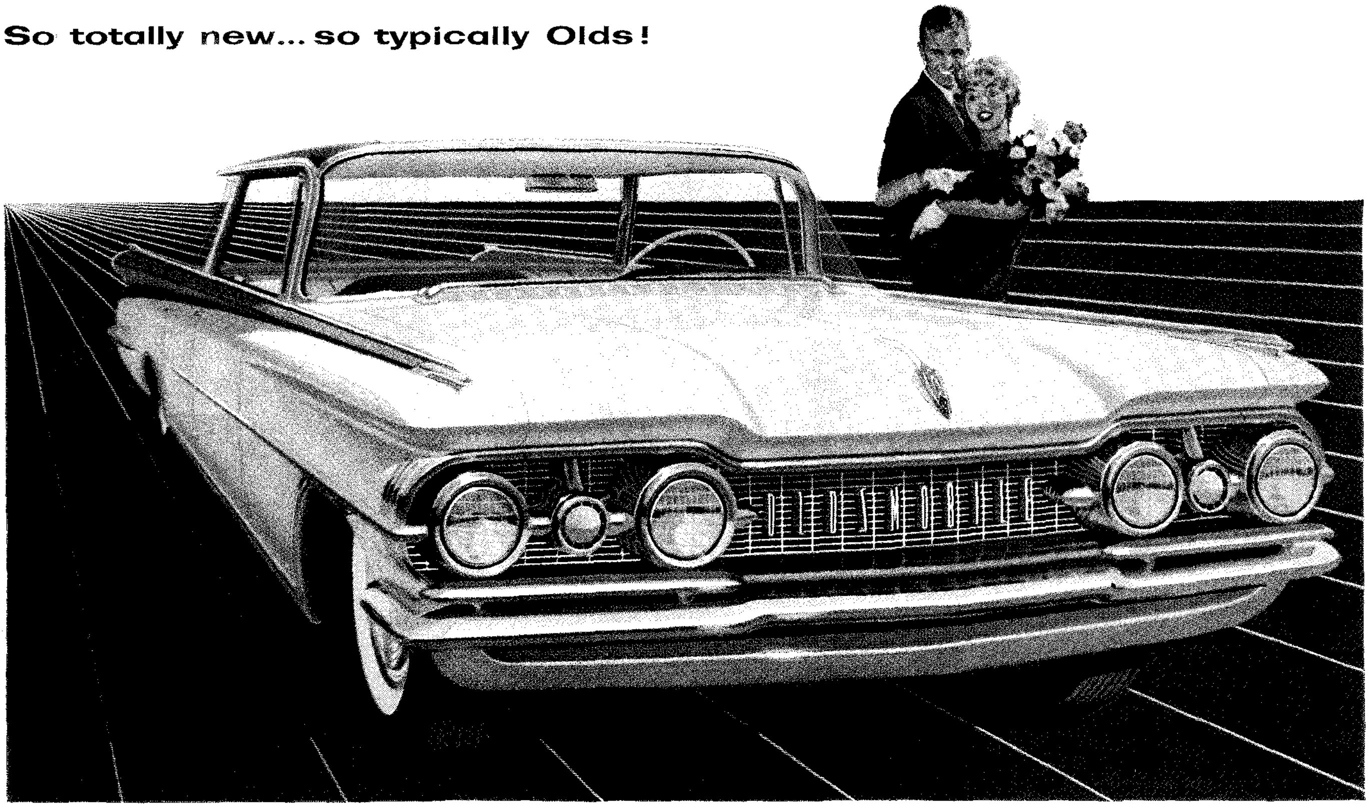

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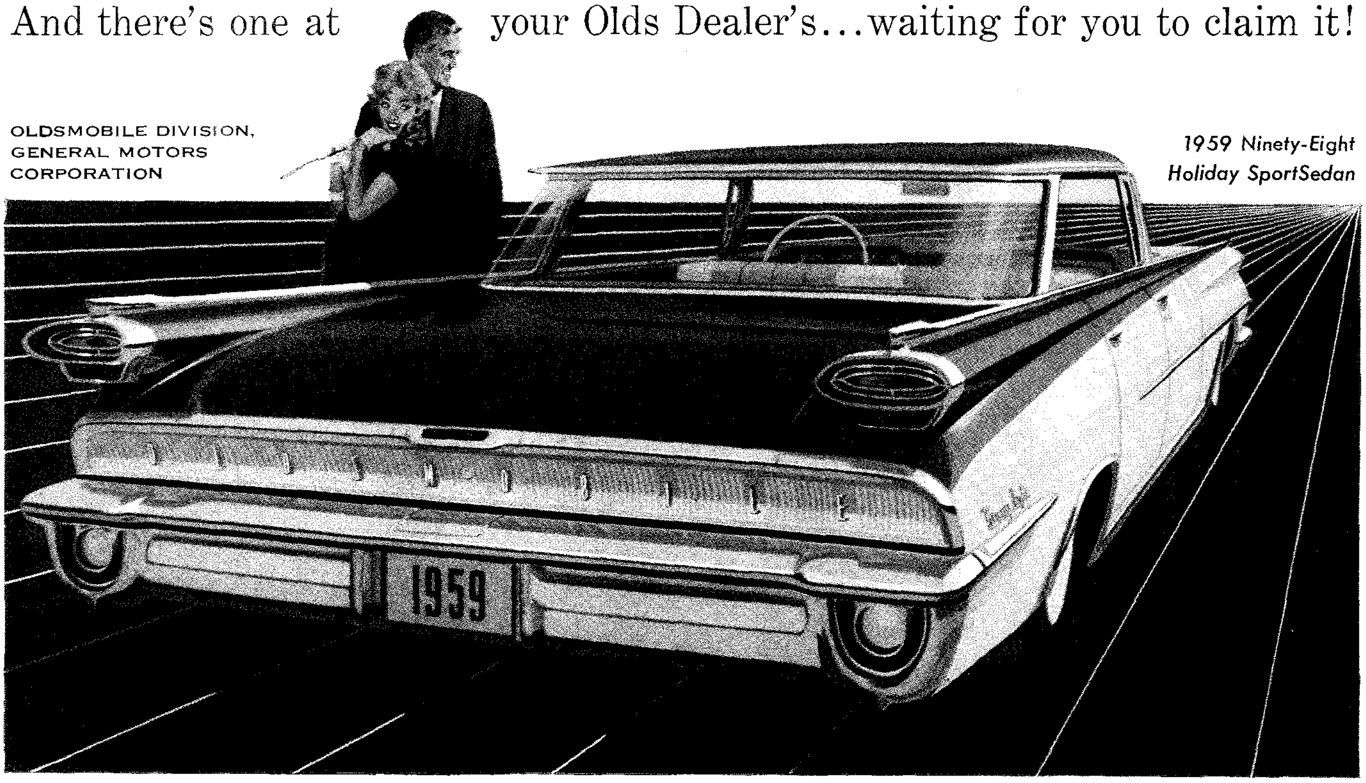

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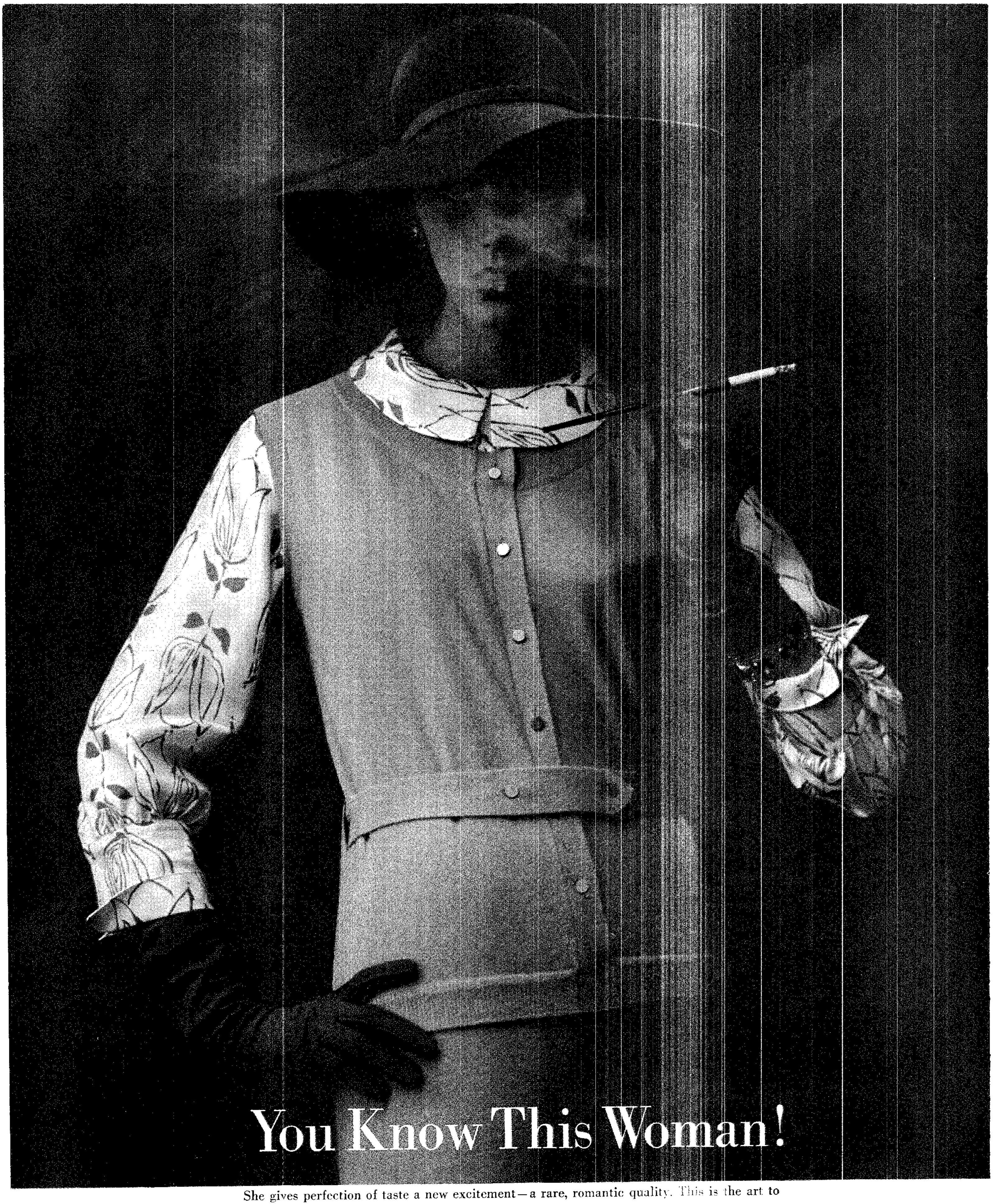
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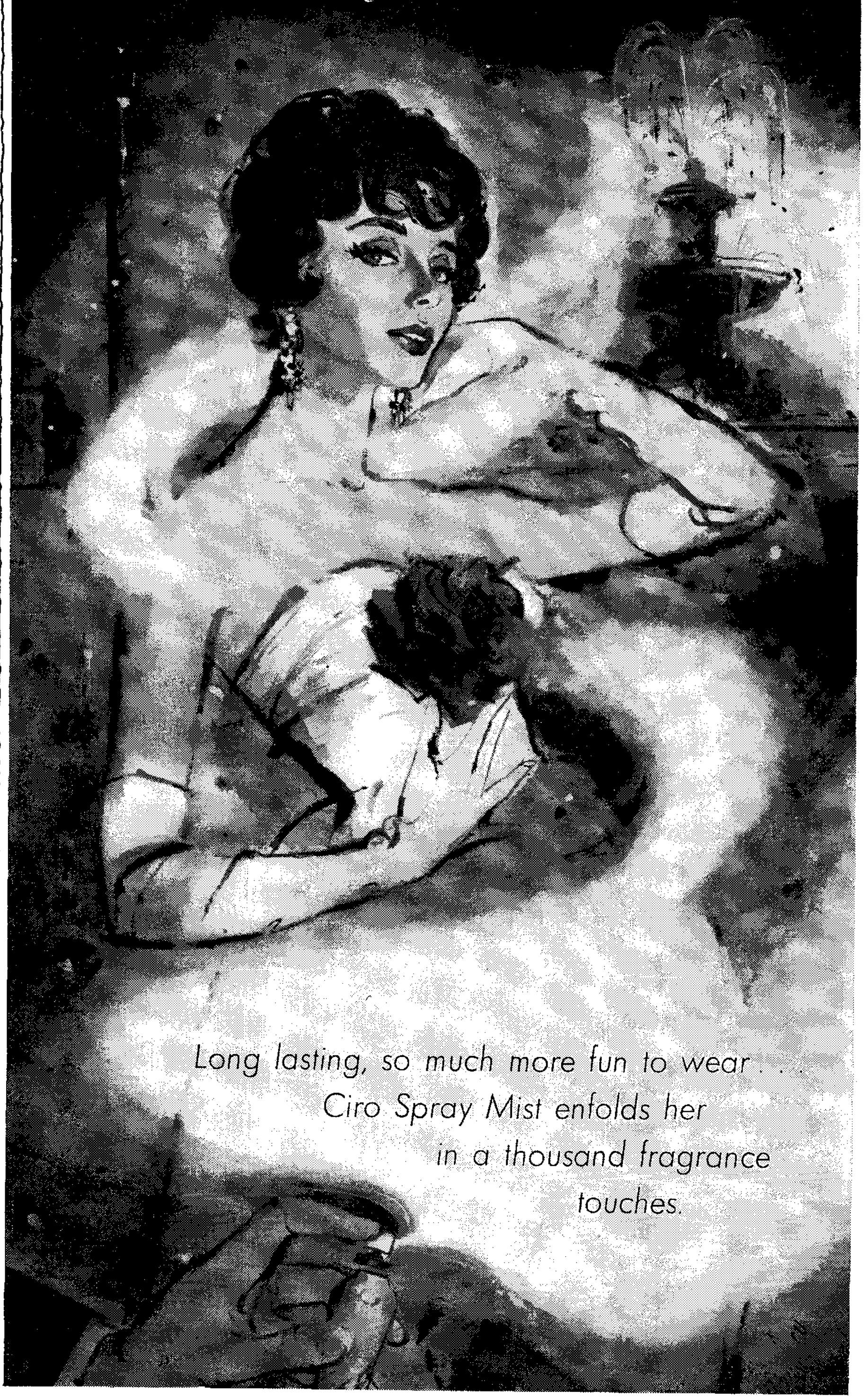
and the rest, he had a peculiar hoard of tools and equipment stored on top of the wardrobe, all lovingly accumulated over the years in the conviction that eventually they would be bound to come in useful. Prior to tackling any major job, all this had to be unloaded onto the kitchen table, and Father put on his glasses and studied it affectionately, forgetting whatever he was supposed to be looking for as he recited the history of hinges, bolts, screws, wooden handles, blades, clock springs, and mysterious-looking bits of machinery that had probably fallen out of a railway engine in process of dissolution, and wondered what some of them could be used for.

Finally, having selected his equipment—the nice bit of timber that would nearly do for a shelf, and the brackets that didn't quite match, and the screws or nails that were either a bit too long or a bit too short, and the old chisel that would do for a screwdriver, and the hammer with the loose head—Father set to work. He had lined up my mother and myself as builder's mates, to hold the plank and the hammer, the saw that needed setting, and the nails and screws. Before he had been at work for five minutes, the top of the hammer would have flown off and hit him in the face, or the saw would have cut the chair instead of the plank, or the nail that was to have provided a setting for the screw would have carried away inches of the plank with the blows he gave it. Father had the secret of making inanimate objects appear to be possessed of a secret, malevolent life of their own, and sometimes it was hard not to believe that his tools and materials were really in a conspiracy against him.

His first reaction to this behavior was chagrin that they were at him again, for all his love and care, but this soon changed to blind rage and an autocratic determination to put them in their places. Hacking away great chunks of the plaster, he nailed in the brackets, while Mother and myself, our hearts in our mouths, stood by with anything we thought might come in useful, and he would be swearing bloody murder, exactly as when he tried to fix the studs in his dickey before Mass on Sunday, and Mother in the same gentle voice would be begging him to let it alone and not be upsetting himself like that. And when it was all over, and the kitchen a wreck, he would sit down with gloomy pride to read a paper he could not concentrate on, obsessed with the image of himself as a good man and a kind father on whom everybody and



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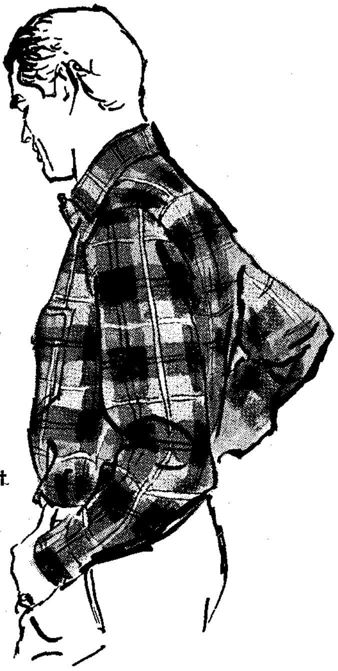
everything turned. Mother thought he was "the best poor fellow in the world," but she did wish he would let well alone.

I didn't mind Father as a handyman so much as I minded him as a barber. He always had one pair of clippers, and sometimes two, wrapped in oily rags among the other treasures, and, according to him, these clippers had saved him untold expense. Given a pencil and paper, he could even work it out, as he worked out the amount he saved by being a teetotaller. He was a great man for saving. Mother, I suspect, never knew how much he really earned, and he usually had a substantial sum in the locked trunk in the bedroom. When he was feeling depressed, he went upstairs and counted it softly, but not so softly that we couldn't hear the chink of the coins as he caressed them. He disliked the improvident way Mother bought me sweets, biscuits, and boys' weeklies, not to mention toys at Christmas—a season that seemed to have been specially invented to cause him concern. He believed in putting something aside for the rainy day. On a sunny afternoon, he would take down the clippers, pull off the oily rags, adjust the blades, set a chair in the back yard, and, with a towel round his neck, let Mother cut his hair. There was no great difficulty about this, since all Father wanted was the equivalent of a close shave. According to him, this was excellent for the growth of the hair, and one of his ambitions was to double his savings by protecting my hair as well. This didn't in the least appeal to me, or, indeed, to Mother, and so, the moment my hair grew a bit long and she saw Father casting brooding glances at it, she gave me tuppence to go to the barber. This made Father furious, for not only had she again demonstrated her fundamental improvidence but Curtin, the barber, would have left me with what Father called "a most unsightly mop." It was the business of washing under the tap all over again. But no matter how carefully she watched him and me, he sometimes caught me with the clippers ready in his hand, and I had to sit on the chair in the back yard, sobbing and sniffling, while he got to work on me, turning me into a laughingstock for the neighborhood. He went about it in exactly the same way that he went about cutting his corns or putting up a shelf. "Wisha, is it the way you want to make the child look like a convict?" Mother would cry indignantly, and Father would stamp and curse and pull at a whole chunk of hair till I screamed, and then curse again and shout, "It's



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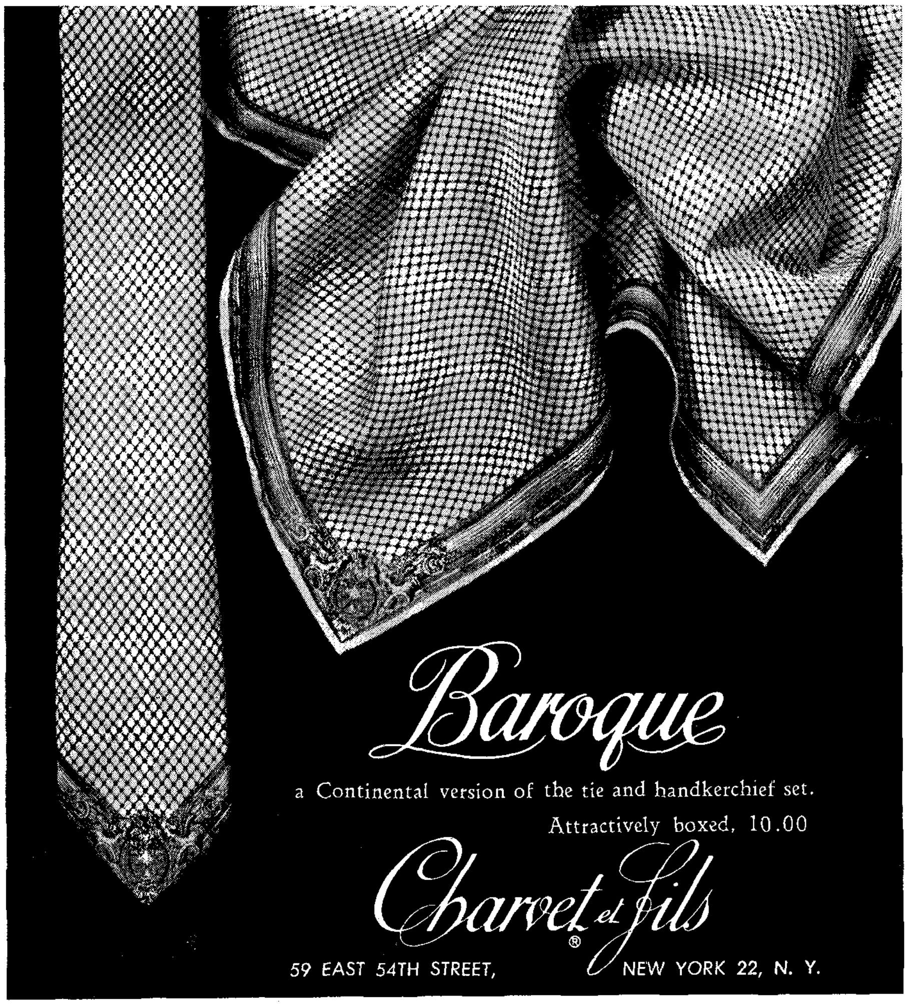

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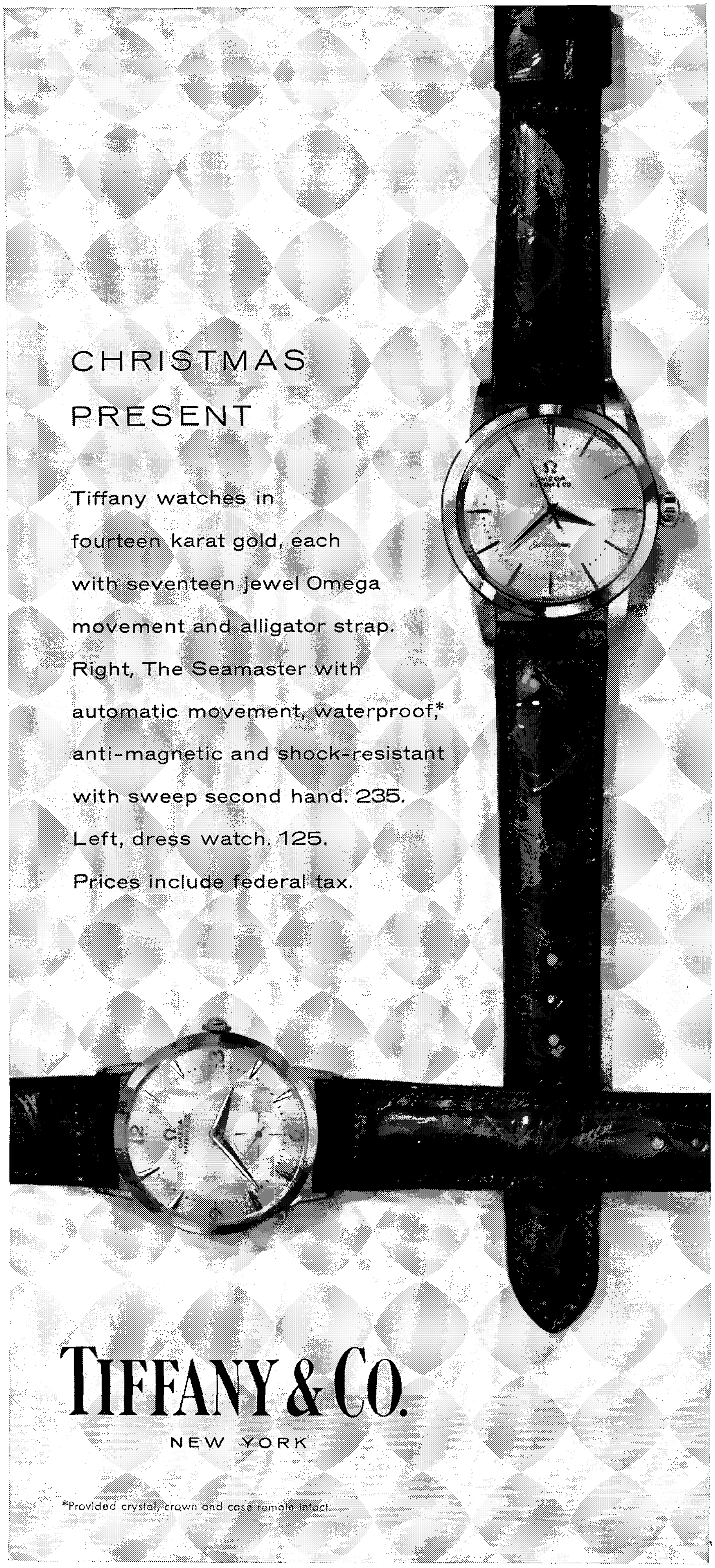
your own fault, you little puppy, you! Why can't you stop quiet?"

THEN one evening Father would be late, and Mother and I would sit over the fire, half crazy with panic, and I would say prayers to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin that what we dreaded might not really happen. I can never remember that my prayers had any effect. Finally, he would come in, full of fallacious good humor, and stand at the door, puckering up his lips in a sly grin and rubbing his hands. He expressed great surprise at the lateness of the hour. He had just met a man he hadn't met for fifteen years—not since the funeral of Jack Murphy, in September, '98, which he remembered distinctly, because Tim O'Connor, God rest him, had been there as well, and the three of them had left the funeral together and spent the evening in a pub called Keohane's that used to be at the corner of Windmill Road—it had been torn down since. . . . He would ramble on like that for half an hour, and toward ten o'clock would decide to take a little stroll. That was the end of Father in his role as a home-loving body. Next evening, he would slink upstairs to the locked trunk where he kept his savings, and then go out again. The rainy day had at last arrived, and he could enjoy the fruits of his thrift. He would return in a state of noisy amiability that turned to sullenness when it failed to rouse a response. I was most often to blame for this, because I could not bear his drunken affection, which made him so like my grandmother; and, like her, he was offended, and snarled that I was "better fed than taught." The day after, he would not go to work, and, at twelve or one, would be at the trunk again and off for a longer carouse.

The savings usually lasted him for a week or so. When they were exhausted, Mother had to go to the pawnshop with his best blue suit. So that the neighbors wouldn't see what she was doing, she would put on her long black shawl. I hated the very sight of that shawl, even though it suited her long, thin, virginal face; it meant an immediate descent in the social scale from the "hatties" to the "shawlies"—the poorest of the poor. I also hated the pawning of the blue suit, because it meant that Father stopped going for walks or to Mass—especially to Mass, for he would not have dreamed of worshipping God in anything less dignified than blue serge—and it meant that we had him all day about the house. But home was no longer a place of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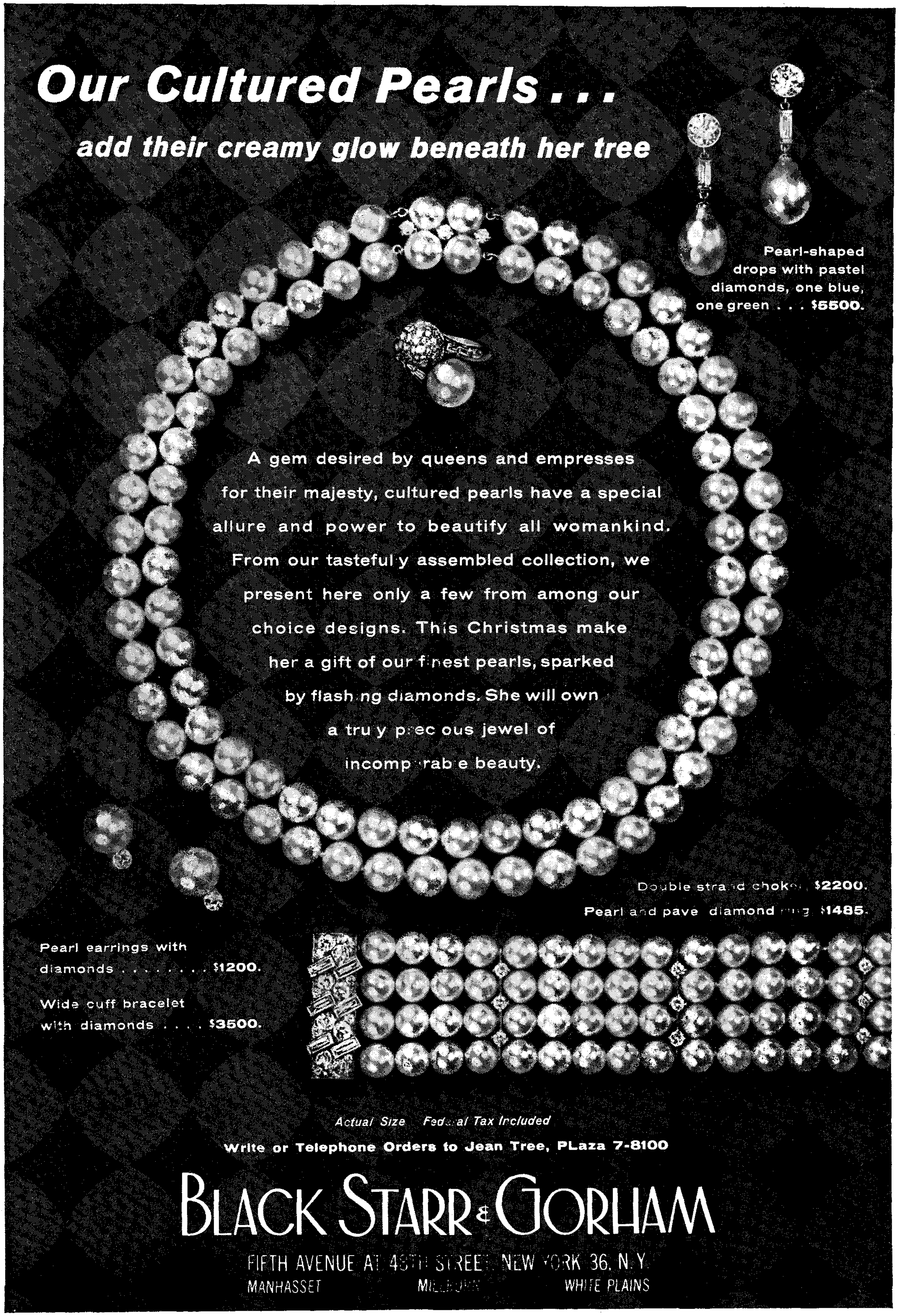

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MANHASSET MILLBURN WHITE PLAINS

refuge for him; it had become a prison and a cage. When Mother returned from town and put the five or six shillings on the table, with the pawn ticket, he would sometimes come back at her with an angry "Lord God, is that all you got on it?" It wasn't so much that he expected more as that staging a quarrel at this point meant that she wouldn't dare ask him for a shilling for food, or the rent, or the insurance, or Levin the peddler, who had sold her a suit for me.

Two days later, she would be off again with one of the two clocks—the one she loved, but which didn't have an alarm. After that came the clock with the alarm, which was no longer necessary, because he regarded himself as out of work, and then his silver watch. "In God's name, Mick Donovan, do you want to put us on the street?" she would cry, and he would stamp and shout. He didn't know what being put on the street meant as she, the orphan, did. Then her blue costume went, and his medals, and, last of all, his "ring paper"—so called because it was printed in a series of small circles, each intended for a post-office date stamp—his authority for drawing his Army pension. Though the transaction was illegal, the security was excellent. By this time, all the money coming into the house would be the ninepence or shilling she earned as a charwoman, and he would be striding like a caged tiger up and down the kitchen, waiting for her to come in so he could get this from her.

"Come on!" he would say with forced joviality. "Tuppence is all I want. Me entrance fee!"

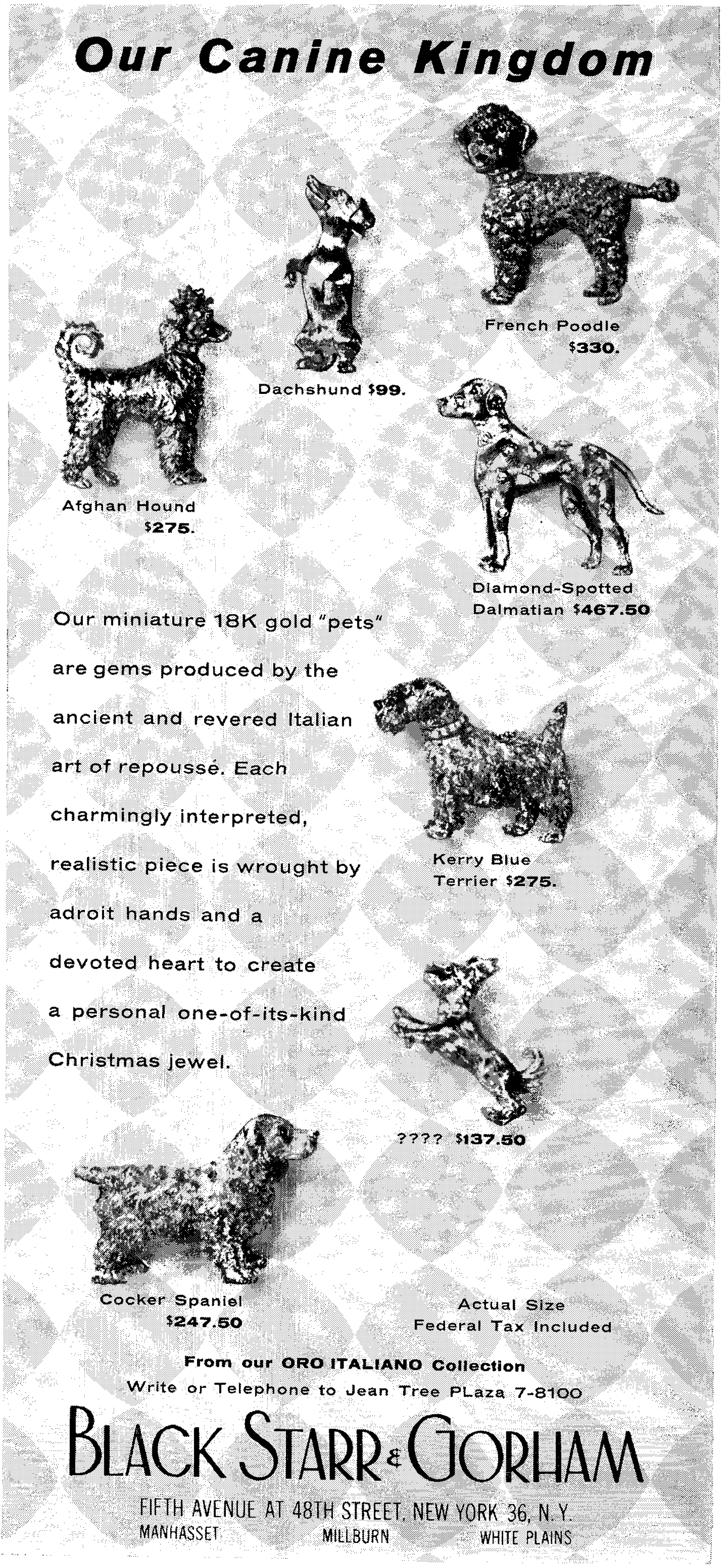
"And where am I to get the price of the child's dinner?" she would cry. "Or is it the way you want us to starve?"

"Look, it's all over now. No one is going to starve. Can't you see I'm steadying up? Come on! Give us the money, woman!"

"Stay here, then, and I'll go and get it for you!"

"I don't want you to get it for me," he would say, turning nasty. "Getting it for him" was a later stage, which occurred only when he had completely exhausted his credit and old friends cleared out when he came red-eyed into the pub. With his entrance fee, as he called it, he had not only the price of a drink but the chance of cadging more, either from the barmaid, if the publican was away, or from one of his old cronies.

If he didn't get the money immedi-



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ately, his tone would change again and he would become whining and maudlin. As darkness fell and his chances of a real debauch diminished with every passing moment, he would grow vicious. "Jesus Christ, I'll put an end to this!" he would mutter, and take down his razor. His threats were never empty, as I well knew since the night when I was an infant and he flung the two of us out in our night clothes in Blarney Lane and we shivered there in the roadway till some neighbors took us in. Whenever he brandished the razor at Mother, I went into hysterics, and a couple of times I threw myself on him, beating him with my fists. That drove her into hysterics, because she knew that at times like that he would as soon have slashed me as her. Later, in adolescence, I developed pseudo-epileptic fits that were merely an externalization of this recurring nightmare, and though I knew they were not real, and was ashamed of myself for indulging in them at all, I could not resist them once they began.

In those days, the house would be a horror. Only when he had money for drink would we have peace for an hour, and sometimes Mother borrowed it just to get him out of the house. When I was old enough to go to school, I would come back at three o'clock and scout round to make sure that he was not at home. If he wasn't, I would sneak in and hastily make myself a cup of tea. If he was, I did without the cup of tea and wandered around the rest of the afternoon, waiting till it was time to intercept Mother on her way home from work. I never went near my grandmother. From the moment the thing began, you could feel her disapproval annihilating Mother and me both—the two heartless creatures who did not sympathize with her darling boy. When I talked of him to Mother, I always called him "he" or "him." Even to give him the name of "Father" would have seemed like profanation to me. "You must not speak of your father like that, child," Mother would say severely. "Whatever he does, he's still your father." I resented her loyalty to him. I wanted her to talk to me about him the way I knew the neighbors talked. They could not understand why she didn't leave him. I realize now that to do that she would have had to take a job as a housekeeper and put me into an orphanage—the one thing in the world that the orphan child would never do.

It always ended in the same way—only when we were completely desti-

RPCo.

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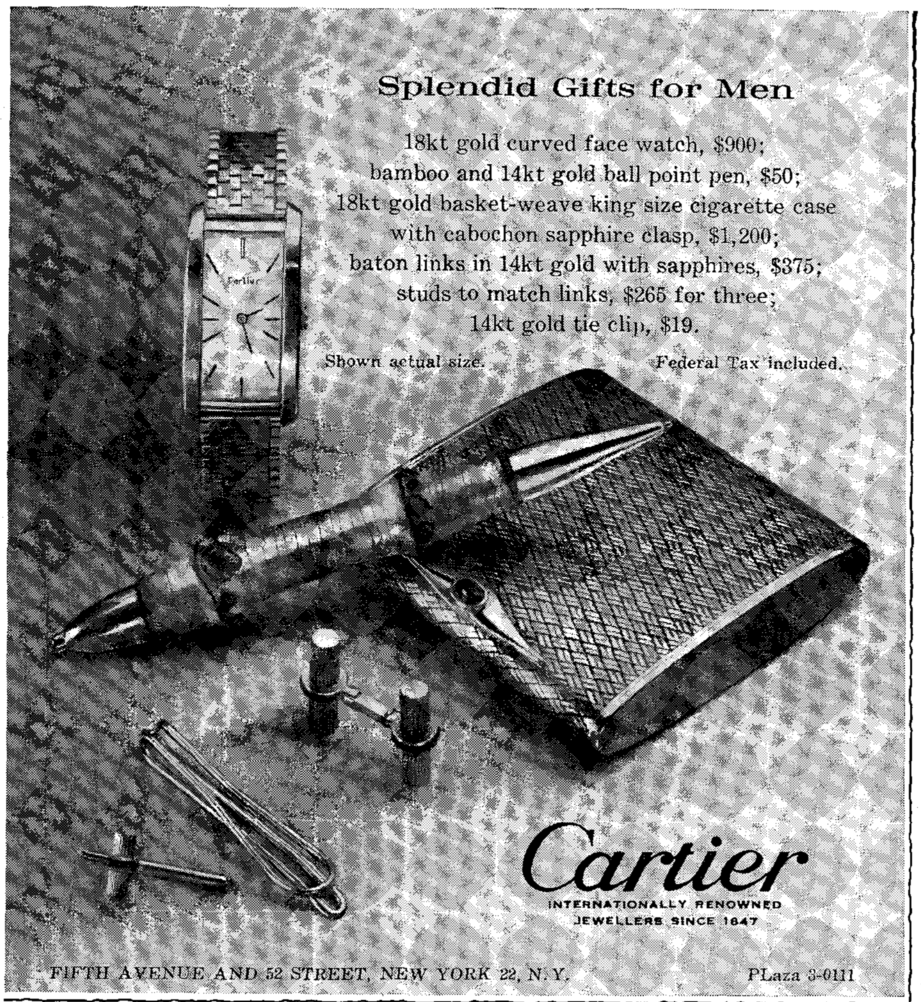
tute; when the shopkeepers refused Mother even a loaf of bread, and the landlord threatened us with eviction, and Father could no longer raise the price of a single pint. At that point only did he give in—"cave in" better describes what really happened to him. Sour and savage and silent, he began to look for another job. He rarely went back to the job he had left, and in those days I believed that it was because he had lost it. Now I am certain that he was far too good a workman to be put off merely because of a prolonged drunken bout, and that he was too humiliated to go back. He was, as I have said, a proud man, and he would not have admitted to the other poor laborers, whom he despised, that he had sunk so low. And because something had to be done about the mass of debt that had accumulated in the meantime, he and Mother would go to the loan office in Paul Street, accompanied by some friend to act as guarantor. Mother had to go with him, because even at this stage he would still have taken the money and drunk it along with the rest. I was very impressed by the huge interest we had to pay, and it struck me that if only I could accumulate a little capital and lend them the money myself, it would be an excellent way both of getting rich and of saving Mother undue anxiety. The money would, at least, be in the family. But my savings usually evaporated in the first few days of strain, and I realized that I would need a more settled background before I could set up in business as a moneylender.

With the aid of the loan, Father would take out his "ring paper" and draw his pension, and out of that he would release his best blue suit, so that he could again worship God on Sundays in the Dominican Church on the Sand Quay. Then would come the clocks and the watch and chain and the military medals, and finally Mother's blue costume. It was characteristic of him that when he put money aside again, it was to pay the publicans. He preferred to let Mother work for a shilling a day rather than hold out on the payment of his drinking debts. A more cynical son might suggest that he was only paving the way for another debauch—because this, in fact, was the ultimate effect of it—but I find it hard to believe that there was not a different explanation. I think it was again probably his pride. I don't think Mother had much pride. Gay people have no need of pride, because gaiety is merely the outward sign of inward integrity, but



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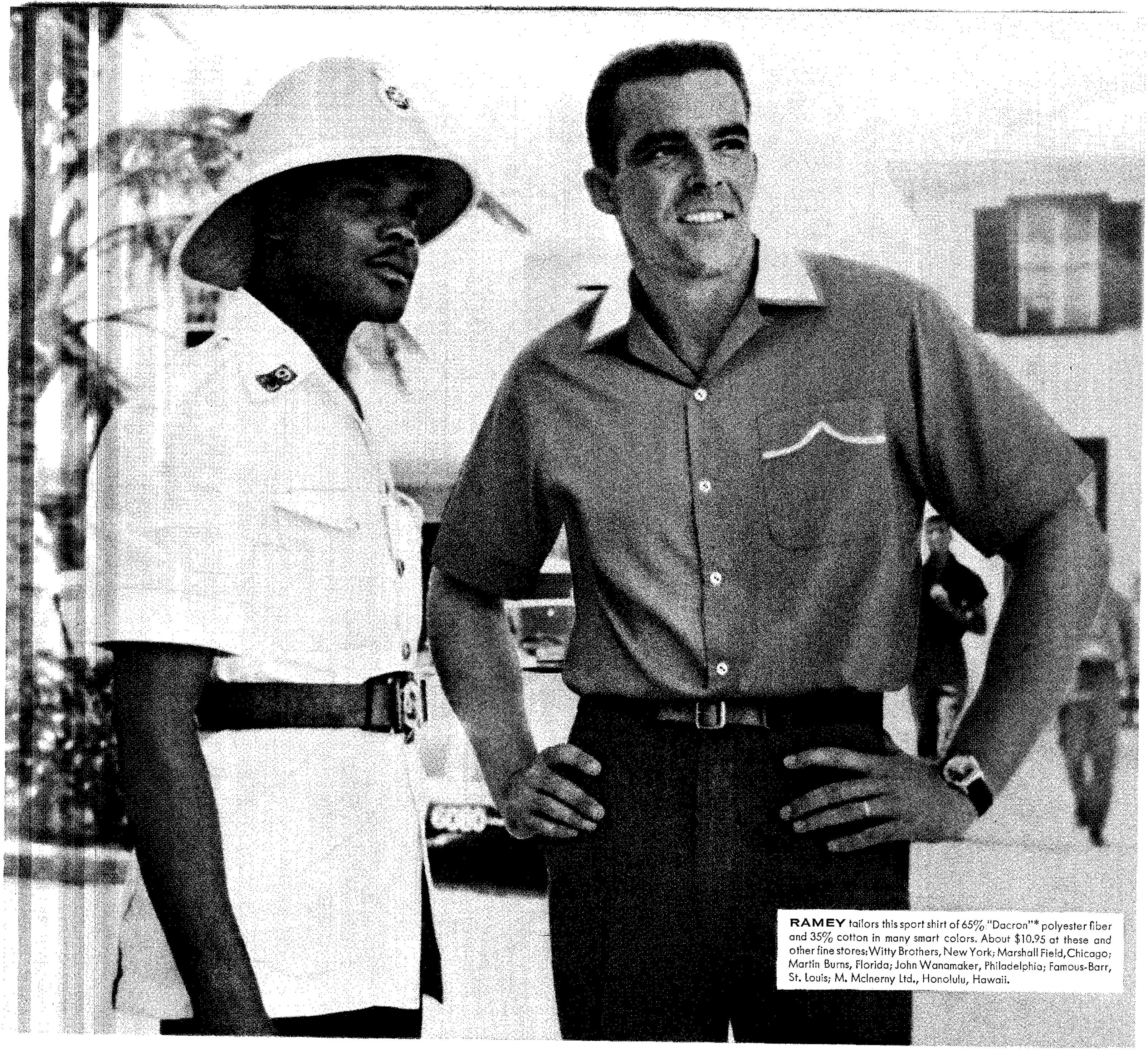

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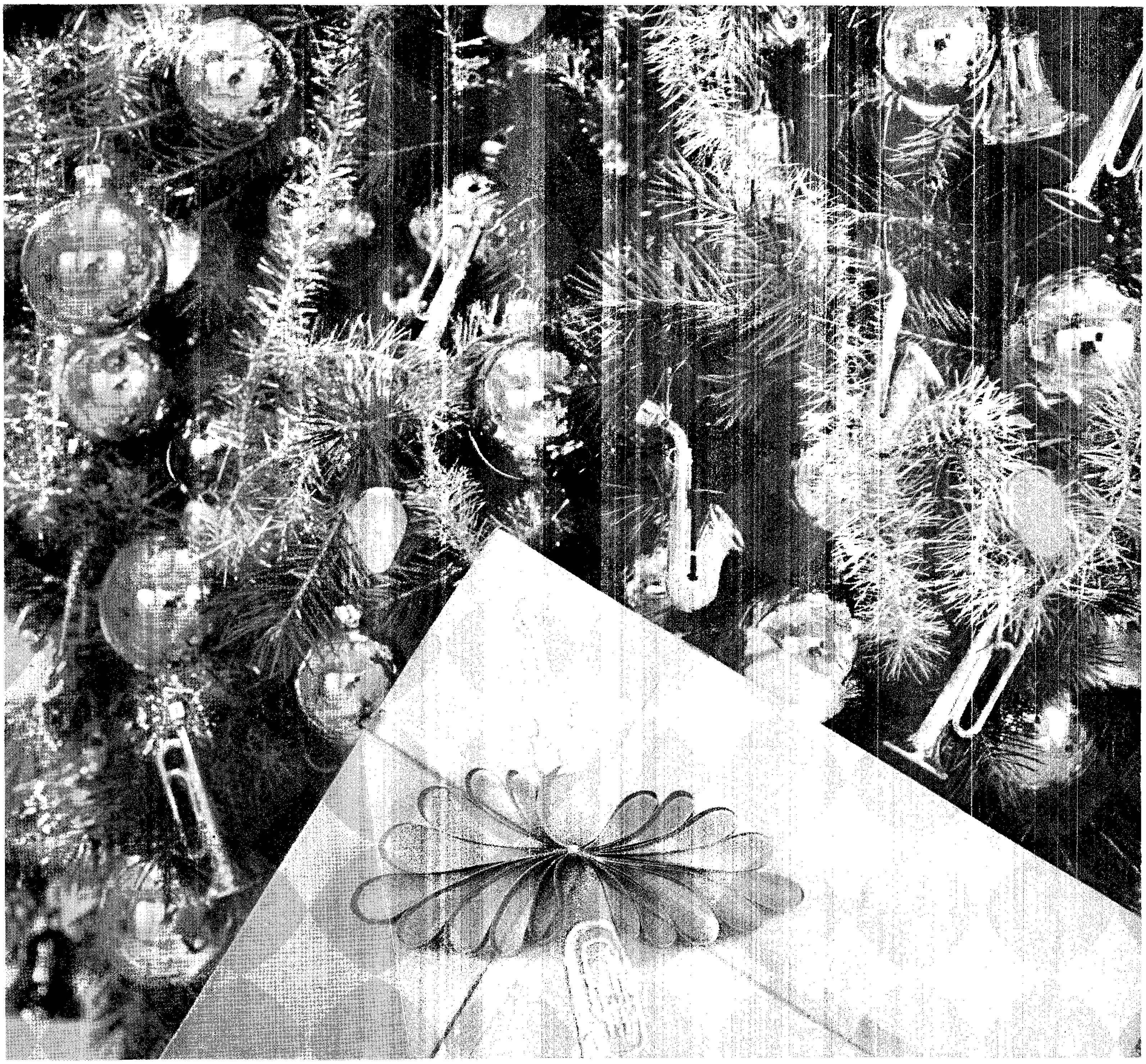

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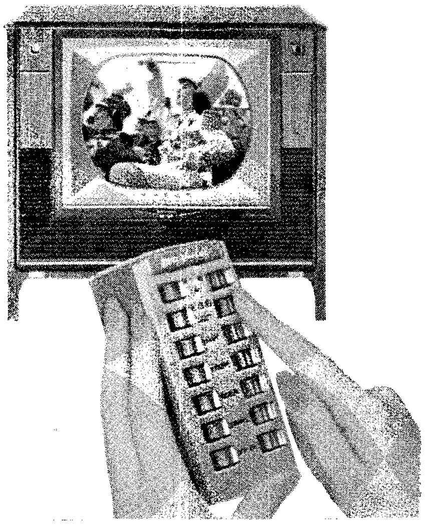


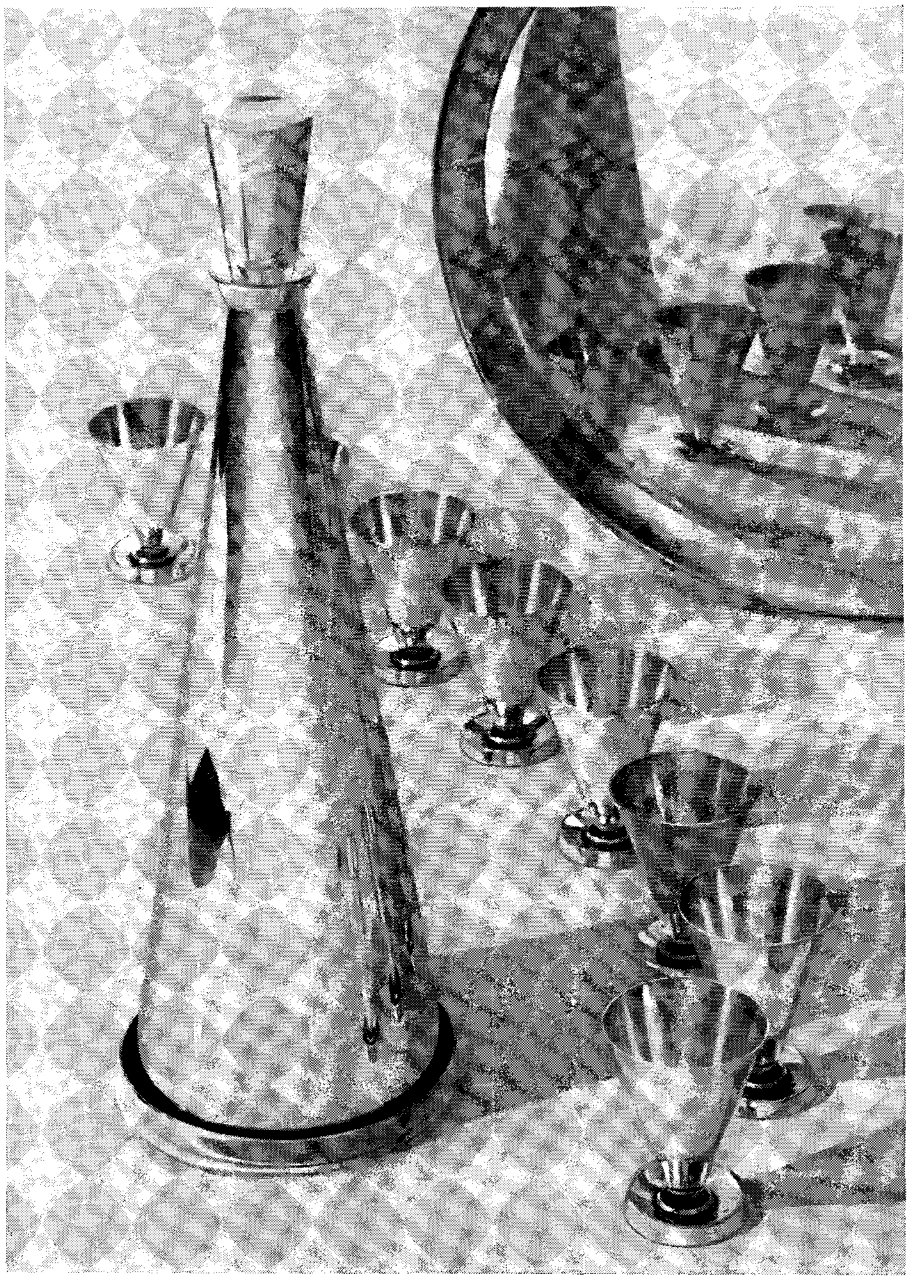
melancholy people, if they are to exist at all, must have a code, no matter how unreasonable it may appear.

And once again the little house was reconstituted, and a new cycle began. Father, brisk and cheerful, rose in the early morning to wash under the tap and bring Mother a cup of tea in bed. In the evenings, he read the paper to her while I sat in some corner, chuckling away over my own paper, and a wind blew up the river. On such evenings, no one could doubt his love for her and hers for him, but I, who had no other security, knew better than she did what he was really like, and watched him feverishly, in the way that only a child can watch, and felt that all authority was only a show and that God Himself was probably not much better, and directed my prayers not to Him but to His mother, who had said nothing but merely suffered.

Oh, yes, jealous as I was, I knew there was real devotion between that strangely assorted pair, and yet I often wonder what really went on in Mother's mind during those years. Once only did she say anything significant, and that was while she was raving. I was a grown man and living in Dublin, and returned to Cork on holiday and found her desperately ill, and poor Father—the world's most hopeless man with his hands—devotedly nursing her with nothing but neat whiskey. I blasted him for not wiring for me, and he snarled back, "How could I, when she wouldn't let me?" And then he sat over the fire, flapping his hands and snivelling, "What would I do without her?" When I had made her comfortable for the night, I sat with her, holding her hand, and heard her muttering about me as though I were not there.

"God! God!" she whispered. "He raised me from the gutter where the world threw me. He raised me from the gutter where the world threw me!"

WHENEVER I read about juvenile delinquents, I find myself thinking of Mother, because she was whatever the opposite of a juvenile delinquent is, and this was not due to her upbringing in a Catholic orphanage, since whatever it was in her that was the opposite of a juvenile delinquent was too strong to have been due to the effect of any environment, and, indeed, resisted a number of environments to which no reasonable person would submit a child; the gutter where life had thrown her was deep and dirty. One way of describing this quality is to call it gaiety; another is to say that she



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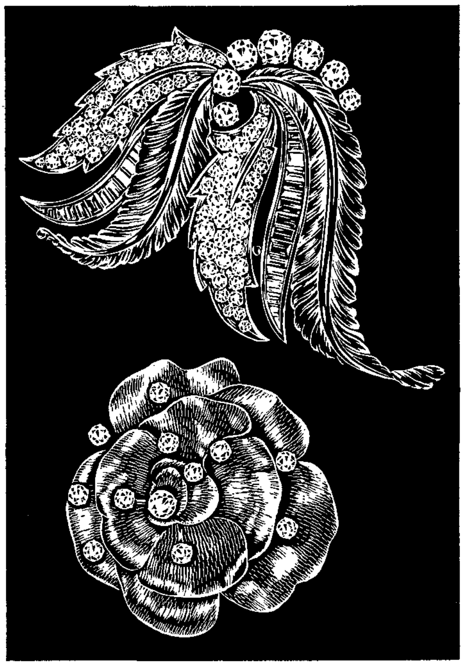
was a woman who passionately believed in the world of appearances. If something appeared to be so, or if she had been told it was so, then she believed it to be so. This, as every psychologist knows, leads to disillusionments, and when a juvenile delinquent is disillusioned we describe it as a traumatic experience. So far as I could see, up to her death practically all Mother's experiences were traumatic, including, I am afraid, her experience with me.

She was small and dainty, with long dark hair that she was very proud of. She had only two faults that I ever knew of—she was vain and she was obstinate—and the fact that these qualities were masked by humility and gentleness prevented my recognizing them until I was almost a grown man. Father, who was as gray as a badger at thirty-five, was very jealous of her beautiful black hair, and whenever he wanted to make her mad he would affect to discover white strands in it. Being an orphan, she had no notion of her age, and had never known a birthday, but Father had discussed it with her brother and decided that she was several years older than himself. When he believed she was seventy, he got very upset because he was sure she was going to let her vanity deprive her of a perfectly good pension. Mother shrugged this off as another example of his jealousy. To tell the truth, that was what I thought myself. She looked, at the time, like a well-preserved fifty-five. However, to put his mind at rest, I had inquiries made at the Customs House in Dublin, and discovered that she was only a few months short of seventy. Then I felt guilty, because I feared that the knowledge of her real age would make her become old, but I needn't have worried. I think she probably decided finally that though the Registrar of Births and Deaths was a nice man, he was not particularly bright.

She had a lordly way with any sort of record she could get her hands on that conflicted with her own view of herself—she merely tore it up. Once, the poet George Russell did a charming drawing of her, which I had framed. The next time I came home on holiday, I found the frame filled with pictures of *me*, and I felt sick, knowing what must have happened. "What did you do with that drawing?" I asked, and she replied firmly, "Now, I'm just as fond of Æ as you are, but I could not have that picture round the house. He made me look like a poisoner." When she was eighty-five and she



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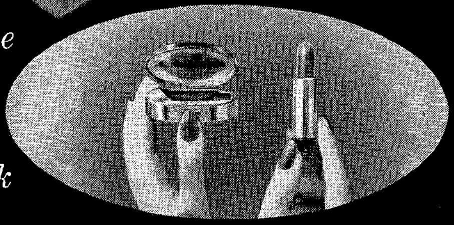

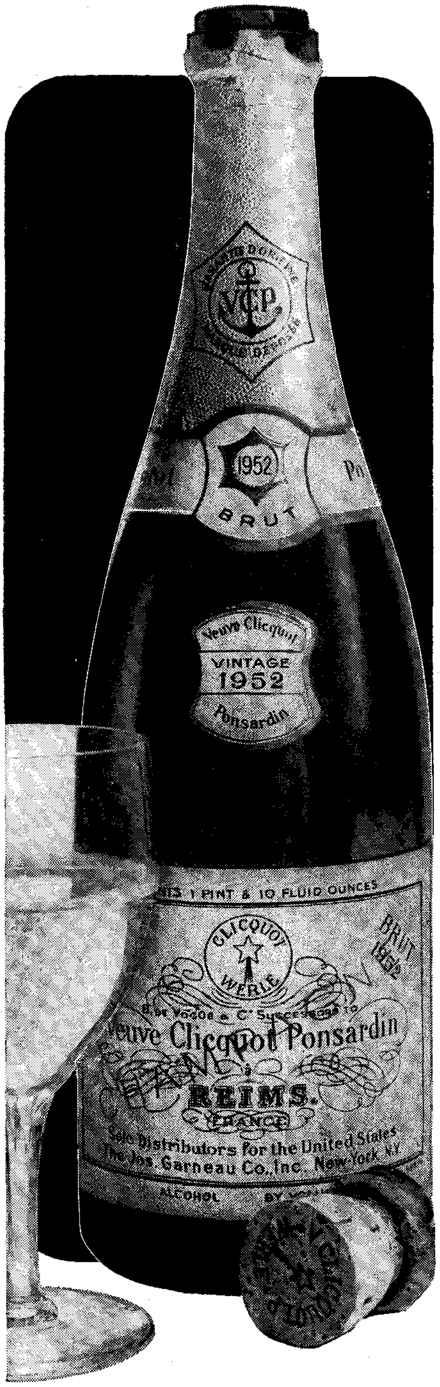

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and I and my youngest son were moving to England, I discovered that she'd done the same thing with the photograph in her passport. She was entirely unaffected by my anger. "The sergeant of the police at St. Luke's said it," she proclaimed firmly. " 'The man who took that picture should be tried for his life.' " I think she was glad to have official authority for her personal view that I had been very remiss in not bringing proceedings against the photographer. This also worked in reverse. One Christmas, an old friend sent her a book, but because he had had it sent straight from his bookseller, it didn't contain an inscription, as books that were sent to me did. After her death, I found the book with a charming inscription to her, written in by herself.

She was beautiful, and—in later life, at least—she knew it. She had a long, pale, eager face that lit up as though there had been an electric torch behind it, and whenever people told her anything interesting, she studied their faces with a delighted or grieved expression. It was part of her belief in the reality of the objective world. She knew that when people were happy they laughed, and she laughed with them—not so much at what they said, because sometimes she didn't understand what they were saying, as in sympathy with their happiness. In the same way, when they were sad she looked grieved. It never occurred to her that people could be happy and wear a mournful face. From her point of view, this would have been a mere waste of good happiness. For the same reason, she could never understand teasing, which was the amusement of people like Father, who don't believe in the world of appearances, and though she was clever and sometimes profound, she went through life burdened with the most extraordinary misapprehensions, which she clung to with gentle persistence.

WHEN I was a child, our walks often took us to the Good Shepherd Convent, in the orphanage of which she had grown up. I liked it because it had trees and steep lawns and pleasant avenues. We sat on the lawn with one of her old friends, or, on showery days, in the grotto of the nuns' cemetery, and Mother of Perpetual Succour, who was in charge of the garden, took me round and picked me fruit, and I suspect that sometimes, when things weren't going well at home, Mother Blessed Margaret gave Mother small gifts of money and clothes. In the convent cemetery,

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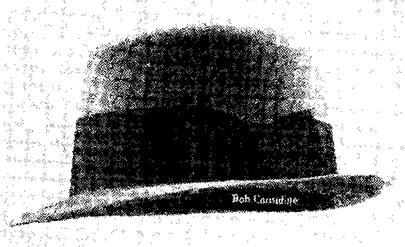
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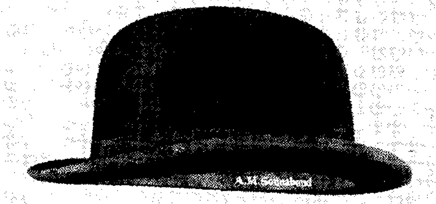

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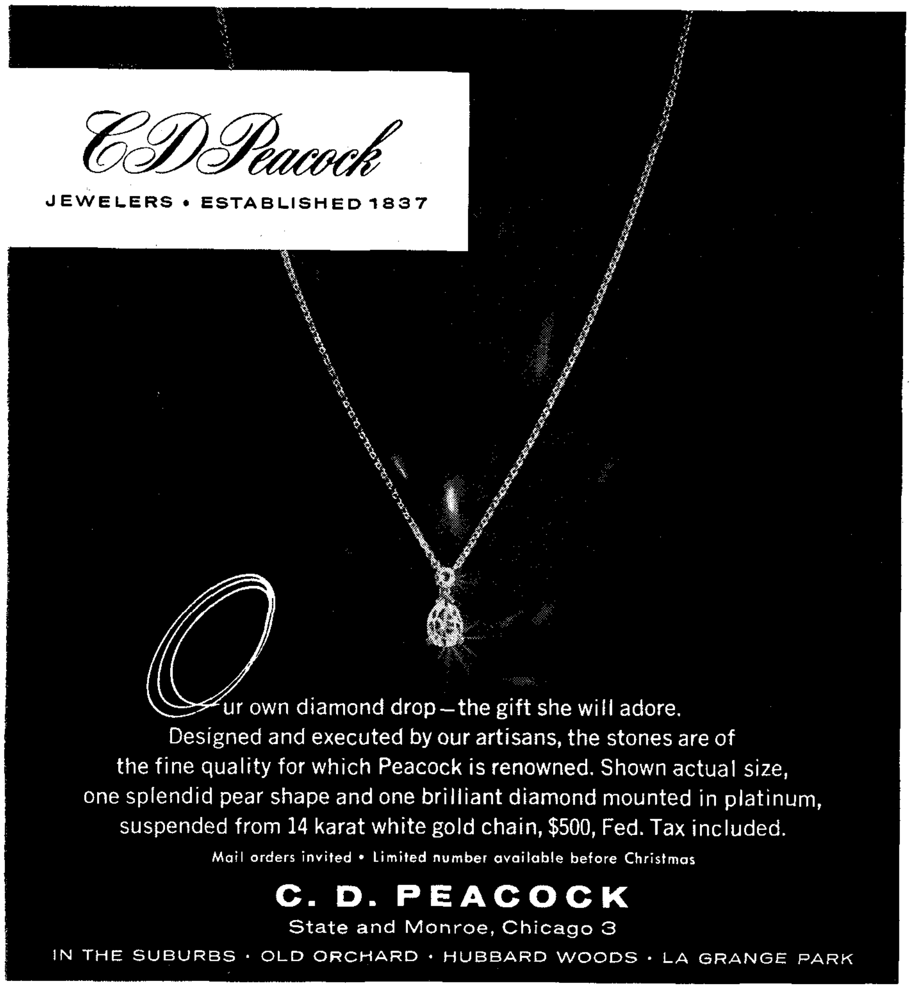
among the tiny crosses of the nuns, was a big monument to one of the orphans, an infant known as Little Nellie of Holy God, who had suffered and died in a particularly edifying way, and about whom, at the time, a certain cult was growing up. I had a deep personal interest in her, because not only was I rather in that line myself but Father had assisted at her exhumation when her body was removed from a city cemetery, and verified the story that it was perfectly preserved. Having attended several funerals and seen the broken coffins and bones that were heaped at the side of the grave, I was strongly in favor of the saintly life. I also enjoyed watching the nuns prepare the crib for Christmas, but it shocked me to think that women as well off as they would leave the poor Infant Jesus in the straw by himself without even a toy to play with, so I asked—and received—permission to let him have my new railway engine. I always was a considerate child, though I couldn't often afford to be as considerate as that.

But much as I enjoyed the elegance of the convent gardens and avenues, it was there that I picked up the fragments of Mother's past life that have never ceased to haunt me. At that time, of course, it was merely a few hints, but these were sufficient to sustain my interest through the years, and later I got her to write down as much of the facts as she remembered—or cared to remember. I stopped doing this one day when she put down the pen with a look of horror and said, "I can't write any more—it's too terrible!"

She had been the oldest of four children whose parents lived in a tiny cabin at the top of Blarney Lane. After her had come Margaret, then Tim, and then Nora, the baby. My grandfather had been a laborer in Arnott's Brewery, which stood near St. Mary's of the Isle Convent, at the other side of the city. He was a bowls player and athlete. One day, for a bet, he began lifting heavy casks, and injured his back. While he was in the Mercy Hospital, Mother was not allowed to visit him—I fancy because my grandmother had to work and Mother looked after the other children—and being her father's pet, she resented it. One day, she left the children behind and ran all the way down Sunday's Well and Wyse's Hill and across the wooden bridge to the hospital. She found her father sitting fully dressed on his bed in the ward, with a group of men around him who played with her and gave her sweets. As they went down the stairs, when she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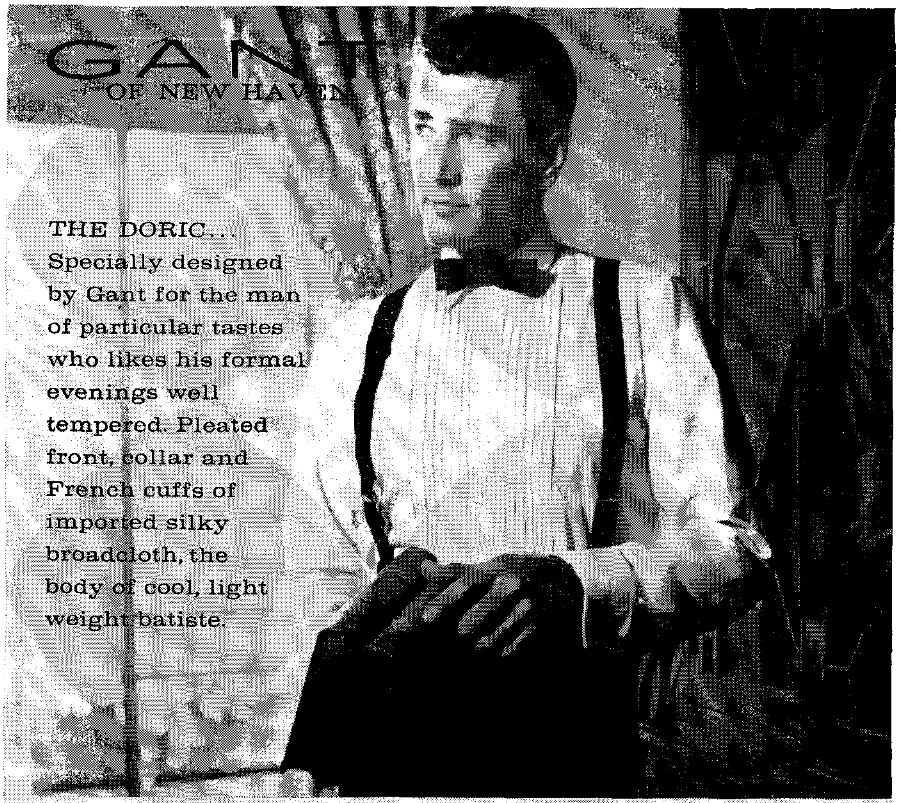
was leaving, he asked her if she knew her way home. She said she did, but as they reached the front door he saw she was confused and he caught her up in his arms and made off with her for home. Mother always told that part of the story in a rather delicate way, and I suspect that, with a child's belief in magic, she felt that her visit had cured him, and could not face the possibility that it might really have caused his death. Anyhow, I doubt if it did. I think he knew he was dying, and wanted to die at home. He lingered only a short while, and Mother remembered exactly how he reported the stages of dying to my grandmother. "The end is coming, Julia," he said once. "The hearing is going on me now."

After his death, neighbors and friends took the children in. Nora, taken by one couple, was never heard of again in this world, though in later years Mother tried hard to track her down. Somebody else took Tim. Margaret, I fancy, remained on with Grandmother. Mother fell to the lot of a foreman in the brewery named O'Regan, who lived in a place called Brandy Lane, on the south side of the city, with his childless wife. After the intimacy of the little cabin, Mother was terrified of her own tall, solitary bedroom and the street lamp outside, whose light kept her awake at night. When O'Regan was at work and his wife out shopping, she was left behind, mad with loneliness and fear. One day, she got a chair and reached the latch. Then she ran wild through the city till a policeman picked her up and brought her home to her mother by the hand.

It was only a brief respite, because a couple of days later they were evicted for not paying the rent, and Mother described herself and Margaret sitting for hours on the roadside with the remains of their little home: the tester bed, and the picture of Sir John Arnott, the brewer, and the picture of the Guardian Angel—protectors who had done so little for them. After that, Grandmother took Mother and Margaret to the Good Shepherd Orphanage, and when Mother realized that they were being left behind, she rushed after my grandmother, clinging to her skirts and screaming to be taken home. My grandmother's whispered reply is one of the phrases that haunted my childhood—indeed, it haunts me still. "But, my store, I have no home now." For me, there has always been in imagination a stage beyond death—a stage of homelessness and abandonment.

My grandmother went mad under



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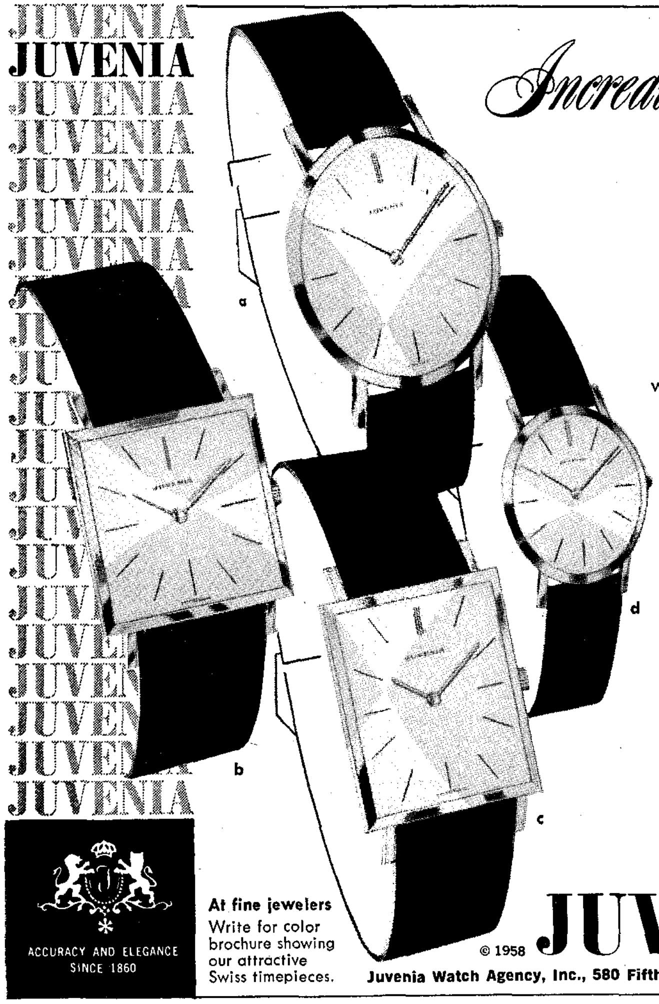

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the strain and was for a time in the Lunatic Asylum. When she came out, she worked for a few months as a maid. She used to visit Mother and Aunt Margaret at the convent orphanage, and once she brought Tim, then two, who was on his way to an infants' orphanage in Waterford. In the meantime, Margaret had contracted rheumatic fever and become a cripple, and now lived in the infirmary. Until someone gave her a wheelchair, Mother carried her to and from the classrooms, where she could move about freely, swinging on the desks. Margaret became something of a pet and a tyrant. She was precocious, and read everything that came her way. Besides, she had a hatred of injustice, and attacked even the nuns whenever they did something she thought wrong. She despised Mother's timidity, and when Mother peered in the infirmary door, to see if any nuns were there, Margaret called out to her not to be such a coward. When Grandmother was dying in the workhouse, Mother was taken to say goodbye to her. Grandmother wept, and Mother took out her handkerchief and dried her tears with it. As she left the workhouse, she remembered the handkerchief. It was school property and she would probably be punished for the loss of it, so she rushed back to get it. Grandmother was still weeping, but Mother could not keep the lay sister and the convent cab waiting.

Grandmother's gentleness and humility had endeared her to some of the nuns, and when she died Reverend Mother decided to save her from what was then considered the shame of the pauper's hole. Reverend Mother was a lady, and did not allow the other nuns to forget it. Her family had been of Isaac Butt's party, as opposed to the popular party of Parnell. "My brothers were in Parliament when there were none but gentlemen there," she told the children. She had found her vocation at the age of twenty-eight, while attending a performance of "The Colleen Bawn" at the Opera House in Cork. She sent for Mother to find out where my grandfather was buried, but Mother didn't know. She had been too young to remember. So Grandmother was buried in a city graveyard, and Reverend Mother ordered a hearse and two "covered cars"—the old-fashioned two-wheeled vehicles known only to Cork and still in use there today. In one Mother rode, accompanied by a lay sister, and in the other a couple of the orphans.

There was little of the agony of the

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HARRY S. TRUMAN, Pope John XXIII, Clement Attlee, Ludwig van Beethoven, Rosalind Russell, Leonard Bernstein, the New York Philharmonic Orchestra and the famous Westminster Choir were just a few of the people you saw and/or heard if you kept your eyes and/or ears glued to Channel 2 last Sunday.

Appearing to be no further away than your receiver, you saw Cardinal Canali place the three-tiered crown symbolic of pontifical authority on the head of a new Pope as he uttered the words "*Accipe tiaram.*" It was the climactic moment of a 55-minute presentation of the coronation by CBS News, repeated for the benefit of those who were too sleepy to stay up until 2 am to see the initial broadcast following the Election Night news, or too busy to see it rebroadcast 8 hours later.

At 5 pm that afternoon Beethoven joined Bernstein leading the Philharmonic in the Ninth Symphony and the Westminster Choir singing the final chorale—Schiller's "Ode To Joy"—often called one of man's greatest affirmations of freedom. And upon its conclusion, without moving from your chair, you watched two old fighters for freedom—Truman and Attlee—talk over the good old days when they were the 33rd President of the U.S. and the 44th Prime Minister of the U.K. You heard our man say he thought it high time to drop that old business of "Mr. President" and "Mr. Prime Minister" and settle down to "Harry" and "Clem." A few hours later Miss Rosalind Russell cavorted through television's first presentation of the Broadway musical hit "Wonderful Town."

This, in part, is what television looked like on Sunday almost anywhere in the country. But *only* if you were looking—and looking at the CBS Television Network. If you were doing something silly like raking leaves or watching another network, you got no more than you deserved.

CBS

orphan child that Mother didn't know, either through her own experience or the experience of the other children, which she watched in her sympathetic way. It was the height of the Land War, and all over Ireland poor cottagers were being thrown on the roadside by police and British troops. One frightened little country girl went about for days asking, "Will the men with the wed wousers [red trousers] come here too?" Once, a baby girl was missing for hours and was finally discovered in the empty chapel, standing on the altar, calling "Holy God! Holy God! Are 'oo there? Will 'oo send up my Dadda?" Mother herself didn't see my uncle for five years, and in the meantime he had been transferred to the Boys' Orphanage at Greenmount. Reverend Mother decided that, on her feast day, girls who had brothers there should be allowed to entertain them. As one of the lucky ones, Mother was now quite an important person, and she allowed one of her friends to join her in collecting candies and biscuits for the expected visitor. My Aunt Margaret in the infirmary had, of course, a hoard. When the orphan boys marched up the convent avenue behind their band, Mother and her friend ran screaming past the ranks, calling "O'Connor! O'Connor!" A small boy said modestly, "That's me," and the two little girls stuffed his pockets with sweets and marched him off in triumph toward the infirmary. But another little girl rushed after them, weeping and saying they had stolen her brother. When they realized their mistake, Mother and her friend beat the pretender and took back the sweets before resuming their search for the real Tim O'Connor. And after that, of course, the experiment of allowing brothers and sisters to meet for one afternoon in the year was not repeated.

MEANWHILE, Mother had her living to earn. She had been trained as a bookbinder, and she was neat and skillful at this, as she was at almost anything she tackled, but she was always getting into trouble for reading the books she should have been binding. She must have been a dreamy, sensitive child, because she had spells of somnambulism, and once she was found walking up and down a convent corridor in her nightdress reciting Wolsey's speech from "Henry VIII"—"Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!" But she was not sent to a bookbinder's to work. One winter evening, when she was fourteen or fifteen, the Mistress of Studies came to her in the orphanage

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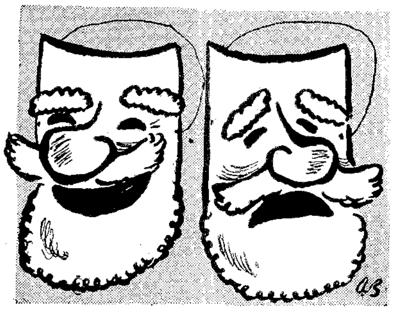
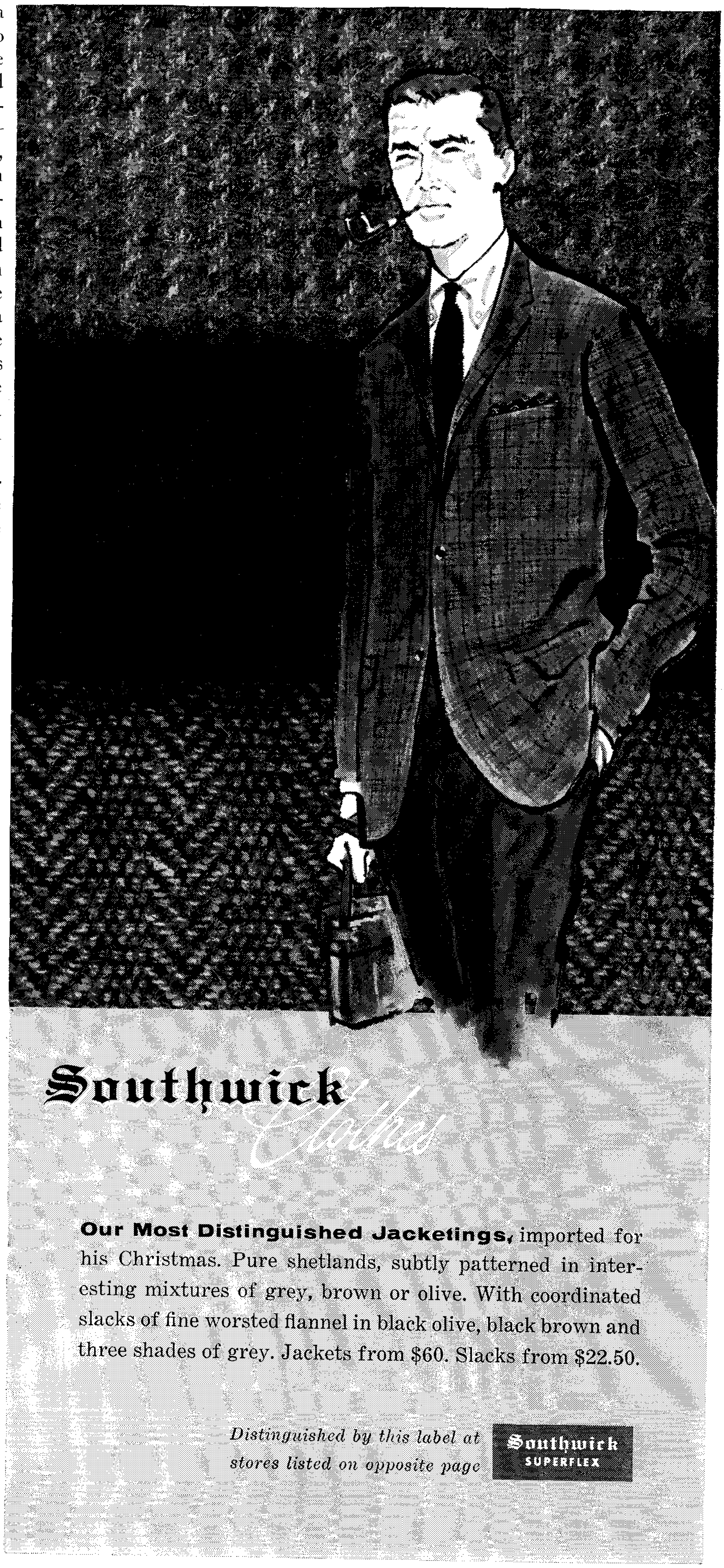
workroom and told her she had found a nice home for her with two ladies who had called to inquire for a maid. The Mistress of Studies then went out and returned with the regular convent outfit for girls who were leaving school—a black straw sailor hat and black coat, a pair of gloves, and a parcel of clean aprons. Mother gathered her own possessions—a statue of the Blessed Virgin and a couple of holy pictures—said goodbye to her friends, and went off in the darkness in a covered car with the two ladies, a Mrs. Bowen, who was a widow, and her daughter-in-law. The gas lamps were being lit on Sunday's Well, and people were coming home from work. The car stopped outside a terrace of new two-story houses on Gardiner's Hill.

Mother thought the Mistress of Studies had probably been mistaken, because it didn't seem a very good home. The younger of the two women lit a candle and showed her her room—a cubbyhole that contained nothing but a bed and a couple of framed Bible texts. Mother unpacked her belongings and ranged the statue of the Blessed Virgin and the holy pictures on the mantelpiece, to keep her company. That night, all her old fears came back. Since she had been taken by the O'Regans she had never slept alone in a room. She had become used to the big classrooms and dormitories, the voices and the loud footsteps along the corridors, and now she was terrified. When she left her room, she stooped for fear of knocking her head on the lintel, which was so much lower than in the big doorways she was used to, and dreaded to move lest she knock something over, and was afraid of the sound of her own voice.

The Bowens were poor, and Mother got no wages, but the younger woman was a dressmaker and made Mother some clothes of her own, which she liked just as well. Anyhow, she wasn't accustomed to money. (One of the orphans had once stolen some and gone straight to a sweet store, where she ordered "a pound's worth of sweets"—as though a child of our own time should ask for twenty dollars' worth of can-





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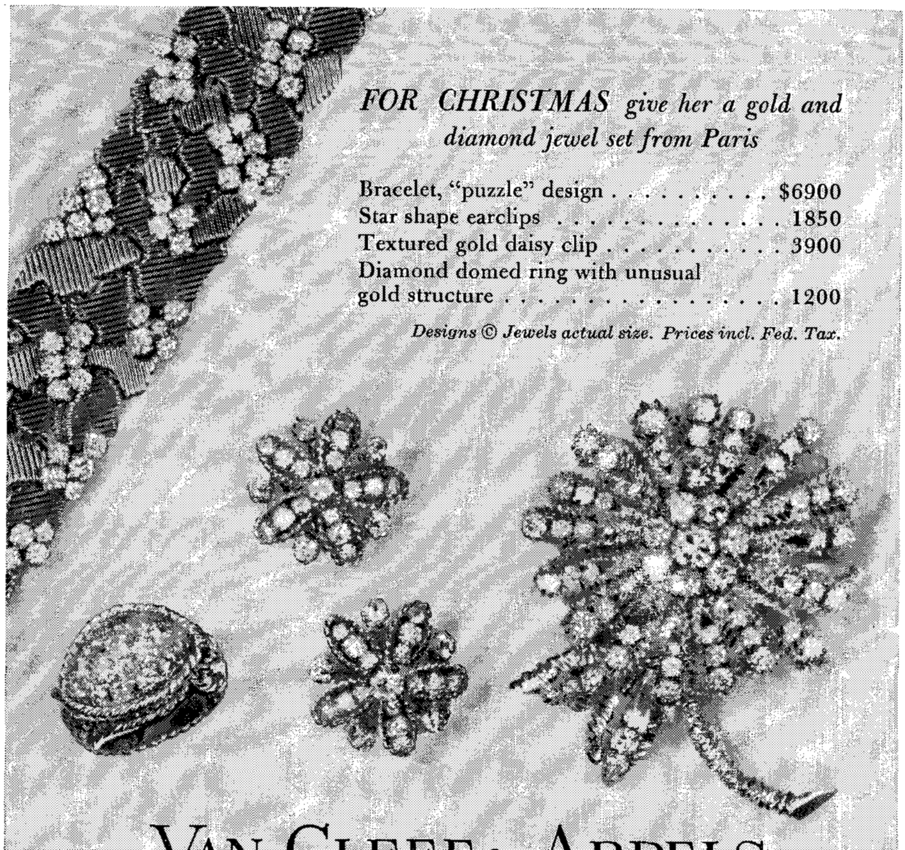
dies.) The Bowens kept two lodgers, and the younger Mrs. Bowen waited on them. She was an eager, earnest housekeeper, forever on the rush, and so careful of the scraps that she sometimes kept bread till it turned green. Once, Mother tried to throw it out, but Mrs. Bowen gave her a lecture on waste and explained to her that bread was healthier that way. Being a great believer in the world of appearances, Mother tried to like it, but couldn't. She decided that, like the view that the Mistress of Studies had of the Bowens' house, this was just a mistake.

Mr. Bowen had a job in a wine store, but his health was poor, and Mother was frequently sent into town to explain his absences. She was very sorry about his illness, but she enjoyed the trips into town. At night she was allowed to read her book in the parlor while the Bowens sang sentimental or comic songs, or, on Sunday, hymns—Protestant hymns, of course. Mother's own favorites were always the old Latin hymns like "Ave Maris Stella" and "Stabat Mater," but she thoroughly enjoyed the Protestant ones, having, like her son, an open mind on the subject of anything with a tune.

When she was hanging out the washing, she became friendly with the sour-faced maid next door, one Betty, who kept house for two old maids called Bennett. Mother talked to her at great length about the convent and about Mother Blessed Margaret, her favorite among the nuns, but Betty hinted darkly that there was nothing she didn't know about nuns and chaplains and the dark goings on in convents, and Mother realized, to her great astonishment, that Betty was a Protestant as well. Nobody had ever explained to Mother that Protestants could also be poor. I have a strong impression that from this moment Mother was bent on converting Betty. Betty told Mother that Mr. Bowen was a drunkard, and Mother denied this indignantly, and explained that it was just bad health.

Mother was always being impressed by the curious mistakes that people made. Betty thought Mr. Bowen was a drunkard, but Mr. Bowen himself made mistakes that were nearly as bad. One evening, his wife, who usually opened the front door when he knocked, was upstairs; Mother opened it instead, and Mr. Bowen beamed on her, put his arm about her waist, and kissed her. She was taken by such a fit of giggling that she was ashamed. "Oh, sir, I'm only Minnie," she said, and then went off to the kitchen to laugh in peace at the notion that anybody could take *her* for



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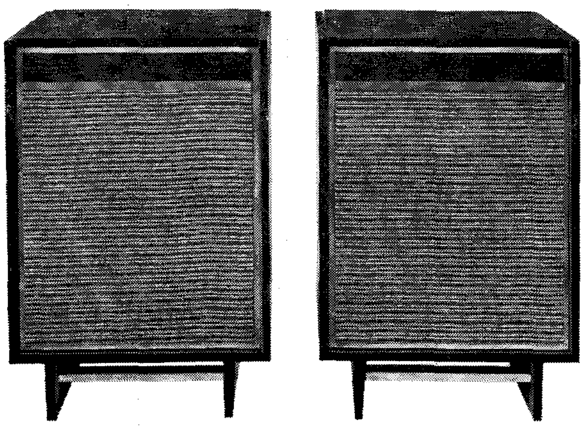

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Mrs. Bowen. She was longing to tell the story to the mistress, but finally decided that it might seem rather forward.

But Mr. Bowen's mistake was nothing to that of Mr. Daly, one of the lodgers. He was a reporter on the Cork *Examiner*, and had a blue overcoat with a velvet collar, which Mother thought the height of elegance, and which she stroked every time she passed it hanging in the hall. One night, she woke and felt a hand on her throat. Her first instinct was to reach out for the statue of the Blessed Virgin, which was just within her reach, but what she grabbed was the velvet collar she knew so well.

"Don't shout, Minnie!" Daly said crossly. "I'm only looking for the candle."

"But what are you doing in here?" she asked when he took his hand away. "Your room is the other way."

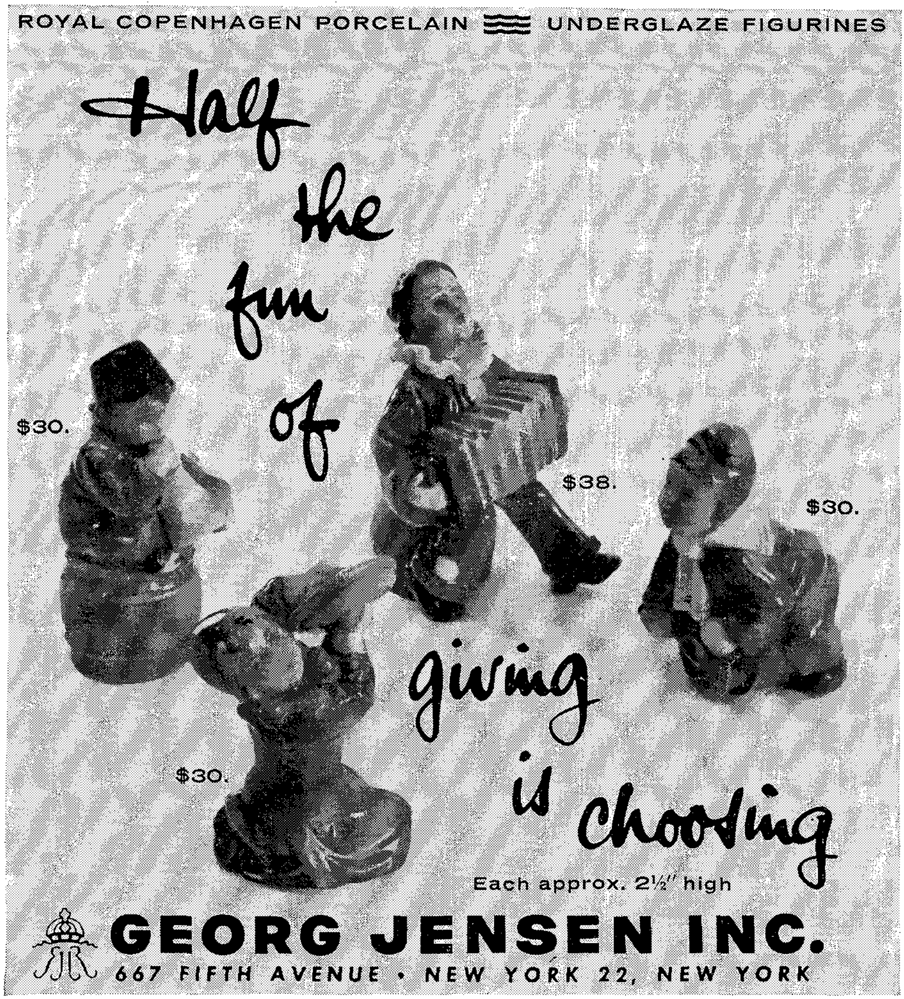
"I lost my way in the darkness, that's all," he said, and after a couple of minutes he went out quietly.

It was only then that Mother, having got over the shock, could laugh in comfort. Here was an educated man with a big job on the Cork *Examiner* who could not even find his own way upstairs in the dark! And she knew from the way he had sighed that this was something that must often happen to him and cause him a great deal of worry.

Next morning, she simply could not resist telling the joke to the mistress, and then she wished she hadn't, because the mistress did not laugh at all. Instead, she rushed upstairs to her husband, who was still in bed, to tell him the story. He jumped out of bed in his nightshirt and went and threw open the door of Daly's room. Mrs. Bowen was still angry when she came downstairs.

"His bed hasn't even been slept in," she said bitterly. "I don't think you need worry, Minnie. I fancy he won't trouble us again."

She was right about that, because in the afternoon a messenger came from the *Examiner* for Daly's clothes, and Mrs. Bowen was still so furious that she hurled them at him from the head of the stairs. She even refused to let Mother parcel them for him. Mother was full of pity for the poor little messenger, who sat at the front gate trying to fold the shirts and suits, but, indeed, I think she was sorrier for poor Mr. Daly, who had been so ashamed of his own mistake that he had walked blindly out of the house and probably got no sleep at all that night. She thought it very unforeseen of him not to explain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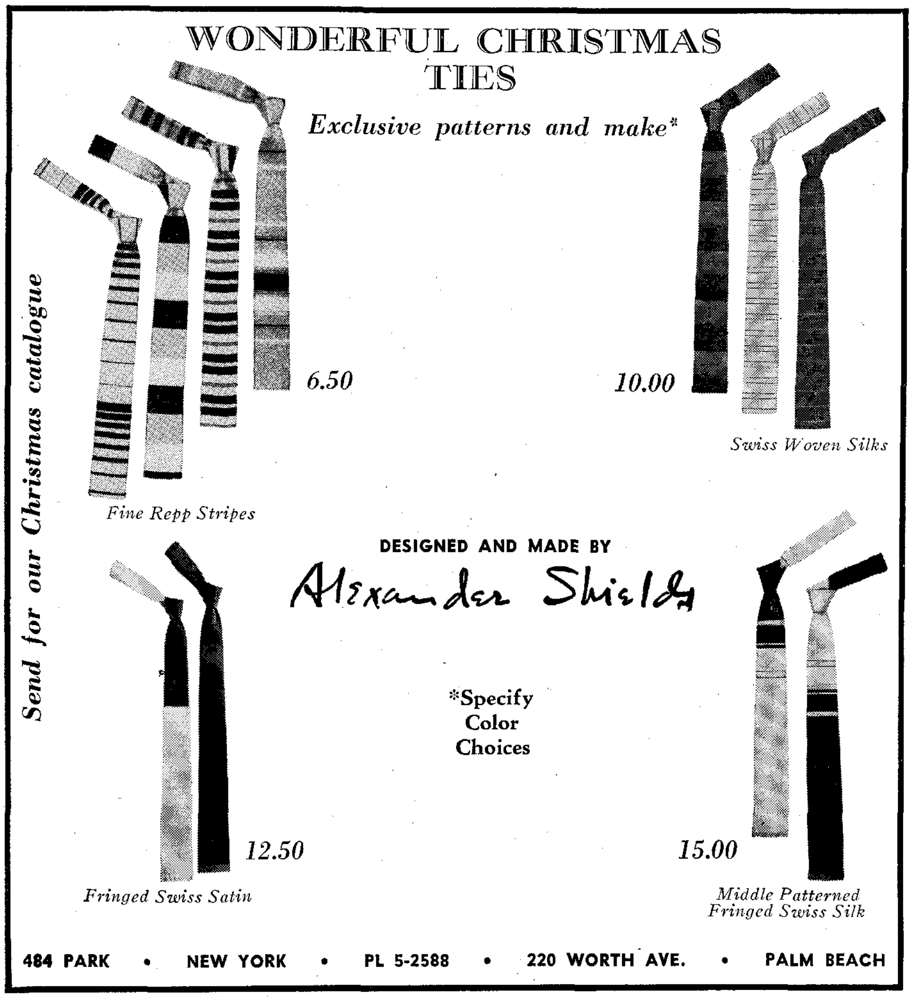
to her how seriously Protestants regarded mistakes.

Then the Bowens had a baby, and Mother had one of her traumatic experiences about him. She made the midwife promise that when she got the baby, she would let her see it first, before taking it upstairs to the mother, and when Mr. Bowen invited her up to the bedroom to see the new arrival, Mother, after a stunned silence, turned on the midwife and called her a false and wicked woman. Mother hardly ever lost her temper, and never except under what she regarded as intolerable provocation, but when she did, she was magnificent. She reduced everybody to silence. The midwife apologized and excused herself on the ground of the baby's having no clothes, but Mother rightly regarded this as a very lame excuse.

Mother, of course, was enchanted with the baby, and insisted on showing him off to Betty, next door. She had no idea of the emotions she was rousing both in Betty and in the two old maids she worked for. One Sunday morning, the Bowens stormed back from church and denounced Mother for having said that she was "bringing up a heretic [meaning the baby] for Hell." Mother found it difficult to deny this accusation, because she didn't know what a heretic was, even when the Bowens explained that it was something Catholics called Protestants. Mother, weeping, explained that she had never heard Protestants called that by anybody she knew, and at last the Bowens were satisfied that it was all due to the jealousy of the Bennetts and Betty, but Mother did not easily recover from the falsehood. It was quite plain now that Betty would never be a Catholic.

However, the Mistress of Studies, who always seemed to have Mother's best interests at heart, decided that it was bad for her to be in a Protestant home, and finally found her a place in a respectable Catholic lodging house on Richmond Hill, which was kept by a Mrs. Joyce, with five daughters. The eldest of these, Kathleen, was Mother's age and a good-natured girl, but foolish and affected. She spent her life reading sentimental novelettes. There were two lodgers, Mannix and Healy—both medical students of a violently patriotic kind, who became involved in every political riot that occurred—and whenever Kathleen waited on them they ridiculed her affected airs, but both of them were fond of Mother and brought her presents of sweets and fruit. Neither of them realized the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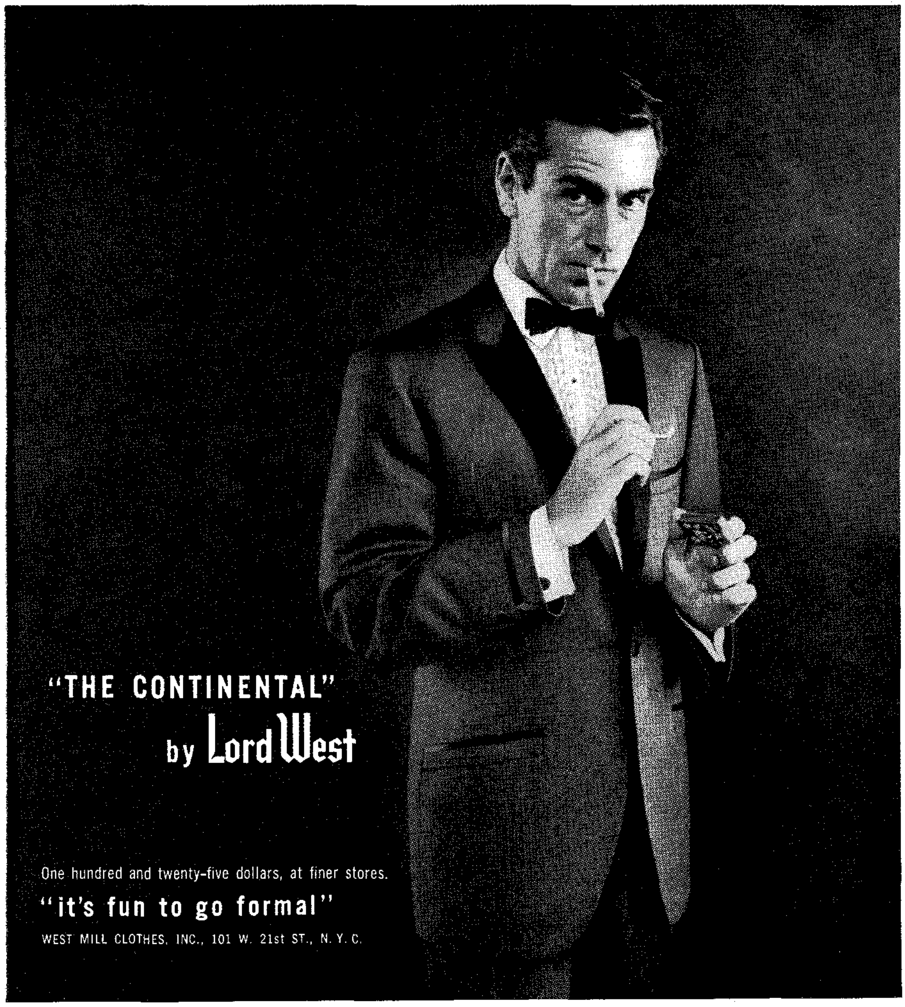
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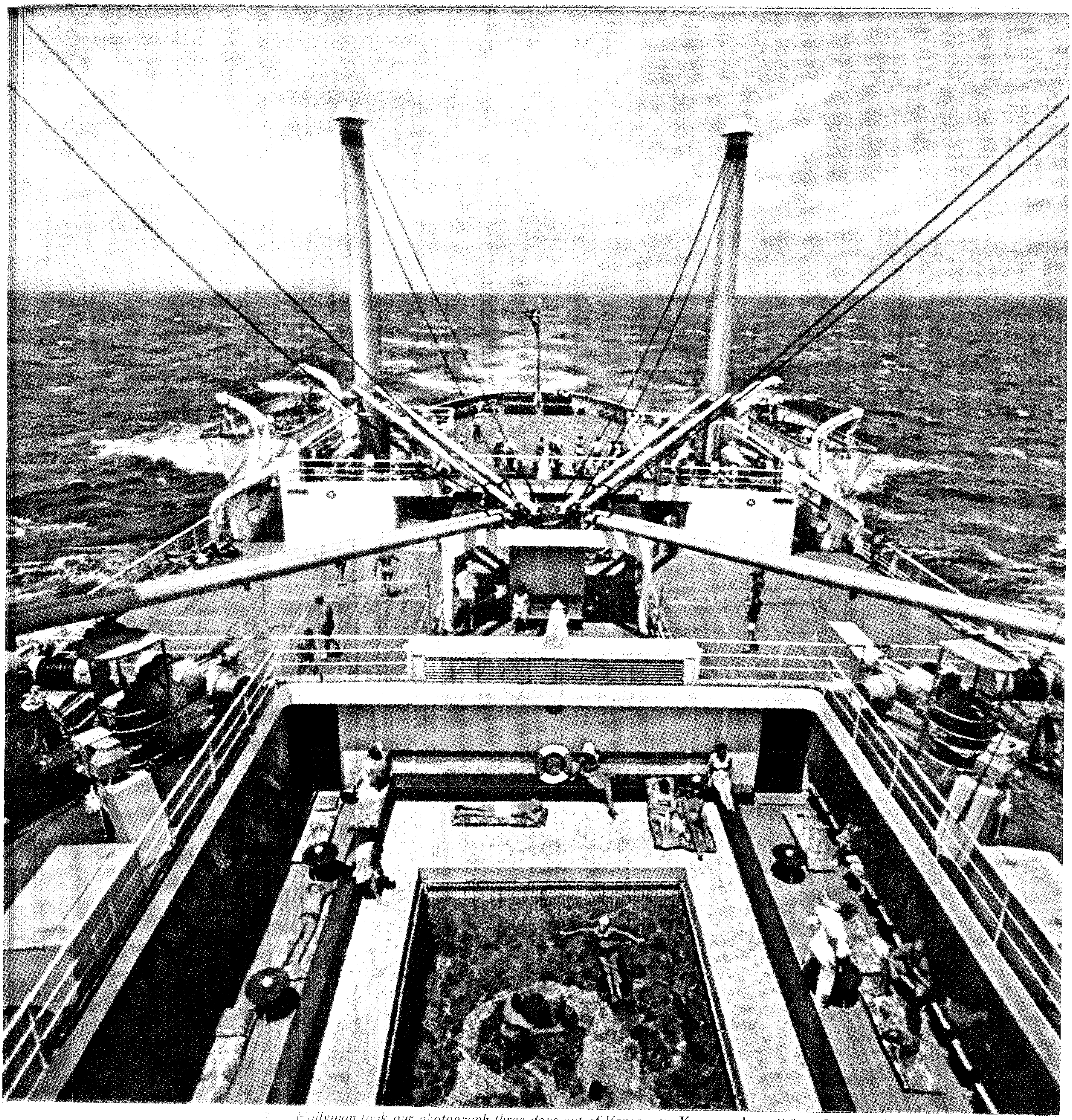

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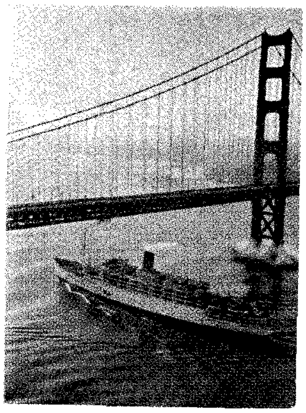

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Suppose you were a Green Giant and some of your best friends were flowers. And suppose you saw by the papers that the United States of America had never bothered to name an official flower—even though each of the 49 states has one.

Mightn't this piece of news make you feel kind of blue? (A pretty bad thing for a giant who's supposed to be green.)

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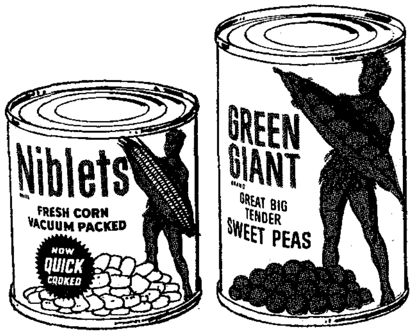
Of course, there's only one thing he ever thinks about besides corn. And that's peas. Green Giant Brand peas, of course. Come dinner time, an awful lot of people are glad this is so.



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damage they were doing her in the eyes of her mistress, a coarse and ignorant woman with a violent temper. Every little gift they brought Mother became a further slight on the woman's fine, educated daughter, and she harried Mother, shouting "Gerril, do this!" and "Gerril, do that!" One evening, Mrs. Joyce came into the sitting room and saw Mannix pull Mother's pigtail. This was sufficient to put her in one of her usual furies. "Aha, gerril," she said. "The same thing will happen you as happened Madge Murphy."

"What happened her?" asked Mother, with genuine interest.

"She had a baby."

"Well, that isn't true, anyway," Mother said heatedly. She did not like people who flouted her intelligence. "How could she have a baby when she isn't even married?"

Joyce, who was eating his supper, looked up at his wife as she was about to reply, and said shortly, "Let the child alone! She's better off as she is."

However, that could not keep Mother off the subject of sex. Mrs. Joyce was having another baby, and Mother, who was nothing if not conscientious, decided to enlighten the youngest child, Patricia, about the facts of life and the irresponsibility of midwives. She even explained to Patricia that she had known a midwife who had solemnly promised to show her the baby as soon as she bought it, and, instead of that, had taken it straight up to its mother. Patricia listened with growing stupefaction and then said, "But you don't *buy* babies."

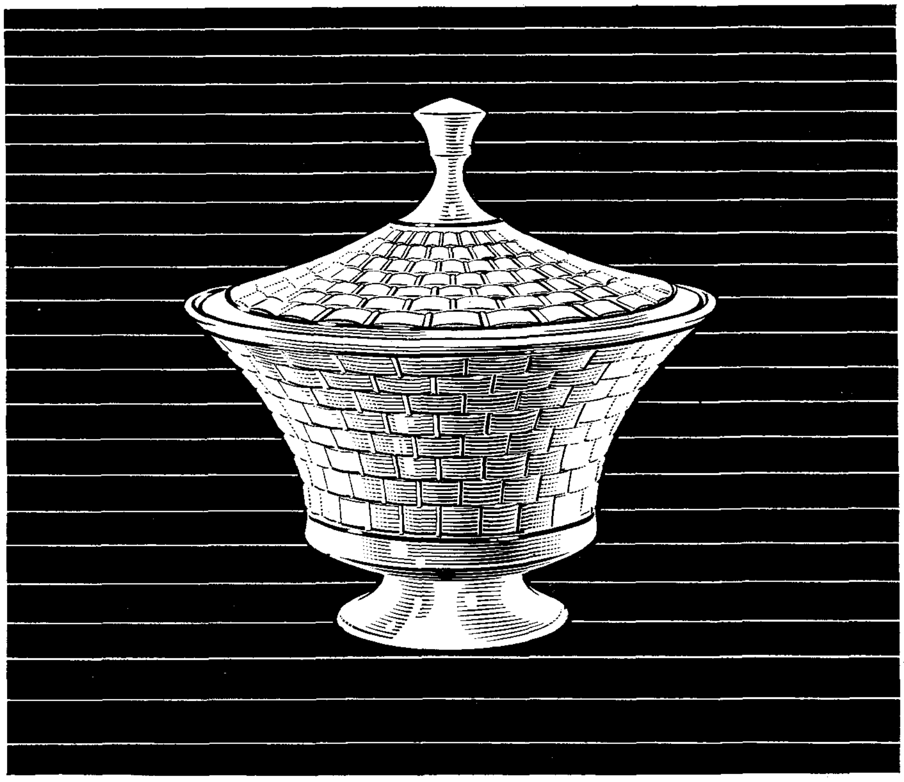
"Don't you, indeed?" Mother asked good-naturedly. "And how do you get them?"

"You make them, of course!" cried Patricia indignantly, and Mother laughed heartily at this example of girlish innocence. Her laughter made the little girl furious, and when they got home she rushed in to her eldest sister and, pointing an accusing finger at Mother, yelled, "She says you buy babies!"

"Ah, she only says that because you're so young," Kathleen replied with good humor.

"She doesn't!" screamed the infant. "She believes it!"

I never had the heart to ask Mother if she had taken example by the child and really learned the facts of life. My own impression is that she accepted it in the spirit in which she accepted the evidence of the birth certificate—as something that was no concern of hers. Once in Geneva I overheard an ex-



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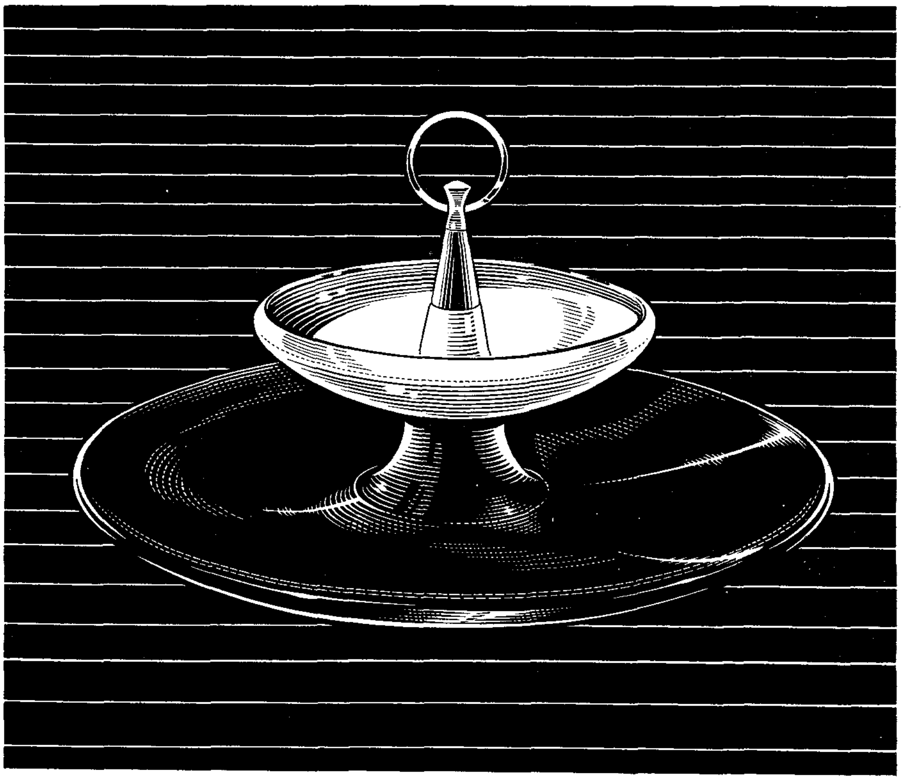

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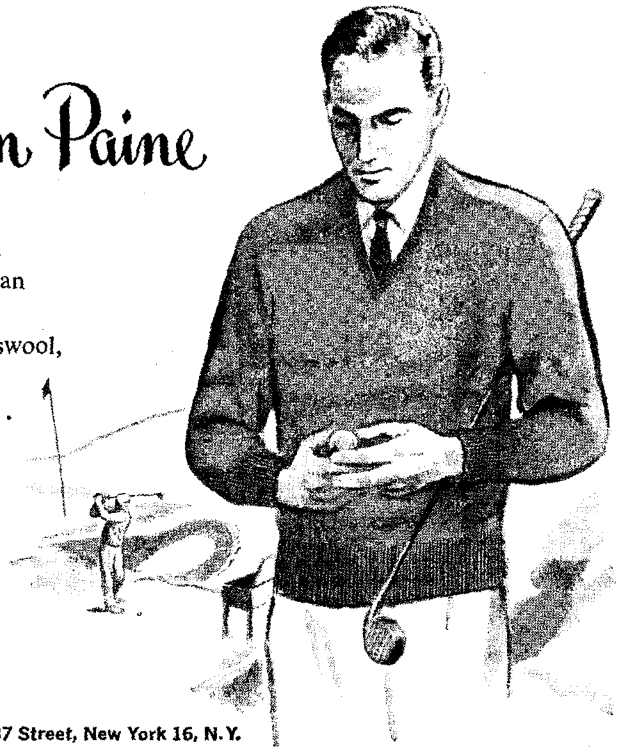

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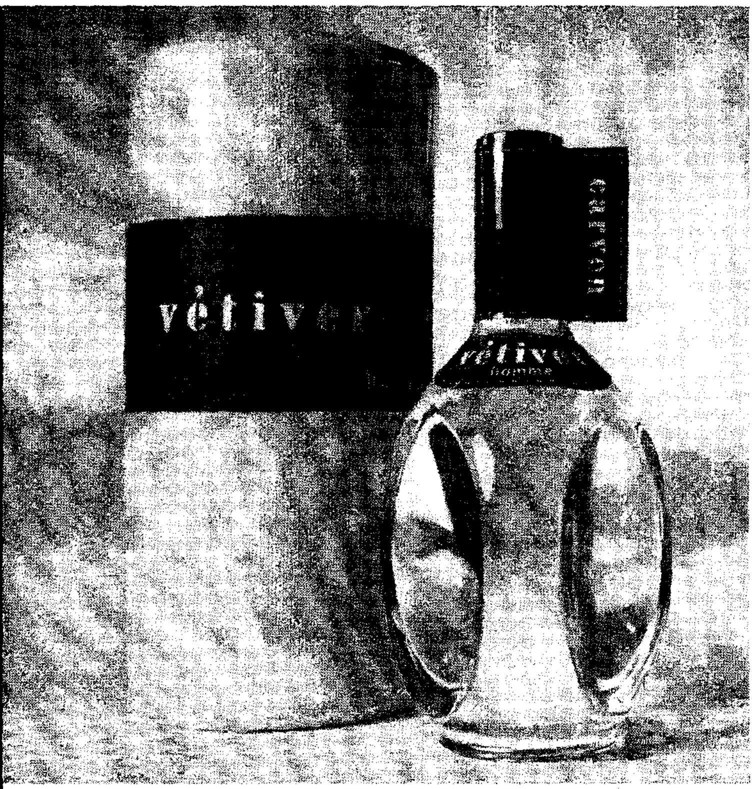

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traordinary dialogue between her and a Swiss lady whose son was leaving for Paris.

"It is such a dangerous place for a young man," the Swiss lady said.

"Oh, the traffic!" exclaimed Mother. "It took the sight from my eyes."

"And it isn't only the traffic, is it?" the Swiss woman asked gently. "We send them away healthy and we wish them to come back healthy."

"I said it!" Mother cried passionately. "My boy's digestion is never the same."

A certain simplicity of mind that is characteristic of all noble natures, says some old Greek whose name I cannot remember.

The real nightmare began only after the household moved to a house on Mulgrave Road, near the North Cathedral. Mother no longer had a bedroom, and slept on a trestle bed in the corridor. The painters were still at work on the house, and one of them suggested that Mother should marry him.

"Marry you, indeed!" said Mother indignantly.

"What was that fellow saying to you?" Mrs. Joyce asked suspiciously when the painter had left the room.

"Ah, nothing only asking me to marry him," said Mother lightly, not realizing what she was doing to a woman with five daughters.

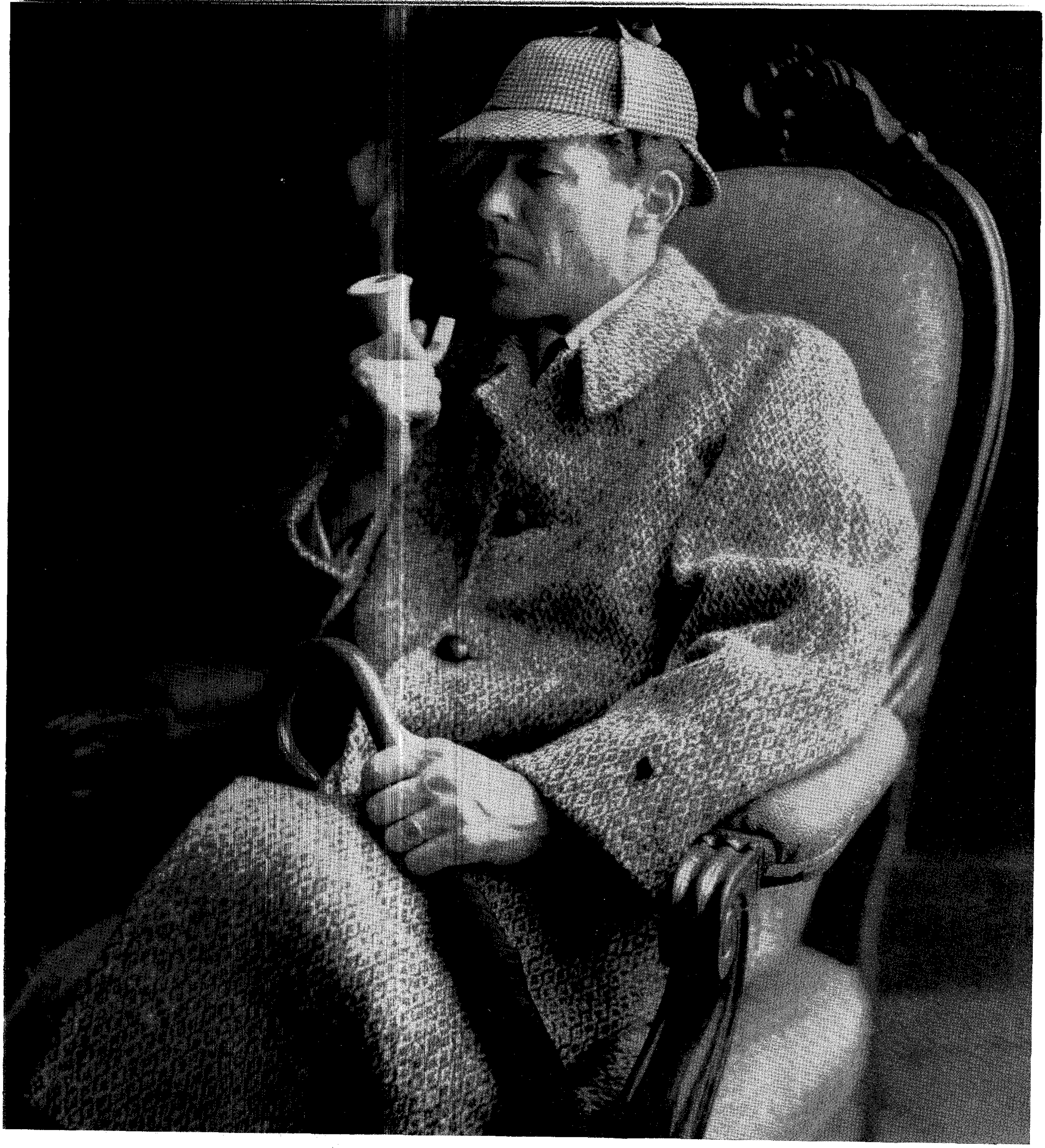
"A queer one he'd be marrying," growled Mrs. Joyce.

A few days later, some nuns of a city order called and spoke to Mother, under the impression that she was the eldest daughter, which seemed such a good joke to Patricia that she told her mother.

"A nice daughter, indeed!" snarled Mrs. Joyce. "A creature that doesn't know who she is or where she came from. She doesn't even know who her mother was."

This turned out to be one of those occasions when Mother lost her temper. "My mother was a lady, anyhow," she said. "You're not a lady."

After that, the woman made her life a hell. The clothes her previous employer had made her fell into rags, and Mrs. Joyce refused to replace them. Instead, she gave Mother a ragged coatee, which she had bought from a dealing woman for three or four pence, and an old skirt of her sister's who had just died in the Incurable Hospital. After each meal served to the lodgers, Mrs. Joyce rushed in to gather up the scraps, so that there was nothing left to eat. Instead



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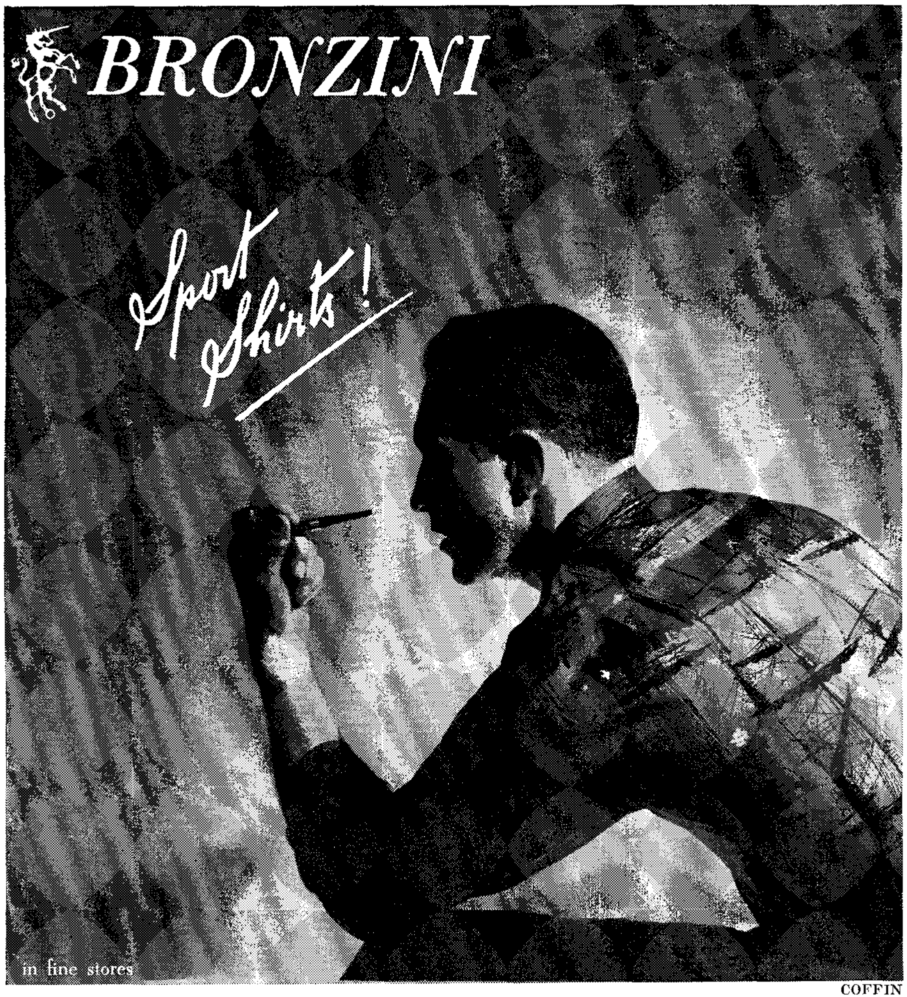
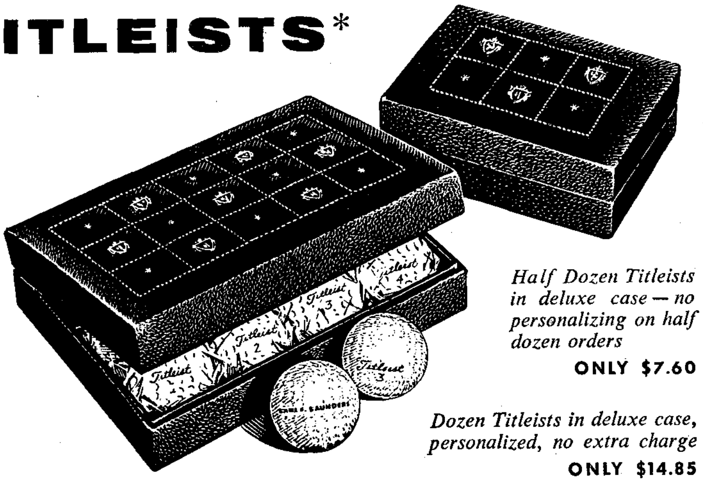


For his Christmas or hers…

TITLEISTS*



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of candies and biscuits, the medical students now gave Mother an occasional sixpence, and she bought a loaf of bread, which she concealed, and from which she cut a slice now and then when the woman was out. At night, she was so tired that sometimes she never reached her trestle bed. Once, walking across the yard with the lamp, she fell asleep and was wakened only by the crash of the falling lamp. Another time, she fell asleep crossing the bedroom with a candle, and when she woke up the curtains were in flames about her.

Then her long beautiful hair grew lousy, and Mrs. Joyce ordered her to cut it off. Mother did not perceive that this was the chance the woman had been waiting for. Slight her beautiful, educated daughter indeed! But she would show the medical students what the girl looked like hungry and ragged and without hair.

That evening, when Mother served the dinner, Mannix looked at her in astonishment. "What the hell did you do that to yourself for?" he shouted, and when she told him he went on, "For God's sake, girl, will you get out of this house before that woman does something worse to you? Can't you see, yourself, that she hates you?"

"But why would she hate me?" asked Mother.

"Because she's jealous of you. That's why."

But Mother could not see why anyone should be jealous of somebody as poor and friendless as herself. I doubt if it occurred to her to the day of her death that the Mistress of Studies was jealous of her. With that simplicity of mind the old author praised, she never really understood the hatred that common natures entertain for refined ones.

She was now ashamed to leave the house, even to buy food. And then something happened that showed how far she had really sunk. The Good Shepherd nuns at last learned that there were medical students in the house, and medical students were notorious for their immorality, though this instantly ceased the moment they got a degree. It is a superstition from the early days of scientific medicine, and it has not yet died out. One day, two nuns came to the house in a covered car, and Mother was ordered to return to the orphanage. She refused, and the nuns reminded her of the penalty she was incurring. Any girl who without permission left one of the pleasant homes provided by the nuns was not allowed to return to the orphanage, which was the only home most of the girls had. In the same way,

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EVERY OMEGA WATCH COMES WITH A WORLD-SERVICE GUARANTEE CERTIFICATE HONORED IN 129 COUNTRIES one who refused to leave when ordered to was not allowed to return. Mother still refused to go back with them, and when they left in anger, she knew she had now no place in the world to go to. When I tried to get her to explain this extraordinary conduct, she said, almost impatiently, that she could not go back in that state among clean, well-dressed girls. Possibly there was an element of almost insane vanity behind her refusal to return to the convent, but that cannot be the real explanation. My own guess is that it was despair, rather than vanity. I think that subconsciously she hated the nuns for what they had made of her innocent life, and, without being aware of it, had already decided to commit suicide. Her parents were dead, Margaret had died while Mother was at the Bowens, Tim she had seen only once for a few hours in all the years, and she had nothing left to live for.

FOR eight or nine months longer, it dragged on like that. Even Kathleen took pity on her, and helped her when her mother wasn't looking. But one winter day Joyce came in at one o'clock for his dinner and it wasn't ready. His wife ordered Mother out of the house. She put off the apron she had been wearing, put on her black straw hat, threw the ragged old coatee over her shoulders—the hat and jacket were all the possessions she had in the world—and went out onto Mulgrave Road. She saw people stop and stare at her, and realized the extraordinary figure she cut. She ran up a laneway by the North Infirmary and left the ragged jacket there, but people still continued to look. She ran for shelter to the nearest church, the Dominican Church on the Sand Quay, and prayed.

She knew now that only one hope remained to her, and that a miracle. None of the nuns—not even her favorite, Mother Blessed Margaret—could overrule the Mistress of Studies, and if she went to the orphanage she would be turned away. She knew too many to whom it had happened. The only one who could overrule the Mistress of Studies was Reverend Mother. It was she who had arranged my grandmother's funeral. But lay sisters, not Reverend Mothers, answer convent doorbells, and from one o'clock until darkness fell she waited, most of the time on her knees praying for a miracle. She had decided that if the miracle did not happen, she would return to the river and drown herself. It was only when she was telling me about this period of her life that I ever heard her

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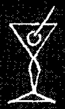

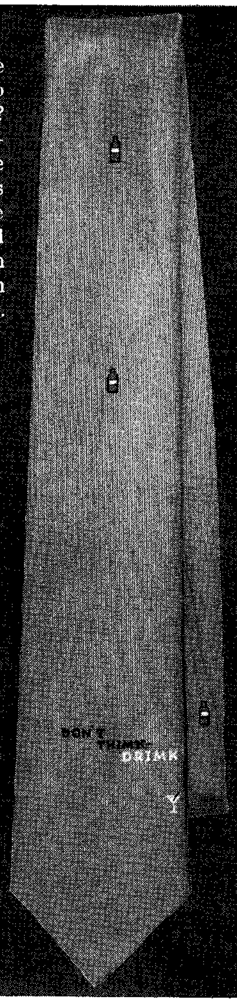

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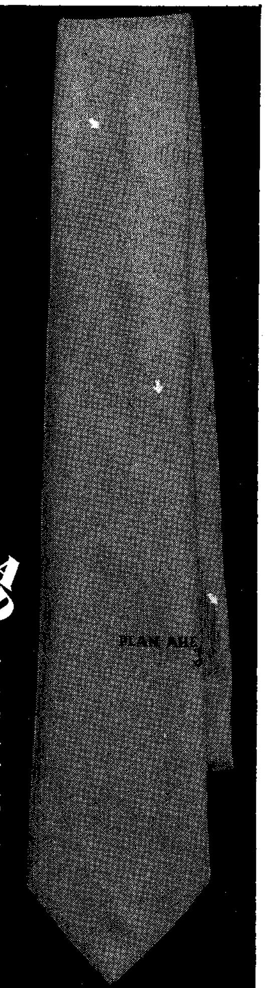

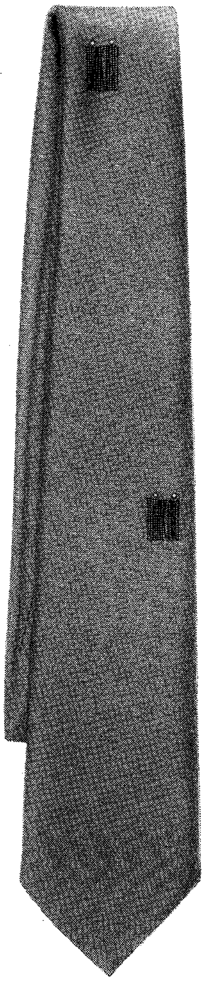

Is he apt to think beaver when he should be thinking mink? Is he planning the mountains for this summer when it should be Europe? This tie will get his thinking up there where you want it. Price **$8.50**

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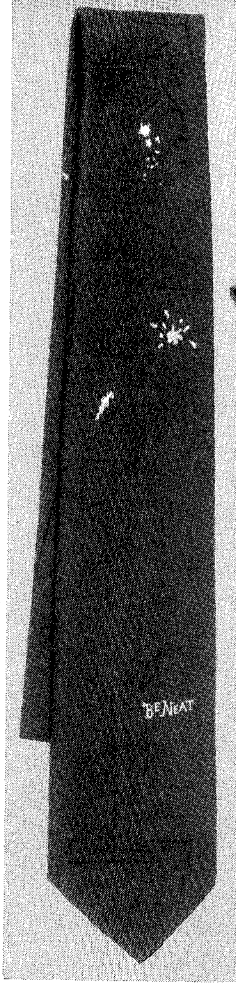

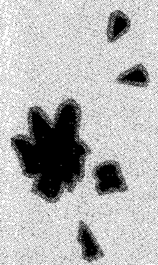

BENEAT

Is he the very fastidious sort? "A place for everything and everything in its place?" Do a few toys on the floor upset him? Does he whisper in your ear that your slip is showing? This pattern will work wonders. It is attractively "pre-spotted." Price **$8.50**

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use such an expression in any matter that concerned herself, for not only did she believe suicide was wrong, she thought it demonstrative, and she was almost fiercely undemonstrative in grief or pain. Nor, when she talked of that afternoon, as an old woman, did she make it sound particularly significant. Father and I, with our deep streak of melancholia, would have added something to it that, by making it seem dramatic, would also have made it seem less terrible. It is an awful moment when gaiety dies in those who have no other approach to life.

On the dark, stepped path up to the convent, she met two ladies who were coming away from it, chattering, and paid no heed to them. She stood on the top step and rang, and immediately the door opened and Reverend Mother stood inside. In sheer relief, Mother broke down and began to sob out her story. Reverend Mother didn't recognize her at first; then something seemed to strike her. "Aren't you the girl we told to come back from that terrible house?" she asked.

"Yes," said Mother.

"And why *didn't* you come?"

"I had no clothes. I was ashamed."

"It's strange I should have answered the door," she said. "I was just seeing off some friends, and something kept me here thinking. I was just walking up and down the corridor."

She brought Mother into her own parlor, sat her before the fire to warm herself, and rang the bell for the Mistress of Studies.

"Minnie O'Connor has come back from that terrible house to stay," she said quietly, and then as the Mistress of Studies burst into a stream of abuse she added, "Don't scold her!"

Turning to Mother, the Mistress of Studies cried, "If you're in that state, you can go to the workhouse! You will not stay here!"

"She is not in that state, and she will stay here," Reverend Mother said firmly, and that night, for the first time in years, Mother had enough to eat, and bathed, and slept in a clean bed.

She never made much of her own misery. Other girls, as she said, had had a worse time. But she never ceased to speak of what happened as a miracle, and, in the way of those to whom miracles occur, never by so much as a harsh word attempted to blame the Mistress of Studies. I feel sure it was significant that when, a week later, the Mistress of Studies found her another nice home, in a public house off Blarney Lane that cattle dealers used for lodg-

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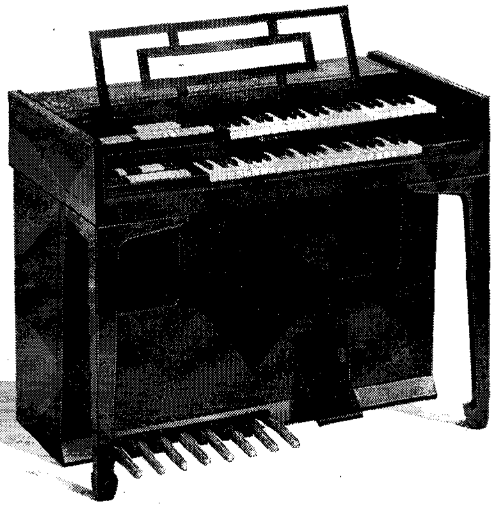

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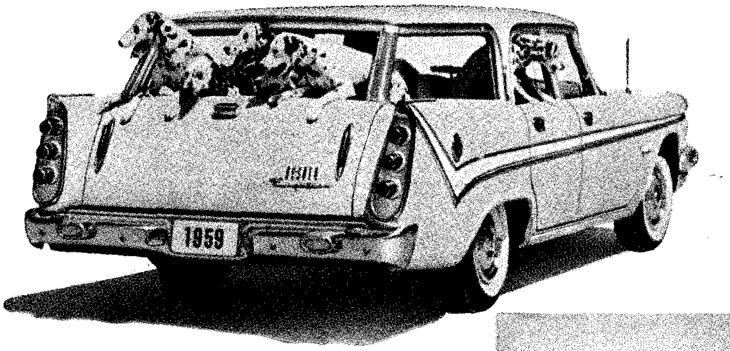

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P. S. Of course, Schweppes is still the only possible mixer for an authentic *Gin*-and-Tonic. As it has been, since the dawn of time.

ing, Mother, without unpacking her bag, returned to the convent and told the Mistress of Studies that it was not a suitable place for a young woman. It may also be significant that, a few days later, the Mistress of Studies was replaced by Mother's great friend, Mother Blessed Margaret, whom I knew and loved when she was an old lady. Old or young, she, like Reverend Mother, was a lady.

IT was through her that, six months later, Mother got the job that was to provide her for eight years with a real home, and for the rest of her life with memories that I can only describe as enchanted. It was in a house whose gardens reached to the convent wall, and the house was occupied by a butter-and-egg merchant named Barry and his unmarried sister, Alice. I don't think life can ever have been as good anywhere as Mother described it there, but for the orphan girl who had never wanted anything but that people should value her it was happiness enough. Ned Barry was a man of about forty, tall and fat, with a hooknose and high color. According to Mother, his main weakness was vanity, but he was the kindest of men and the gayest, and she loved gaiety even more than she loved kindness. When she told me about him, later in life, I did not guess what now seems so obvious—that she was very much in love with him—nor did I wonder, as I now find myself doing, whether he was not just a little attracted by her. She admitted that he had been "flighty" with her, and she was not the sort of woman who can ever have encouraged "flightiness."

He gave great stag parties, and after them the men were carried up to bed, and Mother brought them their breakfast of whiskey-and-soda in the morning while their sour-faced wives sat in the hall waiting for them to get up. There was a piano in Barry's bedroom, and sometimes the party was resumed there by men in their nightshirts who played and danced hornpipes by the hour. To judge by Mother's accounts, all the men were unbelievably good, brave, and generous, and often there would be as much as twenty-five shillings in tips on the hall table. Twenty-five shillings was big money for a poor girl who up to the age of eighteen had had no wages at all, and she saved it, though I suspect my Uncle Tim, who was now an apprentice in a cobbler's shop in town, lightened it considerably.

One day, he called to ask for money and say goodbye. That night, he stowed

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away on a cattle boat, was discovered and brought before the captain, and then put ashore in an English port. He tramped across England to Colchester, where he enlisted.

Alice Barry was a magnificent woman with golden hair, and she had all Ned's good nature. From the beginning the two girls were never mistress and maid. Alice had had a succession of servants who were drunkards or thieves, and was glad of Mother. And Mother had had a succession of heartless mistresses and was grateful for her kindness. Alice Barry had few friends, and she and Mother spent their afternoons taking long walks or sitting under a hedge by the river while Alice painted a water color and Mother read. When the two of them went into town together, people stopped and stared at the beauty. But Alice had periods of depression, which sometimes lasted for a week, and all that time she never spoke, and after one of them Mother, believing that her mistress was going insane, gave notice. Alice apologized for her long silence, and Mother became even more devoted to her than to her brother. I can answer for that, because by a curious accident I was able to bring them together again when they were elderly women, and they rattled on delightedly like two schoolgirls who had not met for a whole vacation.

It was the great age of the butter-and-egg trade. The Barrys were wealthy and lived in a beautiful house, with gardens before and behind—strawberries, raspberries, pears, apples, and peaches. They lived it up, in the way of Catholic merchants of the time, far beyond the level of their Protestant neighbors. They had begun to emerge from the age of anti-Catholic legislation, and, full of self-confidence, were the principal supporters of Charles Stewart Parnell. His fall was the first real shock to their pride in themselves. On the day he died, Alice came down to the kitchen to bring the news to Mother, and the two of them sat there all evening, weeping.

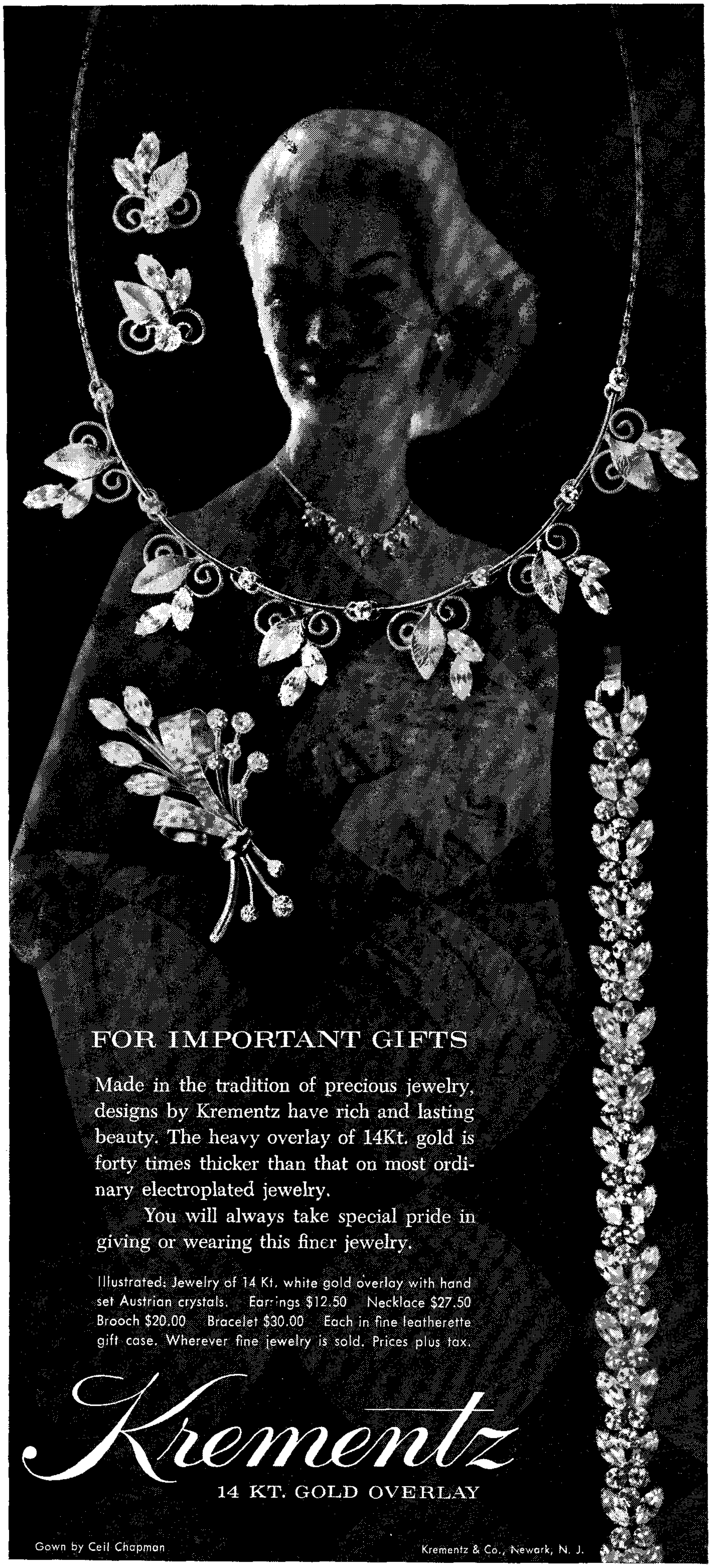
Meanwhile, the great stag parties went on, and the big house was always full of life, for Barry was so good-natured that he couldn't pass a policeman on his beat without bringing him home for a drink, or a poor prostitute without bringing her home for a meal. Often, when Mother came down to the kitchen in the morning, the pantry was bare and the decanter empty. He was persecuted by girls who wanted to marry him, but his sister took the letters from the hall stand and destroyed them, having first read them scornfully to

Mother. Alice was endlessly patient with her brother, though he was a rattlepate and never in time for anything. He would arrange to take her to the theatre, and she would dress and wait for him, but he never showed up on time. After the performance had already begun, he would rush in in a frenzy of efficiency and dash upstairs to dress, with Mother at his heels to fix the studs in his dress shirt.

Then a child, a niece who had been left an orphan, came to live with the Barrys, and soon afterward Alice married. She married more because she felt she should be married than because she really wanted to marry. I suspect she was one of those dreamy, romantic women whose marriage, to be successful, must shatter their whole makeup. She returned from her honeymoon in despair, and told Mother, "I should never have left poor Ned." It was one of the greatest wrenches Mother had ever known. When it was all over and Alice was settled with her husband in East Cork, Mother was sick with loneliness. So long as the child stayed with them, Barry pulled himself together and took Mother and her to the Opera House every week. When his niece went off to school, he did his entertaining at a hotel in town, and Mother lay awake half the night listening for the sound of his step.

Reverend Mother said that she must not stay in the house unchaperoned, and pressed her to leave, but she hated to do that. She had been happier there than she had ever been in her life before, and she clung to her position like an old dog to a deserted house. When she had been living there almost a year unchaperoned, Reverend Mother faced her with an ultimatum: Mother must choose between Barry and her. Mother wrote distractedly to Alice, who replied shrewdly that Mother should take in another of the orphans as maid. She did try to do this, but Reverend Mother would not agree to it. She said Barry's reputation was too bad. This is the point in the story at which I begin to wonder whether Reverend Mother's ultimatum was not directed at him rather than at her—she may well have been trying to prevent Mother from staying on as Barry's housekeeper so that he would ask her to come back as his wife. I am quite sure that Mother never considered that aspect of it. She was blinded to everything in the world by the fact that she regarded the house as her home.

Terrified of a quarrel with Reverend Mother, Mother at last gave notice and



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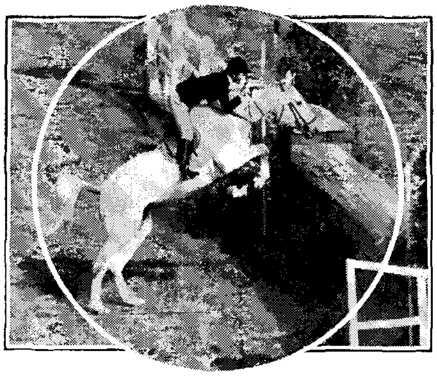

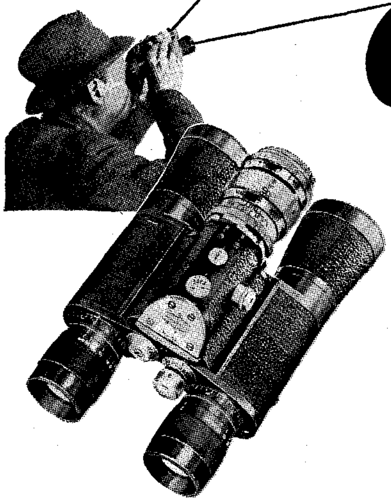

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told him that the nuns refused to let her remain in the house. He was bitterly offended.

"The nuns are no friends of yours, Minnie," he said—a phrase that, again, could mean something different from what she saw in it. I have a queer suspicion that he and Alice had discussed his marrying my mother, and that he was against it, but that it was nevertheless still in the back of his mind. Now that she had given notice, she was almost insane with fear and worry and loneliness. Finally, unable to bear it any longer, she told the nuns she intended to remain on, and withdrew her notice. But now it was *his* turn to be stiff. He told her that he had already engaged another housekeeper, and, seeing her gesture of love slighted, she grew really angry. She told him curtly that it was just as well he had engaged somebody else. When Mother tried to show the new housekeeper, a crude country girl, the workings of the house, she showed no interest, and spent her time in Mother's room, trying on her hats.

The night the covered car came to take Mother and her trunk away, she was broken-hearted. All she had ever asked was a home, and for eight years she had had a perfect home, with a man and woman she loved and who valued her love, and she knew that no other house in the world would ever mean the same to her. It was, as she said, the tragedy of the orphan, who clings to any place where she is happy. She still went back in the mornings, to train the new housekeeper, and, afterward, during the school holidays, to act as companion to Barry's niece and buy whatever she needed. The new housekeeper, who by this time had introduced her own relations into the house to help her, was very cordial and insisted on showing all the presents the Boss had given her. One day as Mother and she were passing through his bedroom, she pointed slyly to a pair of women's slippers under the bed. "He gave me them, too," she said.

Mother did not see Barry again until years after, when she was married and I a baby in her arms.

IN 1900, Tim's daughter Julia was born, my mother and father being godparents, and two days later Tim set sail for the South African war. He had to be carried, blind drunk, onto the troopship, while my conscientious father, afraid he would die of thirst on the long voyage, hurled bottle after bottle of whiskey on board, to be caught by his comrades. Along with a holy medal, Mother had given him her gunmetal watch, which contained a photograph of Mother Blessed Margaret. On the second day out, he staked it at cards and lost it. That was typical of Tim. But it was also typical of him to order from London an expensive gold watch to replace it, and in his letters he continued to warn her. "Have nothing to do with Mick Donovan," he wrote. "He's a good friend, but he'll make a poor husband."

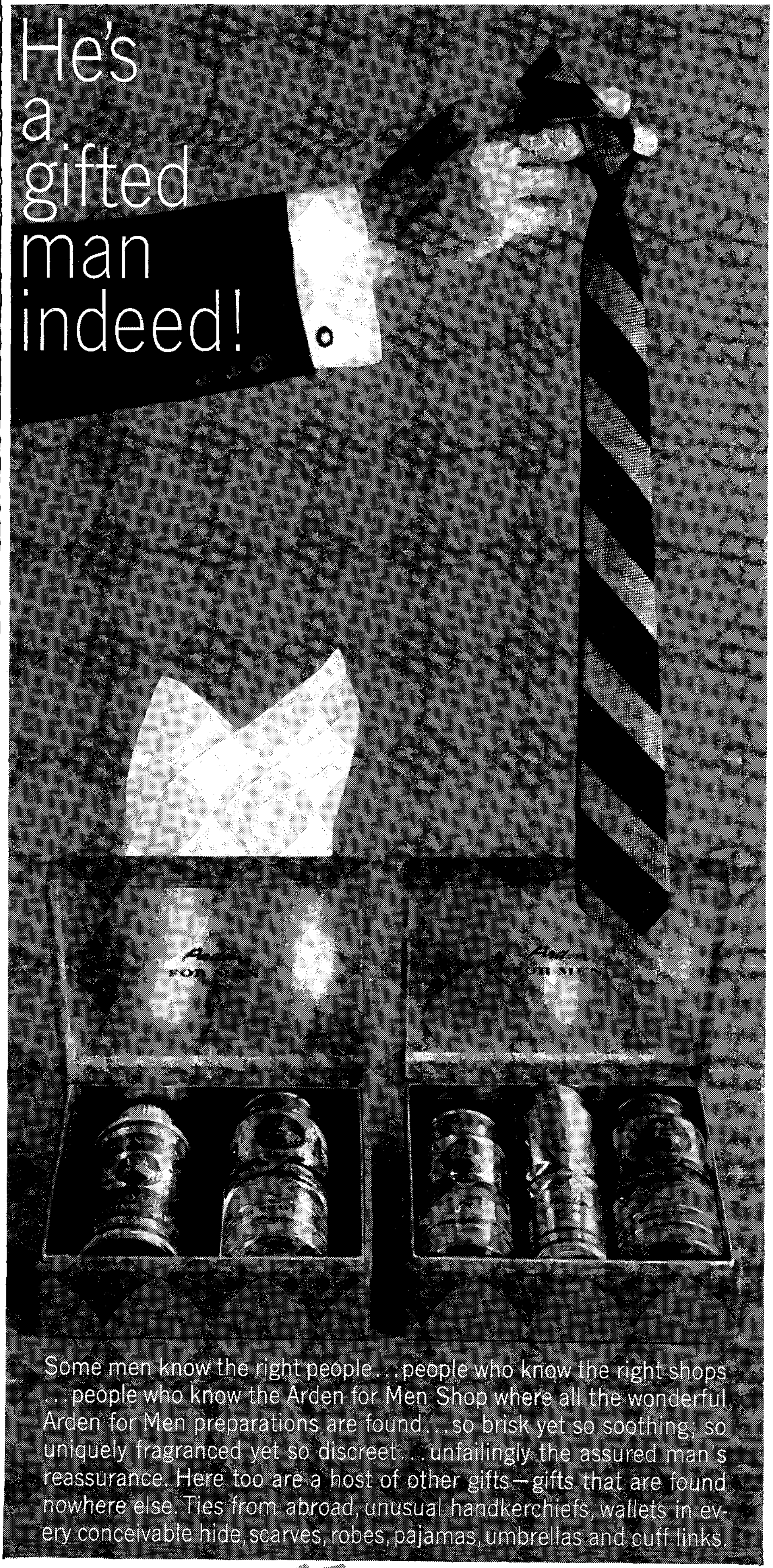
They married in 1901, and he went off to South Africa, leaving her in rooms over the shop in Douglas Street. When he returned, they set up house in Blarney Lane, and Mother opened a little shop. This was the one period of her life that she always refused to speak about, and it was clearly a horror to her. The whole idea of keeping a shop was absurd, because she could never refuse anybody anything, and so was bound to go bankrupt. But I don't think Father gave her the chance. For Tim had proved to be a true prophet. Father drank his way through the shop, and with it went her other treasures, including Tim's gold watch. One morning in Sunday's Well Church, I cried during Mass and had to be taken out onto the porch. The church door opened and Barry came out. Mother was horrified at his appearance. He was pale and hollow-cheeked, and she felt sure he was dying. In the old, good-natured way, as he would have done with any baby, he stopped to speak to me and pat me on the head, but without once looking at her or recognizing her, and she was too taken aback to remind him of who she was. He had reached the chapel gate before she made a move toward him. But he was a brisk walker, and she was burdened with me, and, hard as she ran, she could only keep him in sight all the way down Sunday's Well, till he turned in the gateway of his house. She ran up the avenue after him as the door closed behind him. When she rang the doorbell, the new housekeeper put her head out of an upstairs window.

"The Boss isn't in," she said shortly.

"But I saw him go in just a moment ago!" Mother cried indignantly.

"Well, he's not in now, anyway," the other woman said, and banged the window shut.

When Mother saw Barry again a few months later, he was dead. Alice and she sat with the body in the bedroom of the house where all three of them had been so happy together. I was put to sleep on a sofa beside him, and



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the two women talked till night fell, remembering all his kindness and charm, while the housekeeper and her poor relations sat below in the kitchen and did not once approach either of them.

I suspect that it was that house, rather than the convent, that really left its mark upon my mother's character, and established, if it did not give her, standards of behavior that would have been exacting in any social group and were impossible in the gutter where the world had thrown her. Her gentleness rarely permitted her to comment on some tiny treachery in one of my friends, and I used to lull myself into the belief that she hadn't observed it, but when worse happened, and she felt free to speak, it became clear that she had observed every detail and felt it far more keenly than I.

She rarely asked anything for herself, never made a scene, and often went for months without the simplest necessities rather than seem to make a fuss. When she really did want something—usually something that involved the pleasure of a third party, like the cousins of mine to whom, in her last years, she was devoted—she dripped hints like a leaky old tap. On the other hand, "hints" is a crude word for the photograph casually dropped where I would be bound to see it, or for the gossamer off-key phrases that seemed to be intended as a sort of psychological conditioning that might ultimately influence my conduct subconsciously; and I noticed that when the hints went on too long and I exploded, she seemed to be less hurt at my shouting at her than at my discovery of her innocent little plot. At such moments, I fancy she probably blamed herself severely for a lack of delicacy.

She had an absolutely uncanny power of inducing people to tell her their life stories. Twice in one day in London I had to leave her alone, and each time, when I met her again, she had elicited from a total stranger a complete and fascinating narrative. After people, she loved Victorian novels and classical music. She made a point of never intruding on me, because I might be "thinking," but in later years I had only to put the needle on a phonograph record to see her shuffle in, smiling, her shawl round her shoulders, and settle on the chair nearest the door. The look, as well as the choice of chair, clearly indicated that she wasn't really there. Sometimes if I had visitors she didn't want to interrupt, she would give the handle of my door

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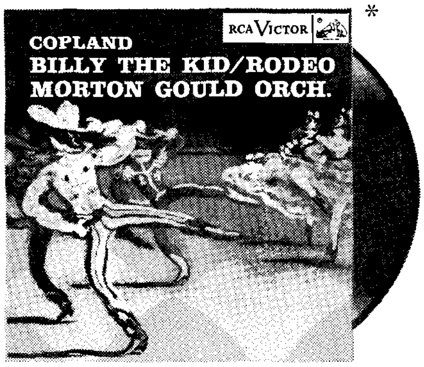
a gentle twist and leave the door ajar and then sit on a chair outside. She had a passion for Schubert and Mozart, but it took me longer to discover her taste in fiction, because her comments on anything were so direct and simple that they could appear irrelevant. She talked as a child talks, completely without self-consciousness. Once, I took her to the top of one of the highest Alps on a funicular, and as we sat on the terrace of a restaurant far above the glittering lake, I raved on about the view. "There should be great drying up here," she said thoughtfully, her mind reverting to the laundry. Another time, I took her a novel by Peadar O'Donnell, whom she loved, but she had read only a few pages when I saw her getting fretful.

"What is it now?" I growled.

"Ah, didn't you notice?" she asked reproachfully, looking at me over her glasses. "Nearly every sentence begins with 'I.'" I hadn't noticed it, but I noticed it afterward, not only in O'Donnell but in more famous novelists of the twenties—the rhythmical monotony of the prose.

In spite of her gentleness, there was a streak of terribleness in her—something that was like a Last Judgment, and (as I suspect the Last Judgment will be) rather less than just. During court proceedings about my right to visit my children, after my wife and I were separated, Mother learned that they were in court, and, against my wishes, insisted on seeing them. I went with her to the witnesses' room, and when the children saw her they slunk away with their heads down. She went up to them slowly, her two hands out, as she had gone up to the mad boy in Blarney Lane, saying in a whisper, "Darlings, won't you speak to me? It's only Dunnie." (Dunnie was their pet name for her.) I could bear it no longer and, putting my arm round her, made her leave the room. She stood against the wall outside with her face suddenly gone white and stony, and said, "I'm eighty-five but I've learned a new thing today. I've learned that you can turn children into devils." Then and later, I argued angrily with her about it, pleading that you cannot hold children responsible for what they do when they are frightened, but she never spoke their names again. The woman who all her life had sought love could not tolerate a child who denied it.

A couple of weeks before that, our next-door neighbor in the little "development" where we lived had died. He was a Protestant, and we had been very friendly with his family. His younger



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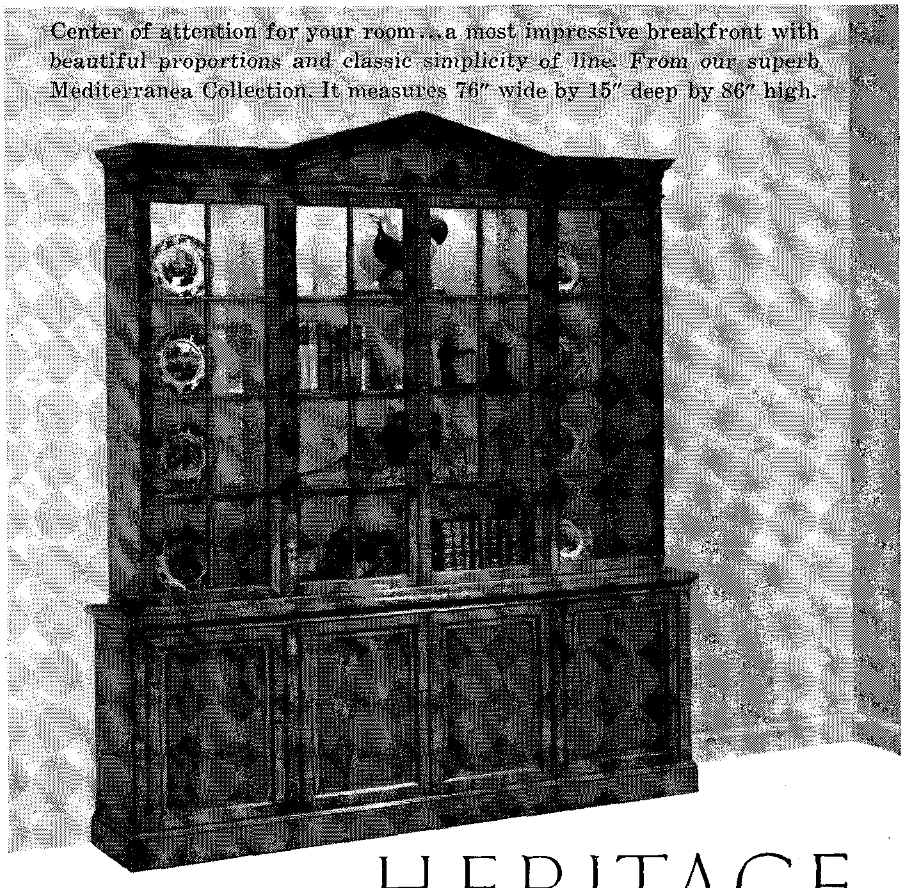

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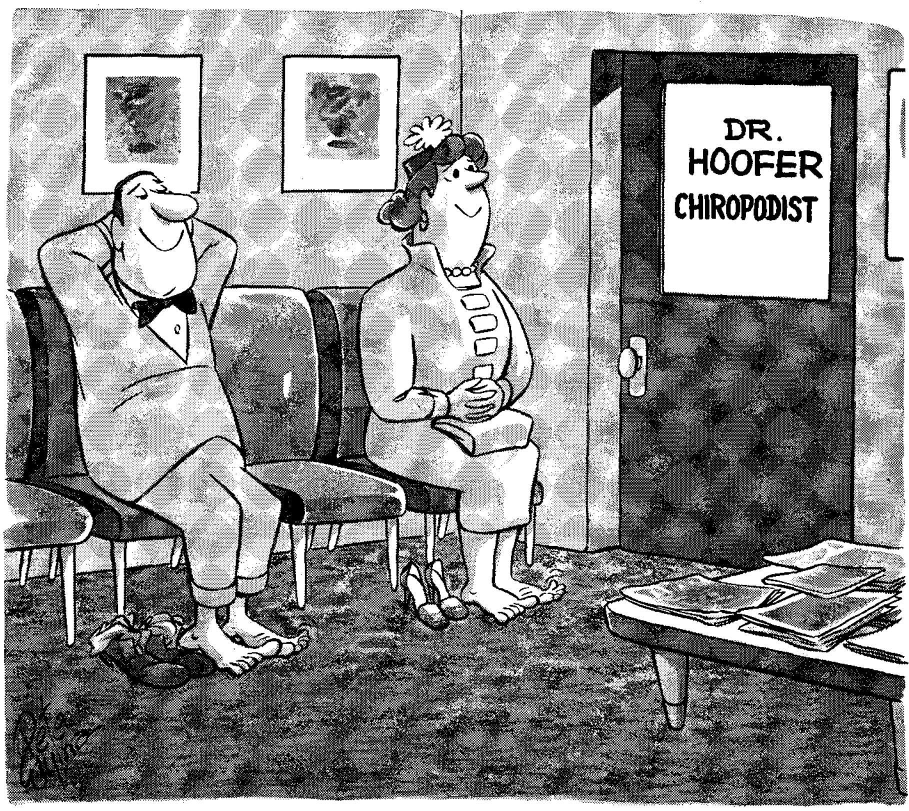

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daughter had put in a good deal of unpaid work as secretary of the Tenants' Association. By this time, in Mr. De Valera's Ireland, Catholics no longer attended Protestant funerals—a refinement of conscience that had completely escaped Mother's notice. She only realized it when the funeral was ready to start and none of the hundred families in the estate development had sent a representative. I was waiting at our front door, with my coat and hat on, and as she rushed out I tried to stop her. "How dare you!" she cried frantically. "Let me go! Do you *think* I could let that poor woman go with her husband's body to the grave thinking that those miserable cowards are Catholics?" She ran out in front of the house, with her gray hair blowing in the wind, and held out her hands to the widow. "I'm old and feeble, or I'd be along with you today!" she cried, glaring round at the estate houses, where people watched from behind drawn blinds. "What those creatures are doing to you—that's *not* Catholic; that's *not* Irish."

When she was dead, and I had done all the futile things she would have wished, like bringing her home across the sea to rest with Father, and when the little girl who had refused to speak to her in court had knelt beside her coffin in the luggage van at Kingsbridge, and the little boy had joined the train at Limerick Junction, I returned to the house she had left. When she fell ill, I was teaching the child who was left to me a Negro spiritual, and now when we came home together and I opened the door, he realized that, thank goodness, the pair of us could now go back to our singing. He began, in a clear treble, "Child, I know you're going to miss me when I'm gone." Then only did I realize that the horror that had haunted me from the time I was his age and accompanied Mother to the orphanage, and learned for the first time the meaning of parting and death, had happened at last to me, and that it made no difference to me that I was fifty and a father myself.

And I await the resurrection from the dead and eternal life to come.

—FRANK O'CONNOR

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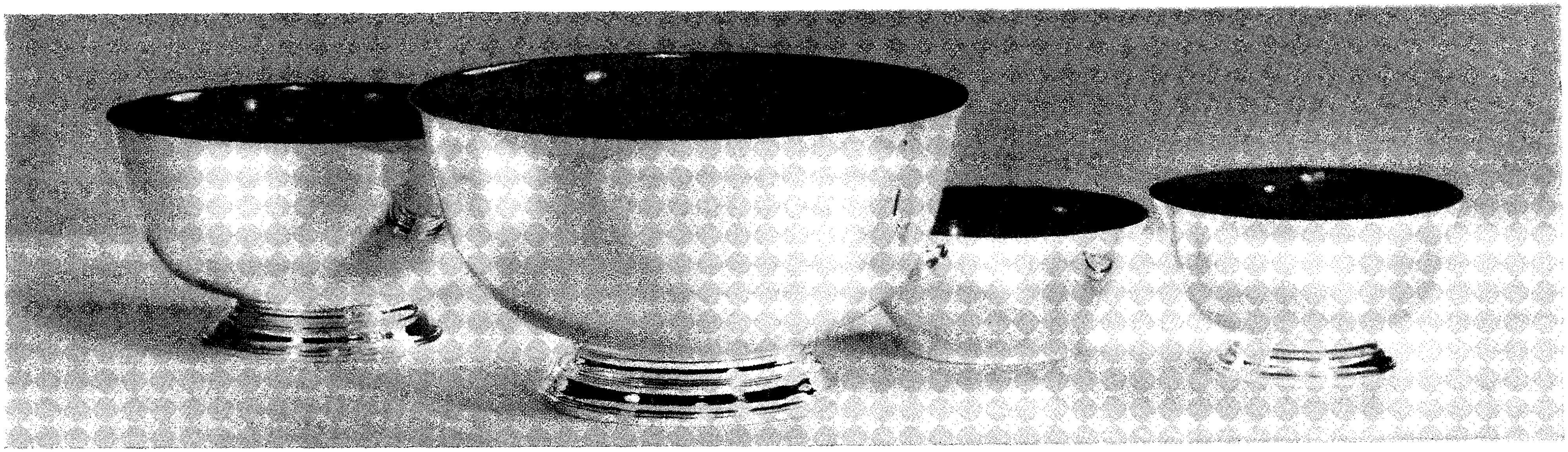

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THE THEATRE

THE TROUBLES IN THE STUDIO

A GREAT deal of dedicated work has clearly gone into the revival, at the Bijou Theatre, of Sean O'Casey's "The Shadow of a Gunman." For the most part, unfortunately, it is work of a kind that belongs somewhere else. I yield to no fan in my respect for the stimulus, frequently galvanic, that has been applied to the acting styles of Broadway and Hollywood by members of the Actors' Studio. Their approach to the mimic craft may be tortuous and time-consuming by the standards prevailing around Times Square, but it gets results, often of a shattering subtlety and power. In "The Shadow of a Gunman," which is being presented under the Studio's auspices, both director and principals are Studio-fledged. They have come up with a production that makes one think not so much of a mountain bringing forth a mouse as of mice bringing forth a mountain. The play itself is short enough to be performed (as it often is) with a thirty-minute curtain-raiser. At the Bijou it seems bloated, leaden, and interminable.

Before we take up the fascinating question of what went wrong, a glance at the text may be helpful. O'Casey's first play is set in a Dublin tenement at the height of "the Troubles." Outside, in the streets of the city, the future of Ireland is being fought out; that is the real action, but right in the middle of it are two men who think it none of their business and ask only to live in what little peace they can find. One is Seumas, who sells defective suspenders at street corners on the rare occasions when he is not in bed bewailing the shiftlessness of the Irish. His roommate, Donal, is a distracted young poet whom the whole tenement aberrantly believes to be an I.R.A. gunman. The error at first breeds comedy, as mistaken identity usually does. Donal's neighbors and fellow-lodgers bring him their wrongs to be righted, vow solidarity with the cause, and boast of their acquaintance with him, while one of them, an awe-struck girl named Minnie, falls hesitantly in love with his borrowed glamour. Toward the end, the grin on the play's face fades; it clenches its fist and lets us have it, with Irish abruptness, straight in the solar plexus. The world outside begins to close in. The house is raided by the Black and Tans, whereupon Donal finds himself the custodian of a bagful of bombs left on the premises by one of Seumas's friends. When Minnie volunteers to hide them under her bed, both Donal and Seumas consent. She is subsequently shot. The poet survives, transfixed by the guilt that is reality's revenge on those who seek to escape responsibility.

The tempo of the piece, up to the last minute, is exuberantly comic—sometimes to the point of naïveté, as when the author indulges his fondness for jokes based on working-class malapropisms. O'Casey called his play a tragedy, but by that he meant nothing more than that it did not end happily. (When the Irish want to compose pure tragedies, they generally do so in Gaelic.) O'Casey belongs in the boisterous gallery of Irish satirists, comedians, ironists, and mock-heroic wits who, since the death of Shakespeare, have written nearly everything of lasting importance in what is sardonically known as the English drama. He means us to laugh at the plight of two men trapped in a lie, and he expects of his small-part players the pace and timing of vaudeville. And this is where the Actors' Studio lets him down. Instead of expedition, they give us exploration. Where O'Casey prescribes panic, they offer rational concern. Under Jack Garfein's direction, they present a number of thoughtful investigations into character, entirely ignoring the element of volatile caricature that is the glory of the play, its essence and its life. Lines that in print are winged like Mercury are uttered as if they were shod in concrete. I do not doubt that Mr. Garfein's actors have achieved exactly what they set out to achieve. The trouble is that O'Casey was aiming at a different target. Gerald O'Loughlin (Seumas) is a gifted actor, but he is far too stolid and brow-beetling to supply the twitches, flurries, and stammers for which the part cries out. Susan Strasberg, who should wipe off half her smile and at least one layer of makeup, plays Minnie, the little simpleton who blunders into martyrdom, as if she were a sort of incipient tart, a misconception that may account for some of the actress's painful self-consciousness. The poet is a tougher task, since O'Casey never tells us how good a poet he is, or whether we are to take his outbursts of grief seriously. William Smithers settles for the kind of lithe, confused, disconsolate hero one sees in adult Westerns. His performance is slow and has nothing to do with Ireland, but it is not actively objectionable. George Mathews, in two short scenes as a lumbering drunk, gets nearest to the O'Casey flavor. Peter Larkin's cluttered set is perfect, and so are the sound effects. Every word, I should add, is audible. If Mr. Garfein's production does nothing else, it should quash the rumor that the Actors' Studio teaches actors to mumble. Regrettably, not to mumble is not enough.

APART from the writing, which has the quality of mildewed plush, there is little wrong with "Edwin Booth," Milton Geiger's chronicle play at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre, that is not equally wrong with every other stage biography of a great dead actor. The thing to hold on to is that *all* such actors invented "the natural style." What the rise of the middle class is to political history the rise of the natural style is to theatrical history—an event of ubiquitous date that has taken place roughly twice in every century from the sixteenth onward. Betterton, about whom nobody writes plays, was a ranter; then along came Garrick, who staggered the public by the naturalness of his manner. He was superseded by Edmund Kean, whose command of natural speech revolutionized a theatre inured to Garrick's

rantings. Before long, Kean's absurd rhetoric was supplanted by the newer, more natural techniques pioneered by Irving and Booth. Breaking decisively with the past, the Moscow Art Theatre under Stanislavski inaugurated an acting method so radical that it made hams like Irving and Booth sound like Betterton. It was founded on the cataclysmic idea that actors should act natural.

The main problem in presenting plays about great actors is casting. Edwin Booth, unless the record lies, was deeply introspective. His father was an alcoholic tragedian, partly insane, who sired him out of wedlock. His first wife died of tuberculosis, his second went mad, and one of his brothers murdered Lincoln. He drank compulsively. His chief quality as an actor seems to have been a burning, withdrawn magnetism. "He *is* Hamlet," said his brother the antic assassin, "melancholy and all." Booth's comment on himself was that he was "too damned genteel and exquisite." This is the role in which José Ferrer, the director of the play, has chosen to cast himself. Now, Mr. Ferrer is a man of varied talents, but he is not, to put it suavely, the first actor in the world who leaps to my mind in connection with exquisite melancholy. At his most characteristic, he is a bustler, a kidder, a crafty extrovert, and whenever the script allows him to perform in these capacities he is splendid—once when he is heckled by his first wife (Lois Smith) at a rehearsal of "Romeo and Juliet," and again when he wards off lionizers at a smart supper party by getting impenetrably tight. But for most of the evening he is frankly at a loss. Quite often one has the impression that, with the best will in the world, his mind is not wholly focussed on the matter at hand. He looks impatient, too busy to be wasting his time acting; you feel you are imposing on him, keeping him from some vital engagement that he would much rather not have postponed. He did, however, provide me with one flash of inspiration. This occurred when he stumbled on, complete with leer, limp, and golliwogg wig, to recite a snatch of "Richard III." Instantly I had a vision of what Mr. Ferrer's true vocation might be. If I am right, he should make it his business to corner the market in stage biographies not of great tragedians but of great clowns. What a Bert Lahr, for instance, he would make! And if anyone ever writes a play about the Marx Brothers, Mr. Ferrer will be my first choice for all three.

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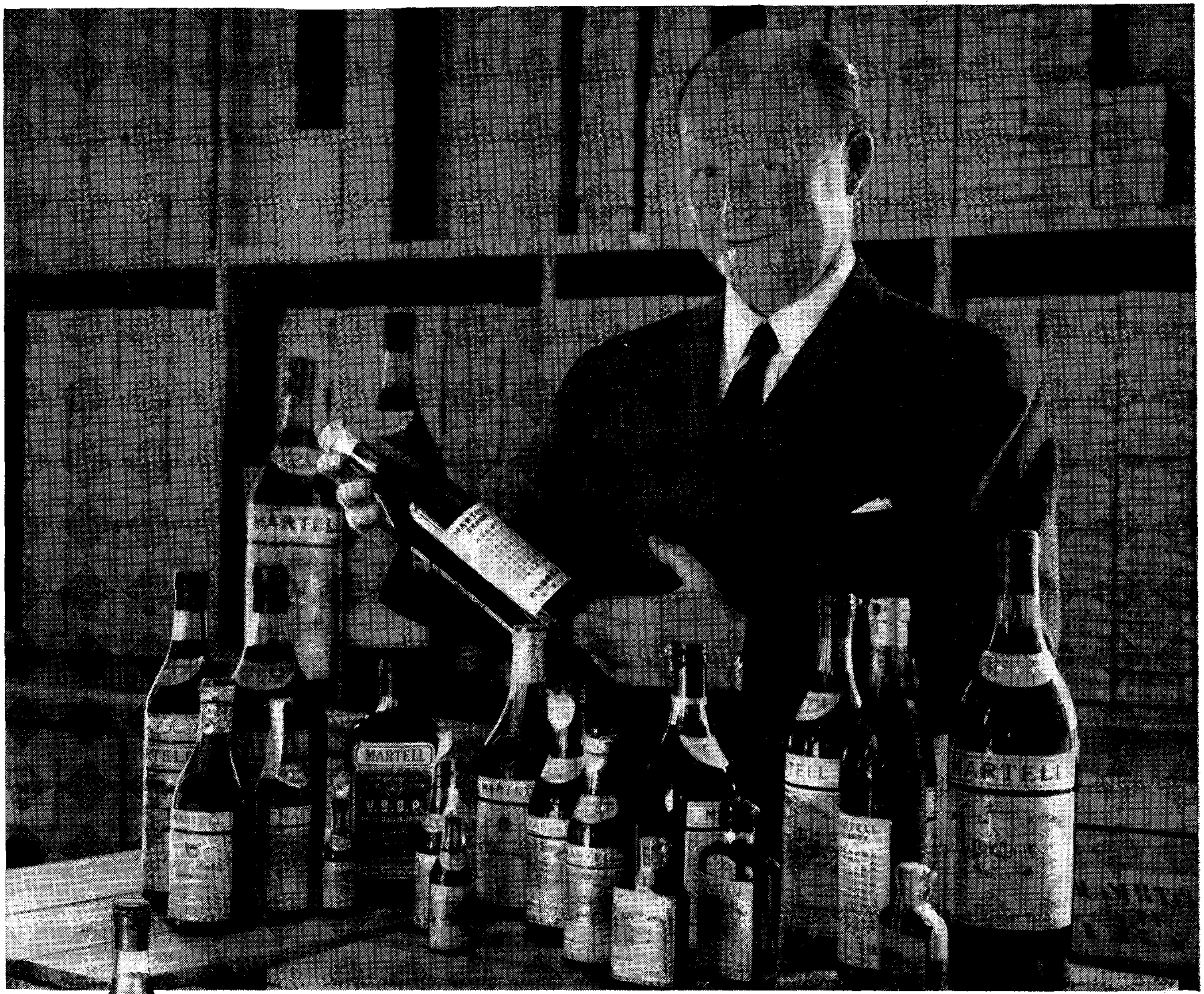

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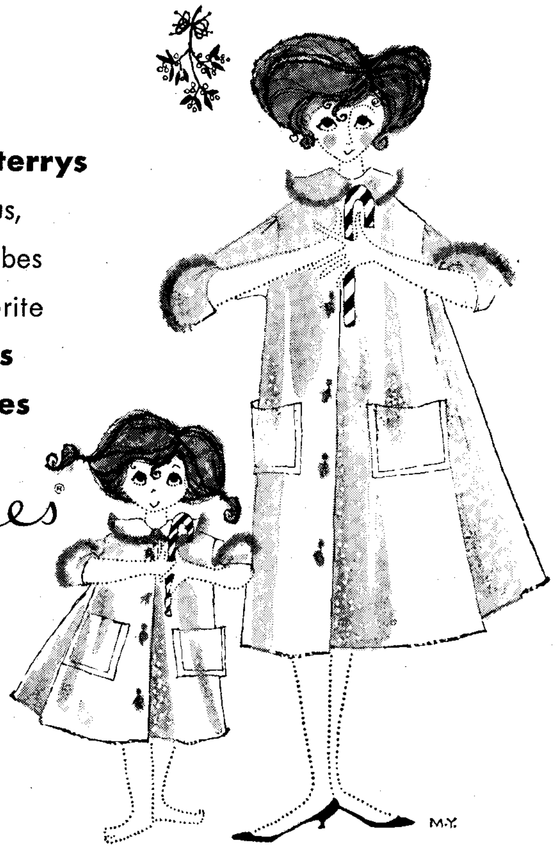

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setting (by Zvi Geyra) that includes a dressing room, a living room, and some fragments of Shakespearean scenery perched up on a rostrum. John Wilkes Booth comes in for the worst of the writing (at one point he proposes that Edwin should "slip into something black and delineate the moody one") and for some pretty weird staging, too; the death of Lincoln is economically handled in five seconds flat with an offstage bang, an offstage scream, and a glimpse of the killer, who sprints from wing to wing shouting the celebrated tag about tyrants. The whole turbulent thing is narrated by Lorne Greene, the only actor onstage with a voice of real Shakespearean thunder. Ironically, he plays William Winter, who was a critic.

"Cue for Passion," Elmer Rice's new drama, at the Henry Miller, is a literary curiosity. Its dialogue, anyway, is nothing if not literary, since it contains a reference to the earth as "God's green footstool," and a boy who wonders why nobody asks him to "desist from casting your bizarre shadow over our pastoral acres." If quaintness and scornful polysyllables make literature, this is one for the shelves. It deals with a rich California widow who remarries shortly after her husband dies, bashed on the skull by a bronze bust dislodged during an earthquake. Her son Tony, who has been offstage in Sumatra, returns, unaware that he has acquired a stepfather. This is where the scorn begins. The boy lacerates his mother with contempt, accuses her husband of murder, rejects the girl who was waiting for him, and throws in a few gibes at her father, a kindly, though failing, old doctor. The baffling thing about the household is that nobody in it appears to have read "Hamlet." These people seem to be fairly literate, yet none of them—not even the maid—bothers to remark, "Sort of a transposition of the Elsinore brouhaha, wouldn't you say?" Which, of course, it is. In addition to the above-mentioned parallels, Mr. Rice's Hamlet has a Horatio on hand, in the person of an old school chum now practicing psychotherapy at Alcatraz, and although Hamlet does not actually kill Polonius, he creases him with a pot shot through a plate-glass window. To complete the analogy, he finally proves to his own satisfaction that his stepfather is a murderer. Deep down, however, this Hamlet owes more to Freud than to Shakespeare. Tony cannot revenge himself on his stepfather, because he recognizes in Claudius the man who has taken his father's place and thereby, in Freud's words, "realized the suppressed desires of his own childhood."

The theory is tenable, if a bit familiar, and Mr. Rice develops it at length. In so doing, I am afraid, he loses sight of three elements that make the Elizabethan version perennially exciting. One is the fact that Shakespeare's Hamlet is in constant and increasing jeopardy, so that we fear for his life; the second is that a whole nation depends for its fate on Hamlet, while nothing but Tony depends on Tony; and the third, of course, is that Shakespeare writes rather more compellingly than Mr. Rice. The Bard apart, what we have here is just another recruit to the teeming ranks of Broadway plays about children who cannot get through to their parents. According to this ingrowing school, there are no problems, anxieties, or desperations that do not derive from a bad parent-child relationship. Nobody since Arthur Miller wrote "Death of a Salesman" seems to have looked out of the window and tried to analyze the society from whose soil has sprung the diseased domestic bloom. Shakespeare did precisely that, presenting a state of Denmark in which something was not only rotten but curably rotten, by action taken on the body politic. Mr. Rice keeps his shutters down, and I could not bring myself to care very much about the people behind them.

John Kerr, as the boy, rings some adroit vocal changes on the monotonous theme of filial disgust, and Diana Wynyard does all that charm, grace, and elegiac cadences can do to conceal the fact that Gertrude, whom Mr. Rice sees as a lead, is at best a fair supporting role.

—KENNETH TYNAN

OFF BROADWAY

An Objection Sustained

SCHOLARS tell us that the ancient art of drama began with religious festivals, but they must be mistaken. For if churchmen and actors had once performed identical functions, we would expect to find some residual trace of brotherly feeling between them, whereas in fact we find mutual distrust. Thus clergymen have been known to call for the padlocking of theatres, and actors often get married without benefit of clergy. Besides, the scholarly thesis rests upon a psychological impossibility. No actor could achieve the professional humility required of a cleric and remain an actor, just as no cleric could openly indulge the monstrous vanity of an actor and remain a proper cleric. It would seem, therefore,

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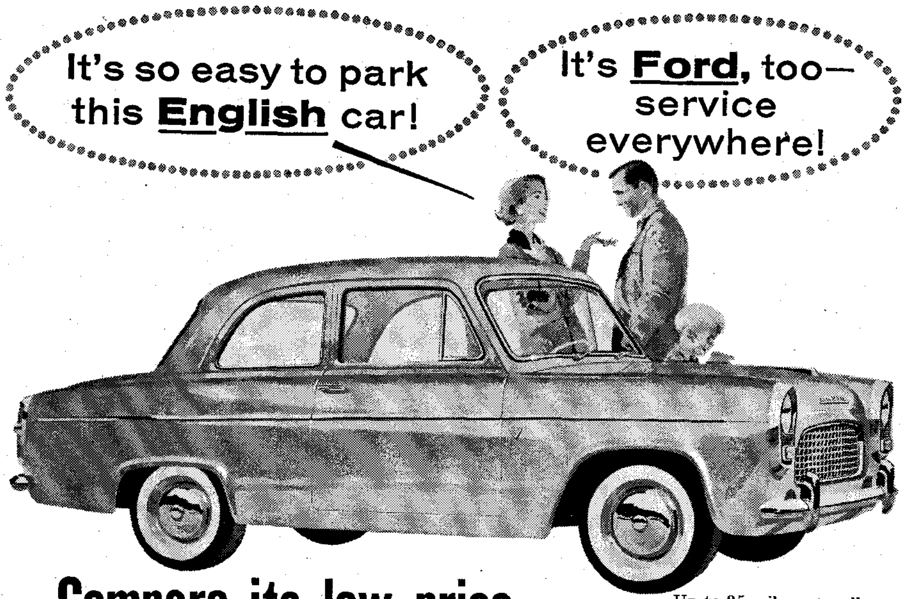

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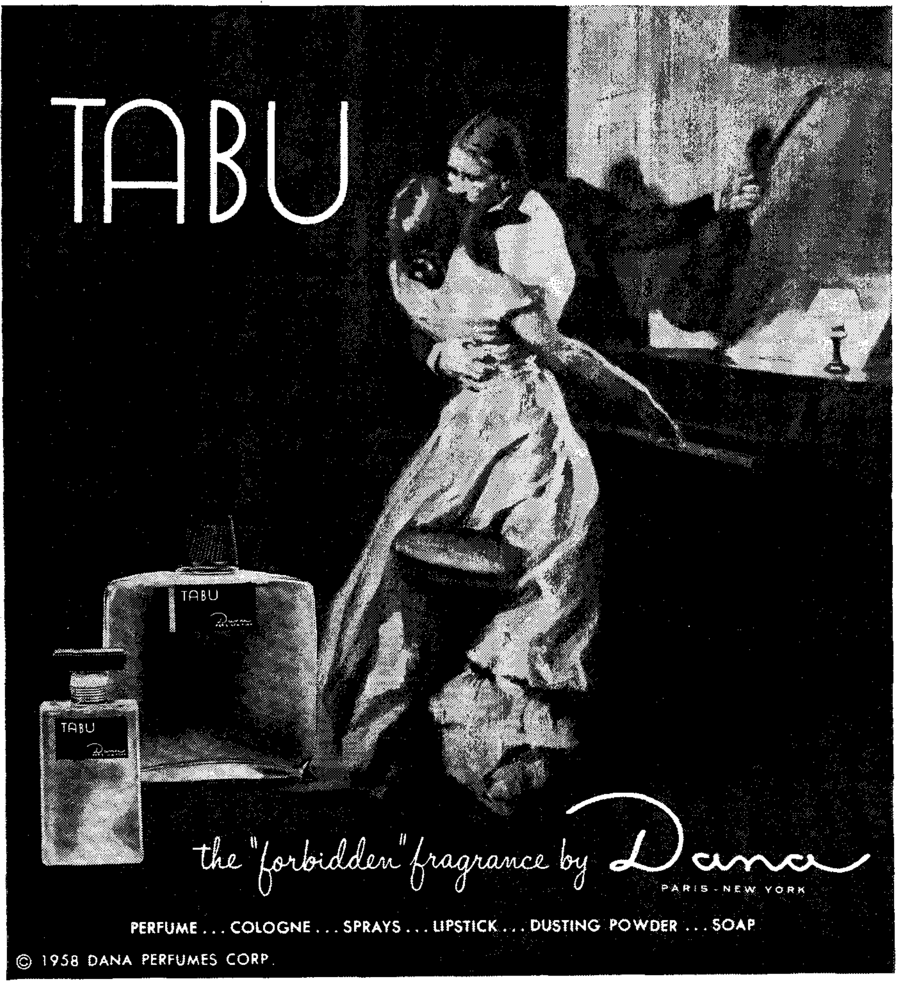

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that the cornerstone of the theatre must be sought elsewhere than in the temple.

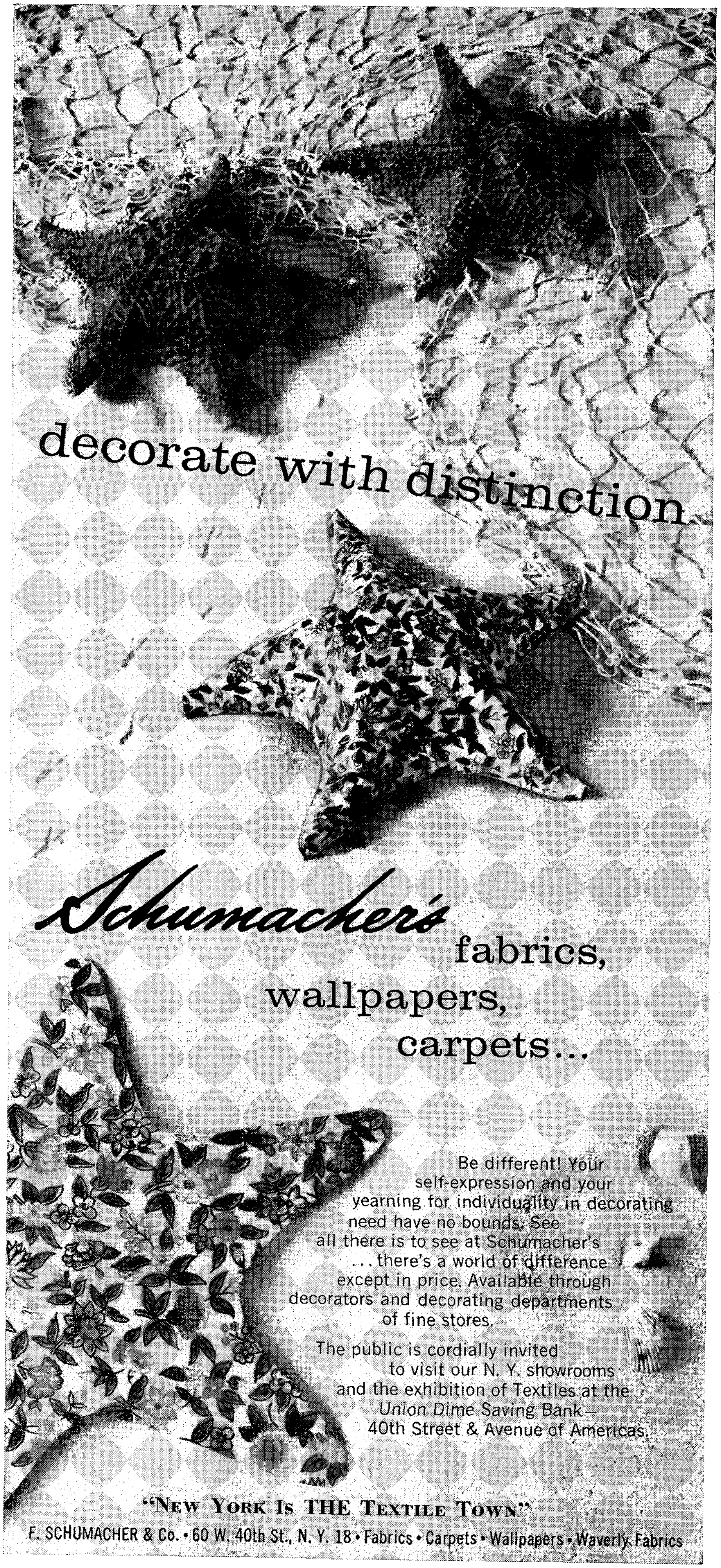
It is no more than sensible to seek this foundation in a profession that, in the universal opinion of mankind, is scarcely less disreputable than the theatre itself. Let us consider the profession of law. The lawyer is very like the man of the theatre. He coaches friendly witnesses. He rehearses the lines his client must speak. He may even introduce such props as crutches and wheelchairs in order to increase the dramatic effect of his client's condition. And what is the courtroom itself but a kind of theatre in which plaintiff and defendant stand as antagonist and protagonist? Here, surely, is the origin of drama. Think of how often the playwright returns to the courtroom as to the fountainhead of his art. Think of such recent examples as "Drink to Me Only," "Inherit the Wind," "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial," and "Witness for the Prosecution." It would require no great effort, I'm sure, to extend this list backward, year by year, to Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan," and thence to the "Eumenides" of Aeschylus. Beyond that we can proceed only in imagination, but it seems reasonable to assume that the first play ever presented was nothing more than the reënactment of some spectacular Babylonian trial put on for the benefit of those citizens who arrived at the ziggurat too late to see the fun.

Anyone who is curious to know how such a dawn play might have struck its beholders should not fail to consult "The Man Who Never Died," at the Jan Hus Auditorium, for the author of this play, Barrie Stavis, has craftily reversed the tendency of millenniums and restored the art of drama to a state of primitive purity. He scorns such late embellishments as plot. To him the trial, not the play, is the thing, and he has traced with infinite care the juridical process by which Joe Hill, the celebrated martyr to the cause of labor, was framed, tried, condemned, and executed. The resultant evening of theatre, from the viewpoint of the post-Babylonian spectator, is more peculiar than agreeable.

In the first act, Joe Hill is introduced as a wholesome young agitator, whose incendiary songs are on every worker's lips and whose successful leadership of the proletariat has made him feared by every grasping industrialist. Presently, however, the forces of reaction hatch a conspiracy to rid themselves of this formidable adversary. With the aid of a servile police force, they contrive to have Joe arrested for a murder he didn't commit. And that is the end of the play. The remaining scenes are devoted to legal proceedings.

Since the spectator already knows about the conspiracy, he is apt to find the details of the trial provokingly tedious. And he cannot console himself with the reflection that just beyond the inevitable verdict there lurks a colorful martyrdom, because, unfortunately, there does not. For when the case is lost, Joe's lawyer—and Mr. Stavis—immediately take the matter before a higher court. This tribunal remorselessly conducts a general review of the trial, and, after deliberations of almost inconceivable aridity, it also bows to the reactionaries and condemns Joe to death. But Mr. Stavis has only begun to fight. He promptly inaugurates a series of hearings before a board of pardons, which then reviews the higher court's review of the lower court's decision. At this point, even Mark Gordon, who had been upholding the part of Joe Hill with good-natured diligence, seemed to sink a little in spirits. He still insisted that he didn't want to die, but without the old conviction, and when the board finally directed that he be led away and shot, he looked almost content. Nor did his execution come a moment too soon. Ten minutes more of stage legality and a restive audience might have taken the law into its own hands.

TO step from "The Man Who Never Died" to Brendan Behan's grim prison comedy, "The Quare Fellow," which opened last week at the Circle in the Square, is to take a great stride forward in the art of juridical drama. Here again the subject is a prisoner who faces execution, but Mr. Behan approaches his theme by indirection. The condemned man—who is called, in Irish prison slang, "the quare fellow"—never appears onstage. We see him only by reflection, so to speak, in the altered behavior of other convicts and the prison guards as the hour of his execution draws closer. This roundabout procedure allows the author to sketch an astonishing number of mordantly funny portraits of prisoners and their warders, but it also deprives the play of focus. Because of it, the first act seems a succession of false starts. For example, Mr. Behan introduces, with some ceremony, a prisoner whose death sentence has just been commuted to life imprisonment. The prisoner immediately becomes a source of great interest to the other convicts and, naturally, to the audience as well. And this interest increases sharply when, by a deft twist



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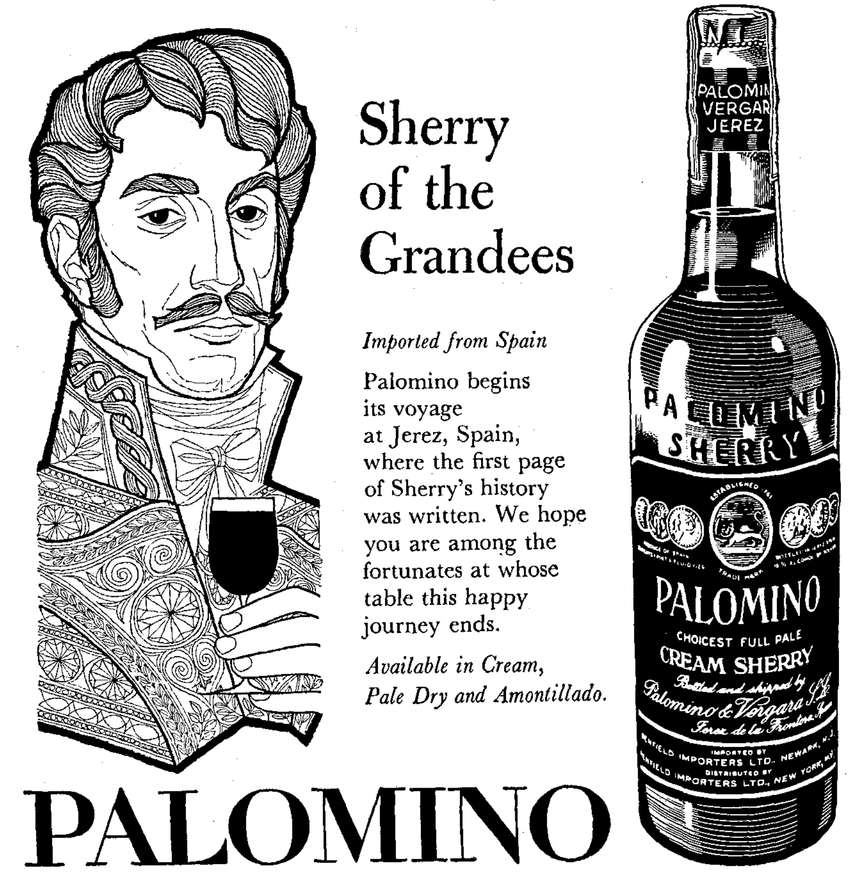
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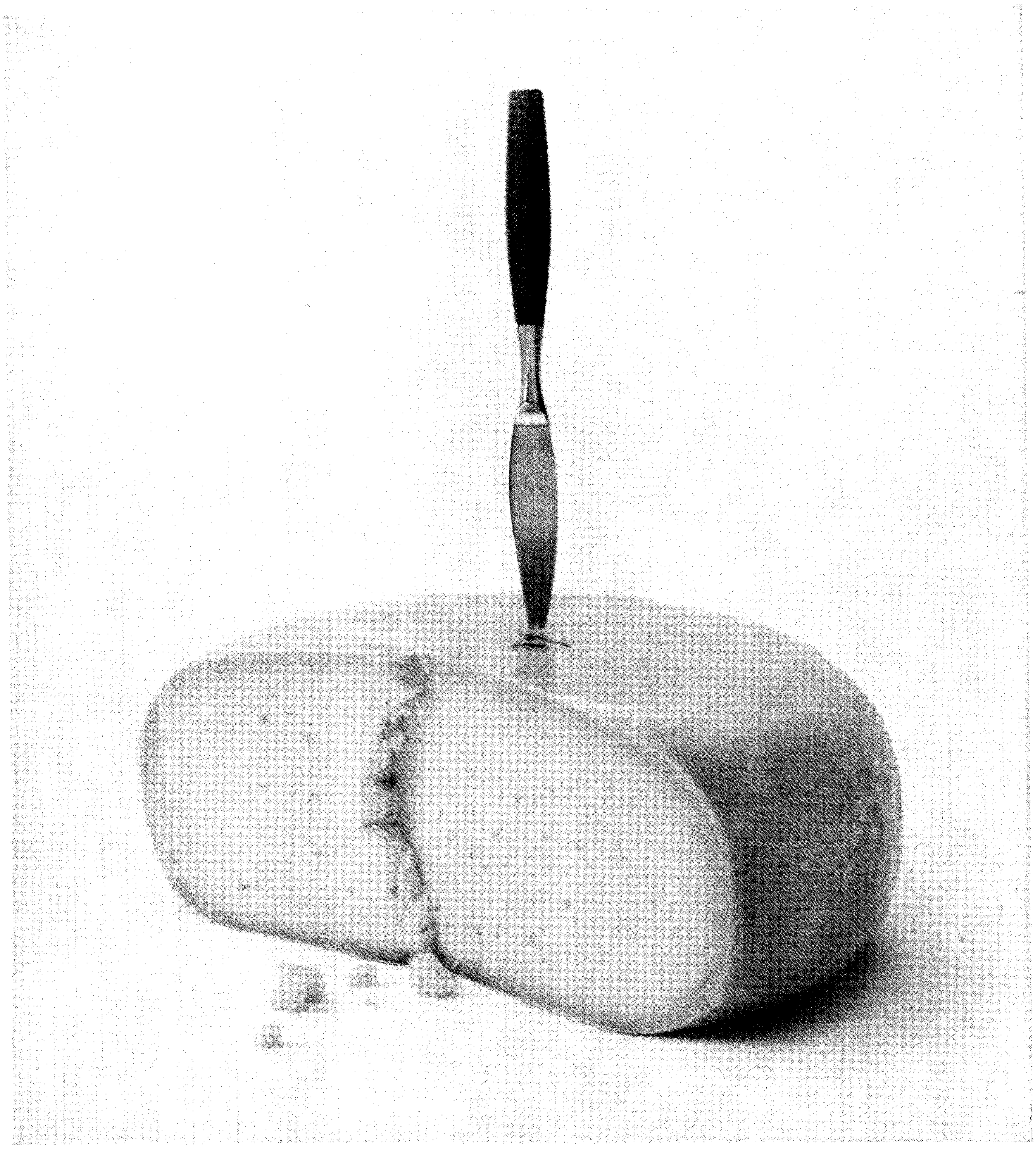
of psychological irony, the prisoner makes a fruitless attempt to hang himself on the day of his reprieve, because he cannot bear the prospect of a life behind bars. But after arranging this promising début for the character, Mr. Behan loses interest in him. The convict is given little to say and nothing to contribute to the development of the play. In his stead, another prisoner is plucked forth to prominence, only to be relegated to the background in his turn and supplanted by yet another prisoner.

Each of these characters, one begins to realize, is introduced less for his own sake than for the light he sheds on some particular aspect of prison life or on the plight of the condemned. Unfortunately, this procedure, which may be used to good advantage in a novel, is extremely wasteful of the drama's invisible but crucial dimension, which is time. The second act is well advanced before the hovering emphasis of the play begins to settle on Regan, one of the prison guards, whose duty it will be to conduct the quare fellow to his death. Regan is a compassionate man, with no relish for his job, but precisely because he is compassionate most condemned criminals ask him to preside at their executions. His dilemma gives the play a definite if belated center of gravity, and adds considerably to the power of the final scenes. Especially astringent, I think, is the episode in which the hangman's assistant, at his master's request, sings Regan a hymn suitable for an execution eve, while the hangman himself provides an amiable counterpoint with his businesslike calculations on the length of rope required to dispatch his victim neatly.

If it must be said that "The Quare Fellow" amounts, finally, to something less than the sum of its parts, it must also be said that many of these parts are excellent. The character of a foxy old inmate named Dunlavin, in particular, is nicely limned by Mr. Behan and artfully projected by Bryan Herbert. Lester Rawlins performs the difficult role of the sensitive and miserable warder, Regan, in a manner that is all the more expressive for its restraint. And my admiration for the intrepidity of William Myers, who caps a fine portrayal of the unhappy life prisoner by coolly hanging himself from a light fixture, admits of no bounds. But let me bring this catalogue of individual excellences to an end, and offer a corporate felicitation to the remainder of the cast. Only a decent regard for Mr. Myers' windpipe prevents my wishing them a run of great duration.

—DONALD MALCOLM



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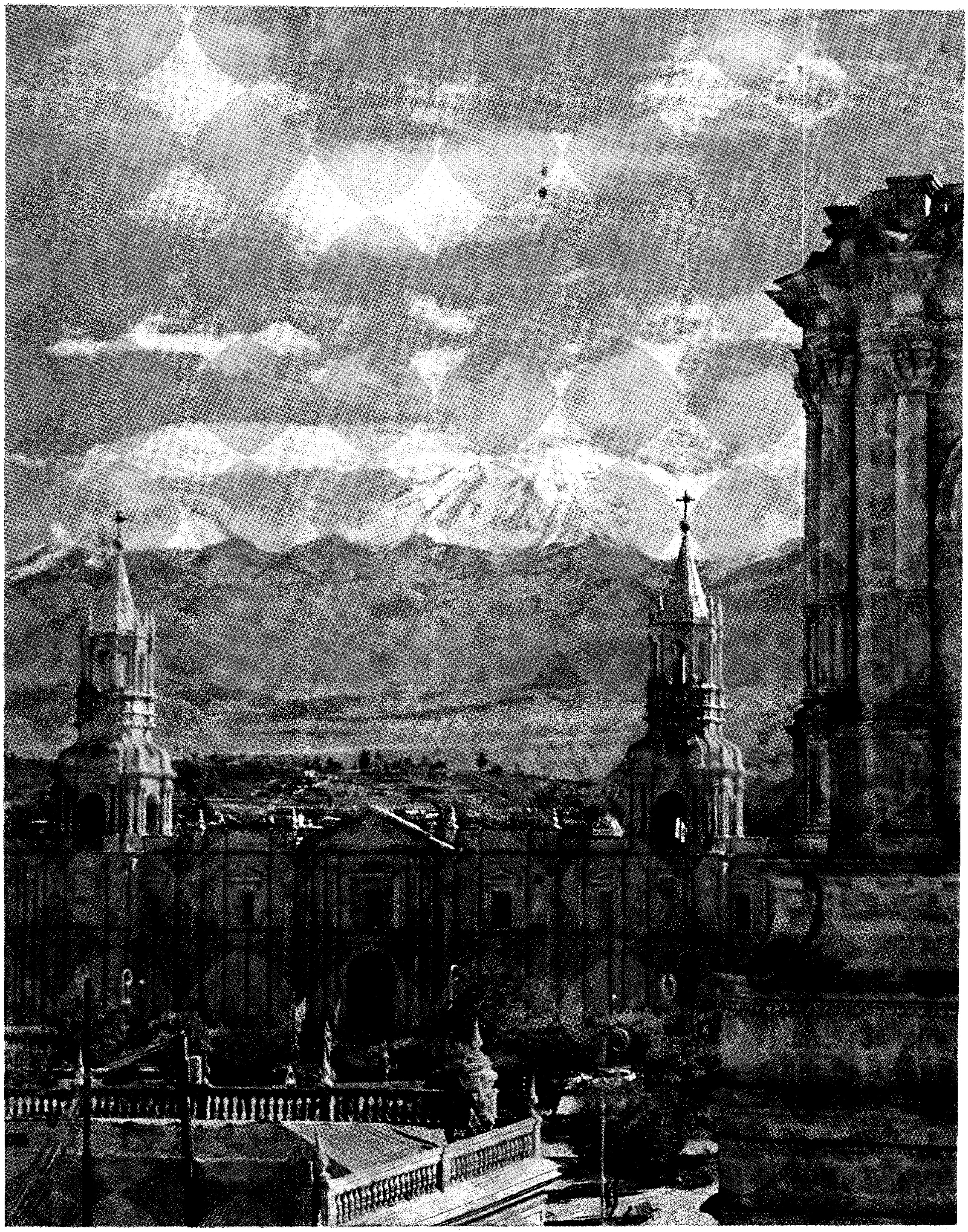

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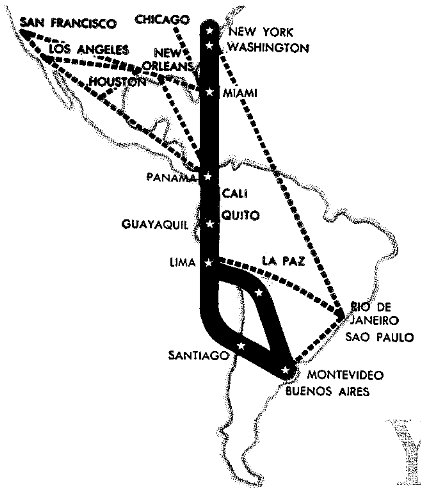

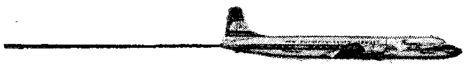

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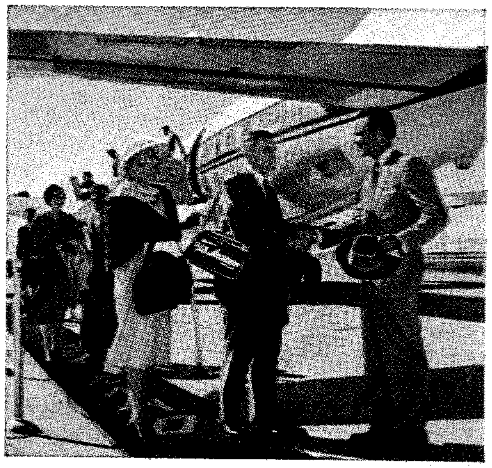

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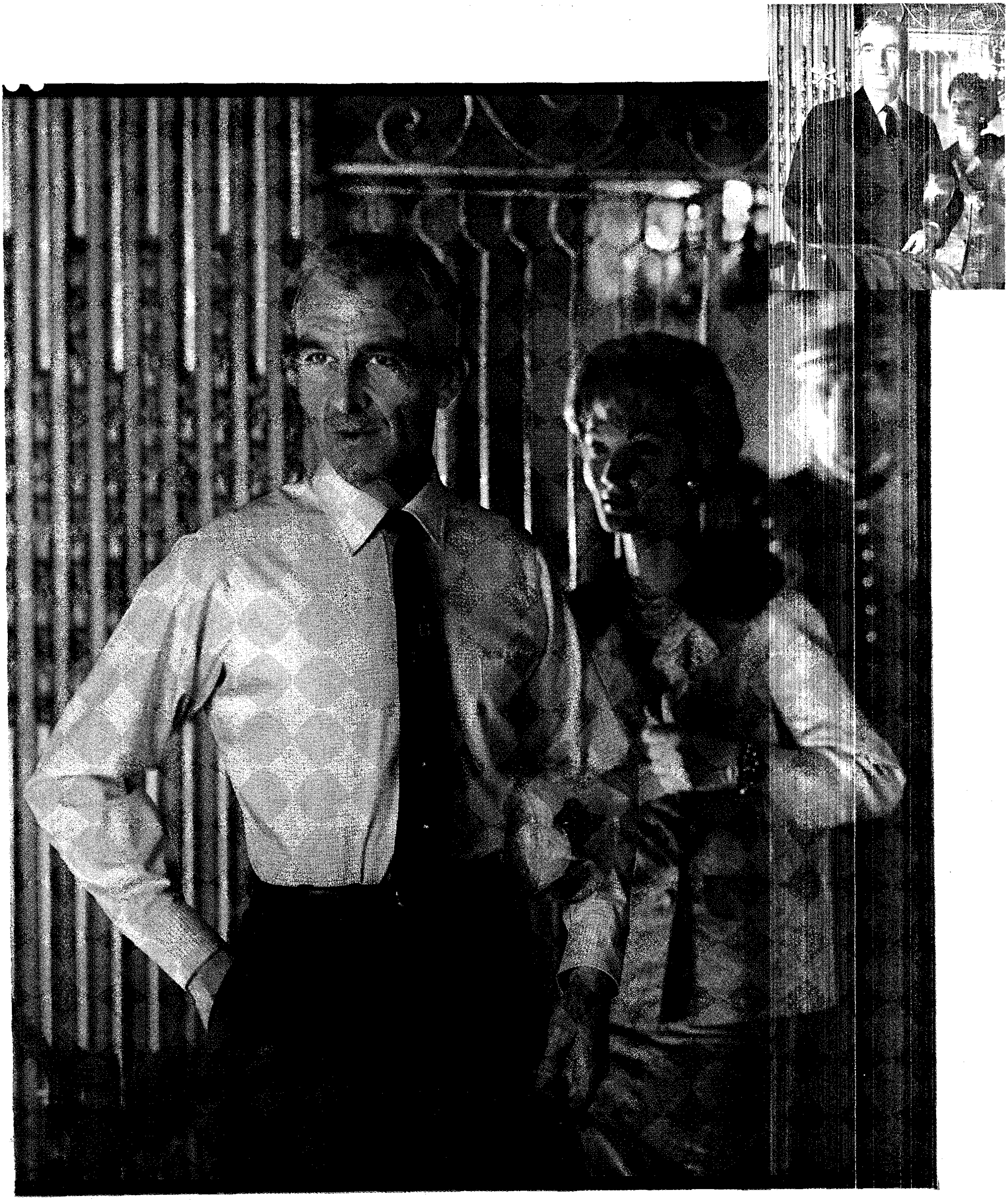

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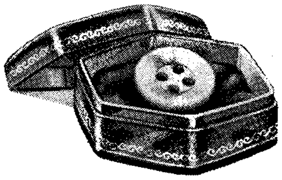

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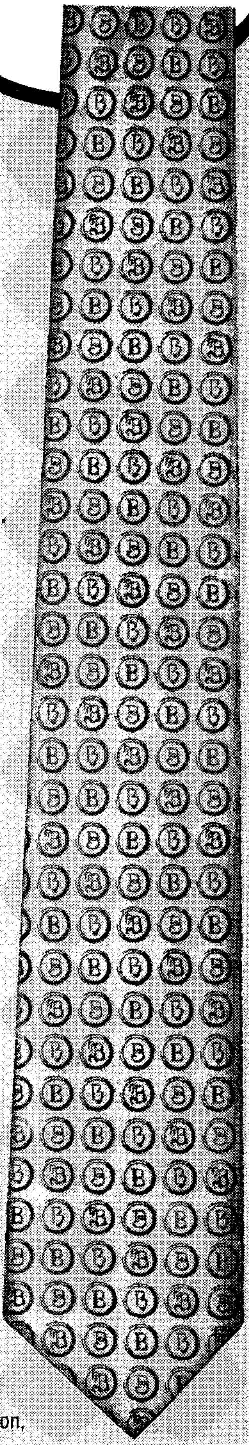
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Missing Spark

CHRISTMAS
SUSAN

THE art of conducting the music of Johann Strauss seems to be an inborn knack—somewhat like that of playing Hungarian-gypsy violin pieces—and to have little or no relation to the art of conducting any other type of music. It involves a peculiar, Viennese kind of rhythmic distortion that is similar, in a way, to the rubato with which good Polish piano virtuosos play Chopin, and it can apparently be neither acquired nor reduced to rules and regulations. Its most obvious features are the slightly advanced second and slightly delayed third beats of the Viennese waltz (an effect that, when properly achieved, can appear to bounce a soprano off the stage floor with sheer exuberance), plus a mysterious, galvanic tension that is created by approaching a polka with deliberation and then letting it rush headlong into its normal rhythm. These things have remained a closed book to many an eminent maestro, and they have often been stunningly dealt with by maestros who are not eminent at all. The great Arturo Toscanini had no understanding of them whatever—a point that anybody can check by listening to his intense, Vesuvian recording of the "Blue Danube" waltz. The late Walter Damrosch, who was not an overwhelmingly eloquent interpreter of anything else, was a master of them. Of the more renowned conductors who have had the knack, I would name as the finest the late Erich Kleiber, and Erich Wolfgang Korngold, who conducted a truly memorable performance of "Fledermaus," under the title "Rosalinda," with the New Opera Company on Broadway about fifteen years ago.

When Mr. Rudolf Bing, during the first season of his tenure as general manager of the Metropolitan Opera, decided to revive "Fledermaus," he allotted the baton to Eugene Ormandy, probably on the assumption that Mr. Ormandy, being a Hungarian as well as an eminent maestro, would produce that combination of ebullience and schmalz that Hungarians are supposed to be good at. The performance was an engaging one for other reasons, main-



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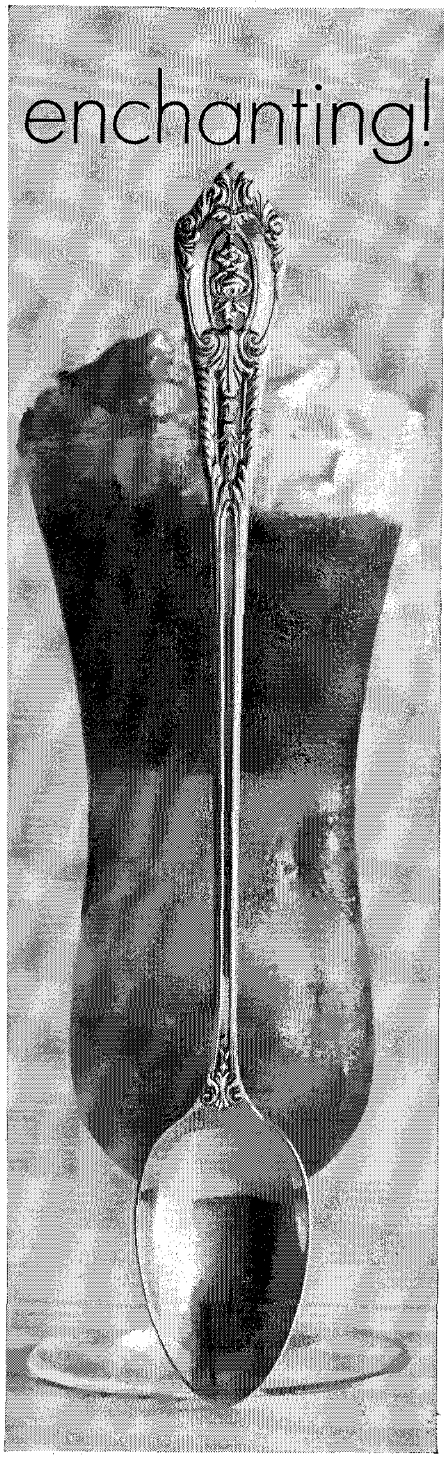

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ly the wonderfully uninhibited singing and acting of Ljuba Welitch as Rosalinda. Mr. Ormandy conducted it precisely, and with the staid rigor of a Presbyterian minister. It was not until a New Year's Eve performance a couple of years ago that Mr. Bing's "Fledermaus" really caught fire, and on this occasion the man in the pit was an obscure Hungarian named Tibor Kozma, who had emerged momentarily from whatever catacombs are assigned to those credited in the Metropolitan's programs with the "musical preparation," and who turned out to be a Johann Strauss conductor par excellence.

On Thursday evening of last week, the Metropolitan trotted out "Fledermaus" again, this time under the baton of Erich Leinsdorf, who is quite an eminent maestro in addition to being an authentic Viennese—a combination that certainly looked promising. But I am afraid that, again, the theories about eminence and national origin in relation to the exigencies of "Fledermaus" proved unreliable. Mr. Leinsdorf, who is a fastidious and highly expert opera conductor, presented a neat and polished reading of the score. But the sopranos didn't bounce, the distortions of rhythm didn't have the carefree, impetuous character they should have had, and, altogether, "Fledermaus" failed to get into the groove. I lay all this stress on conducting because, in the end, it is the conductor who makes or breaks any performance of this dear old operetta—who can give it an electric sheen or, on the other hand, turn out a merely well-tooled and smooth rendition of its melodies. The crucial importance of the man with the baton arises partly from the fact that Johann Strauss was primarily a writer of tunes, the best of which nearly all have an instrumental, rather than a vocal, character. He was not a composer of operas but a composer of dance music, and it is the rousing quality of his waltzing and pirouetting orchestra that make "Fledermaus" a masterpiece of its type. The tunes were there the other night, of course, and were done with sufficient verve to bring obvious happiness to a packed house. The cast—including Hilde Gueden, Roberta Peters, Theodor Uppman, Cesare Valletti, Blanche Thebom, and Frank Guarrera—was a good one, uniformly handsome in appearance and unusually gifted from the purely vocal point of view. There was a new ballet in the second act, remarkable chiefly for the brilliant dancing of Lupe Serrano and Jacques d'Amboise in the

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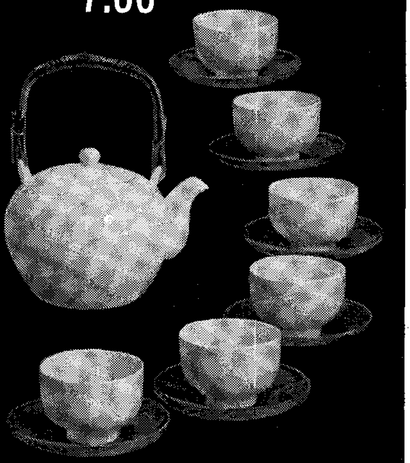

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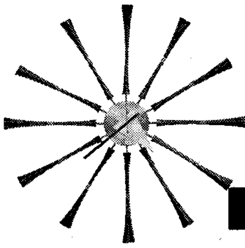

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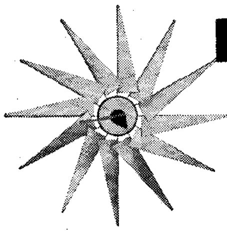

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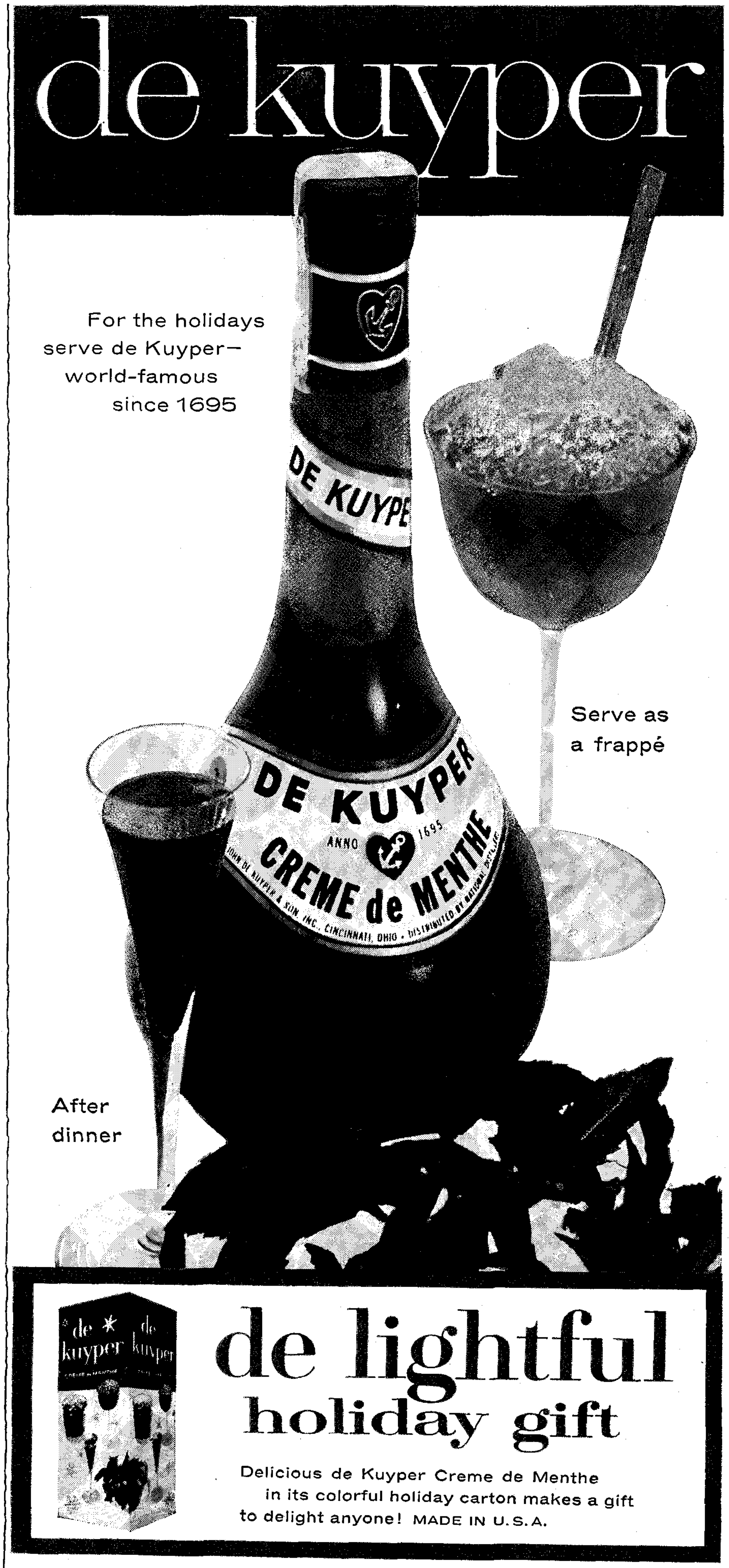
principal roles. Jack Gilford repeated his inimitable vaudeville act as the drunken jailer in the closing scene. In fact, everything that could have contributed to a really unforgettable "Fledermaus" was present except the catalytic agent that, on rare occasions, causes it all to crystallize.

ATTRACTED by the rave notices in the daily press that had greeted the first performance of Verdi's "Otello" at the Metropolitan, I attended the second one, expecting to hear something special. Perhaps the excitement generated by an opening night had inspired the cast to unusual efforts; at any rate, what I heard was the same old Metropolitan "Otello," with the cast that has been familiar since Renata Tebaldi's début several years ago. It was a fairly good but by no means overwhelming presentation of the grand work, which has often seemed to me the greatest of all the operas written during the nineteenth century. It is true that Mario Del Monaco, in the title role, introduced a few moments of relative calm to contrast with the strident trumpeting that he brings (rather agreeably) to the more heroic episodes in the opera, but I could find in his portrayal very little of the tenderness and emotional power that I expect from a truly great Otello. Miss Tebaldi sang throughout the evening with the lovely tone quality that she almost invariably produces, but her dramatic conception of the role of Desdemona—which seems to involve a lot of waving of the hands in the vicinity of her chin—was hardly an arresting one. Leonard Warren again provided his trustworthy, beautifully sung, but dramatically rather bumbling portrait of Iago, and Fausto Cleva conducted fluently but without the intensity and sense of climax that this most Ger-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manic of all Verdi operas demands. When it was over, I went home and played an old Victor recording of the opera that I keep as a sort of touchstone for this purpose. It is sung by Giovanni Martinelli, the greatest Otello I have ever heard; Helen Jepson, who, in her day, was a pretty good Desdemona; and Lawrence Tibbett, who at the time the recording was made was at the height of his dramatic and vocal powers, as Iago. The comparison, I am afraid, was fairly damaging to the Met's current version, though, to be sure, you can't expect to come across a cast comparable to that early one in just any old opera season.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ

The Devil and the Deep Blue Sea

WITH the exception of the bright, needling, occasionally even truculent work of Charlie Mingus, Thelonious Monk, Gil Evans, and John Lewis, most modern jazz swings aimlessly back and forth between a sloppy monotony and an Edwardian fastidiousness, and when both are heard at one sitting they sometimes have the frustrating effect of simply cancelling each other out, like double penalties. More often than not, the solos, engendered both by the practically limitless playing time of the L.P. and by an apparently compulsive garrulity, are far too long. At the same time, the soloists are frequently only Japanese-made imitations of their elders and betters. And muffling all, like a soundproof ceiling, are the still lingering fashion of cool playing, which forbids everything but the offhand and the oblique, and an overabundance of technique, which makes a good many modernists sound as if they were doing algebra out loud. The result is that emotion, the seat of all music, must be ceaselessly grappled for by the listener. It's cold work.

Much of the Edwardian approach was in evidence one evening a week or so ago in the McMillin Theatre, at Columbia, where the Gerry Mulligan quartet (Art Farmer, trumpet, Bill Crow, bass, and Dave Bailey, drums), augmented for part of the time by several ringers (Jerome Richardson, alto saxophone and flute, Jimmy Cleveland, trombone, and Jimmy Jones, piano), performed eighteen numbers with an indefatigable, highly polished deliberation. Largely because of Farmer, who is moving unerringly away from the muscle-bound aspects of bebop toward

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a precise and penetrating lyricism, this is the best of the various quartets Mulligan has had in the past four years. (Bailey, however, is unremittingly dull, a habit that is enthusiastically shared by most of his colleagues on the instrument.) Nonetheless, almost half of its numbers—such things as "Moonlight in Vermont," "Line for Lyons," "My Funny Valentine," and "Bernie's Tune"—were only slightly readjusted versions of the original quartet's repertory, while much of the sudsy romanticism that used to rise, now and then, to genuine lyricism was replaced by the staleness of too much practice. (This is particularly noticeable in Mulligan's playing. An offshoot of Lester Young and Charlie Parker, he is an extremely adept musician who, though he invariably plays with great energy, ends by issuing retreads of phrases that have already clocked a good many miles. And now missing are the selectivity of notes and the sense of dynamics that once produced a rather touching eloquence.) Just after the intermission, Richardson, Cleveland, and Jones joined the others, music stands were hauled out, and the enlarged group swelled smoothly through five selections by Johnny Mandel taken from the sound track of the motion picture "I Want to Live." It was West Coast jazz—pleasant, fragmentary melodies, stagy ensembles, filler solos—at its most vacuous. The quartet returned for three numbers, and in a brisk reworking of the "Bugle Call Rag," titled "Blueport," in which Mulligan and Farmer traded a complex series of six-bar breaks (Farmer, in particular, playing with a brilliantly controlled steam), it seemed, at last, as if the group were about to disclose its closest secrets.

THE first of two concerts held last Friday at Town Hall, and displaying the Jimmy Giuffre 3, Mulligan, the Thelonious Monk quartet, and Miles Davis's sextet, was a classic demonstration of the cancelling-out process. Giuffre's trio (the leader on tenor saxophone and clarinet, Jim Hall on guitar, and Bob Brookmeyer on valve trombone) opened the evening with a delightful, limber blues that, in contrast to his usual creations, which sometimes resemble inner monologues recited simultaneously by three people, consisted of simple opening and closing ensembles and long, fervent solos. After delivering some soft, crackling figures behind Giuffre, Brookmeyer slid into a couple of choruses of half-valved sounds and husky glissandi that recalled

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the old Dickie Wells. It was a stirring solo. Giuffre took off on the clarinet in the next number, "Stella by Starlight," and, abandoning his customary lower register, where he tends to snuffle moodily around like a truffle hog, stepped all over his keys with a cheering agility. But then the freeze set in. Giuffre's final numbers reverted to his studied manner, and this was carried forward by Mulligan's eight selections, more than half of them again given over to the sound-track music (played, once more, by a larger group), which, perhaps because of the acoustics of the hall, sounded far fleshier than it had a week earlier. Then, for three brief numbers, Monk's group, with Charlie Rouse on tenor saxophone, Ahmed Abdul-Malik on bass, and Roy Haynes on drums, burst through. Monk's work, especially in "In Walked Bud," an up-tempo composition, was a memorable concatenation of bodily movements (slapping, dancing feet; poking, partially extended fingers that suggested a doctor prodding a nerveless patient; violent swaying motions that nearly pitched him into the instrument) and dissonant, delayed-action figures, thudded out, again and again, in the high registers, with slight rhythmic and harmonic variations, through almost an entire chorus, as if, by God, he would get it right yet, which, of course, he did. Davis's group, which includes John Coltrane, tenor saxophone, and Julian Adderley, alto saxophone, followed, and, in the space of just three selections, unravelled steadily (Coltrane's grapeshot runs, Davis's repeated attempts to squeeze into the upper register, Adderley's flooding ruminations) until, in a fast number called "Billy Boy," played by Davis's pianist and bassist and the drummer Philly Joe Jones, everything fell apart, and the concert, cancelled out, ended by vanishing into thin air. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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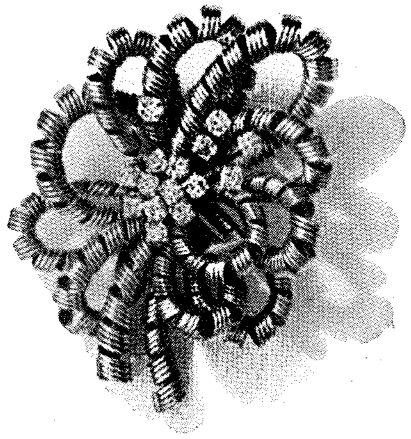
> If the money-takers were judges, we might have them impeached. If they were lawyers they might be disbarred. If they were ministers, they might be defrocked. Unfortunately, in my line of work there's no machinery to discipline unethical conduct. juice; simmer until soft; strain if you want. Stir in sugar and cornstarch made into a paste. Cook until smooth and slightly thickened. Add butter and crushed pineapple.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

It's *still* unethical.



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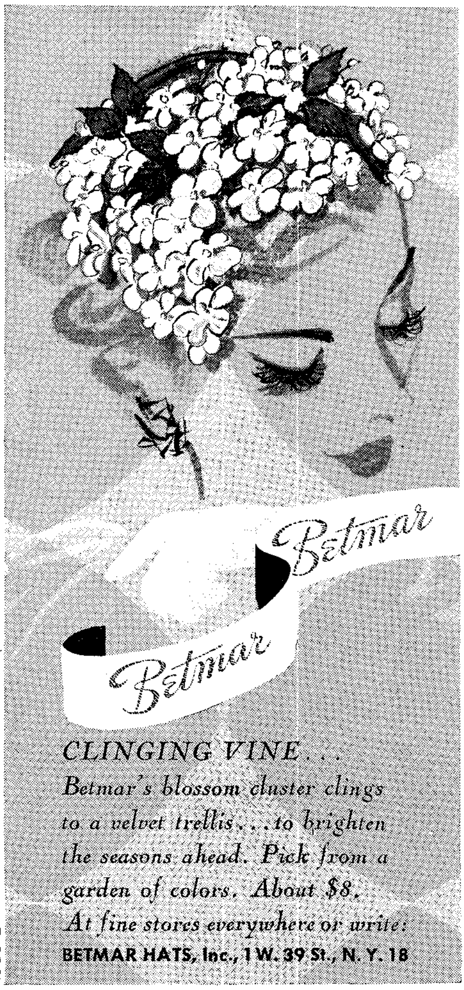

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FOOTBALL

Cold Comfort

THANKSGIVING weekend in Philadelphia reminded the old-timers, who grow garrulous as the season grows elderly, of George Washington's Christmas in Valley Forge. It was weather in which hot potatoes would have been gladly accepted by any of the participating performers; footballs, which are unfortunately always at room temperature, were dropping by the dozen from frozen fingers. Nevertheless, it was do or die for Cornell, which played Penn on Thanksgiving Day, and for Army, which played Navy two days later, because graduation time in the spring will remove so many reliable men. Next fall, Cornell will have to do not only without Skypeck, who at times resembled a historic quarterback, but without such useful backfield men as Hazzard, Wilson, Webster, and Bogar, not to mention Juvonen, a remarkably efficient pass-catching end, and six other linemen. Army's backfield will be without Dawkins and Walters, and its line will be without five of the men who started against Navy. All these citizens did well enough last week—Cornell 19, Penn 7, and Army 22, Navy 6.

Another thing the old-timers—especially those who could get their hands on a network microphone—were saying was that in a classic game anything can happen, and usually does. (A classic game is any game that ends a season; anything is anything.) But though Penn and Navy, both of which sustained severe personnel damage this fall, put up a stubborn argument (Penn pulled up to a 7–7 tie in the second quarter, and Navy was ahead until thirty-five seconds before the second quarter ended), anything never happened. Aside from Coffin, who galloped around the Cornell ends with speed and precision, the best team Penn has produced in half a dozen years didn't have enough skill or manpower to cope with Cornell. Navy was more dogged about going down to defeat. Throwing caution to the winds, which had blown themselves up into a thirty-knot gale by Saturday, it deployed into many an unorthodox formation and maneuver, and often, in a tight spot on fourth down, it chose to run rather than punt. In fact, Navy punted only four times all afternoon, and Army only

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twice. It was that kind of game, or that kind of classic. Just once did Navy's nerve falter. The team had been moving well, but it was fourth down and a yard to go. Though Army was barely ahead, 7–6, Navy punted instead of running, and Army, gathering in the ball, edged its way to another touchdown. Now Army led, 14–6, and Navy, regaining its nerve, threw a risky sort of pass, and a badly misdirected one. Usry, a relative beginner on the Army squad, snaffled it and ran thirty-eight yards for still another touchdown. It looked like a case of damning the wrong torpedo.

FINNEY of Brown, who, if consistency is still a virtue, was the Ivy League's best quarterback this year, finished up his career on Thanksgiving Day by doing more than anyone else to beat Colgate, 28–6. Gundy of Dartmouth, who was close, and at times equal, to Finney as a quarterback, finished up his season by doing more than anyone else to beat Princeton, 21–12, the weekend before. This gave Dartmouth an Ivy League championship after a wait of two decades. That same weekend, Ravenel of Harvard, who in a year or so may be the Ivy League's best quarterback, did more than anyone else to beat Yale, 28–0. Gundy and Ravenel will be around again next fall, and so will Sachs of Princeton, a back who spent as much time this season on the health farm as, say, Penn's Doelling, Cornell's Hazzard, or Navy's Reifsnyder. (Doelling filled in now and then against Cornell, but Hazzard, though captain of his team, didn't play at all against Penn, and Reifsnyder, though captain of *his* team, put in far less than a full afternoon against Army.) Sachs hadn't performed for a month when he walked onfield in the middle of the Princeton-Dartmouth match. Tiley, the Princeton captain, feinted to his left just before the ball went to Sachs, who moved to his right and, an autumn leaf whirling downwind, danced seventy yards through the Dartmouth team. He picked himself up, tapped the Dartmouth right guard for one yard, then slammed a nine-yard pass over the line for Princeton's first touchdown. It was one of the neatest comebacks in history. —J. W. L.

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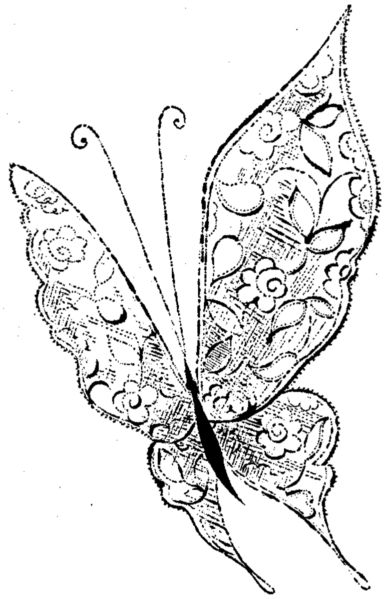
THE JOURNALISTIC LIFE

[*Bob Considine in the Los Angeles Herald-Express*]

The Pope's kid brother, 75-year-old Saverio Roncalli, gave me a bottle of red wine the other day in Italy.



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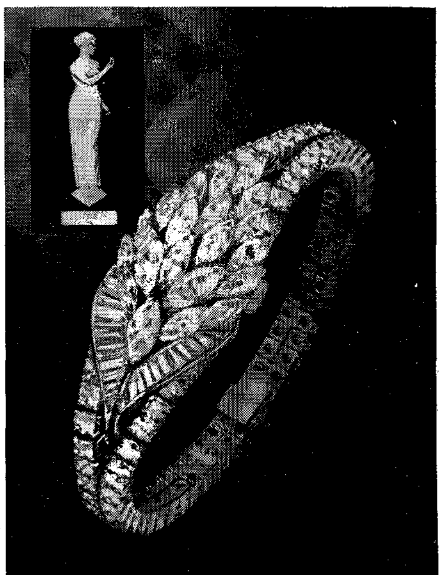

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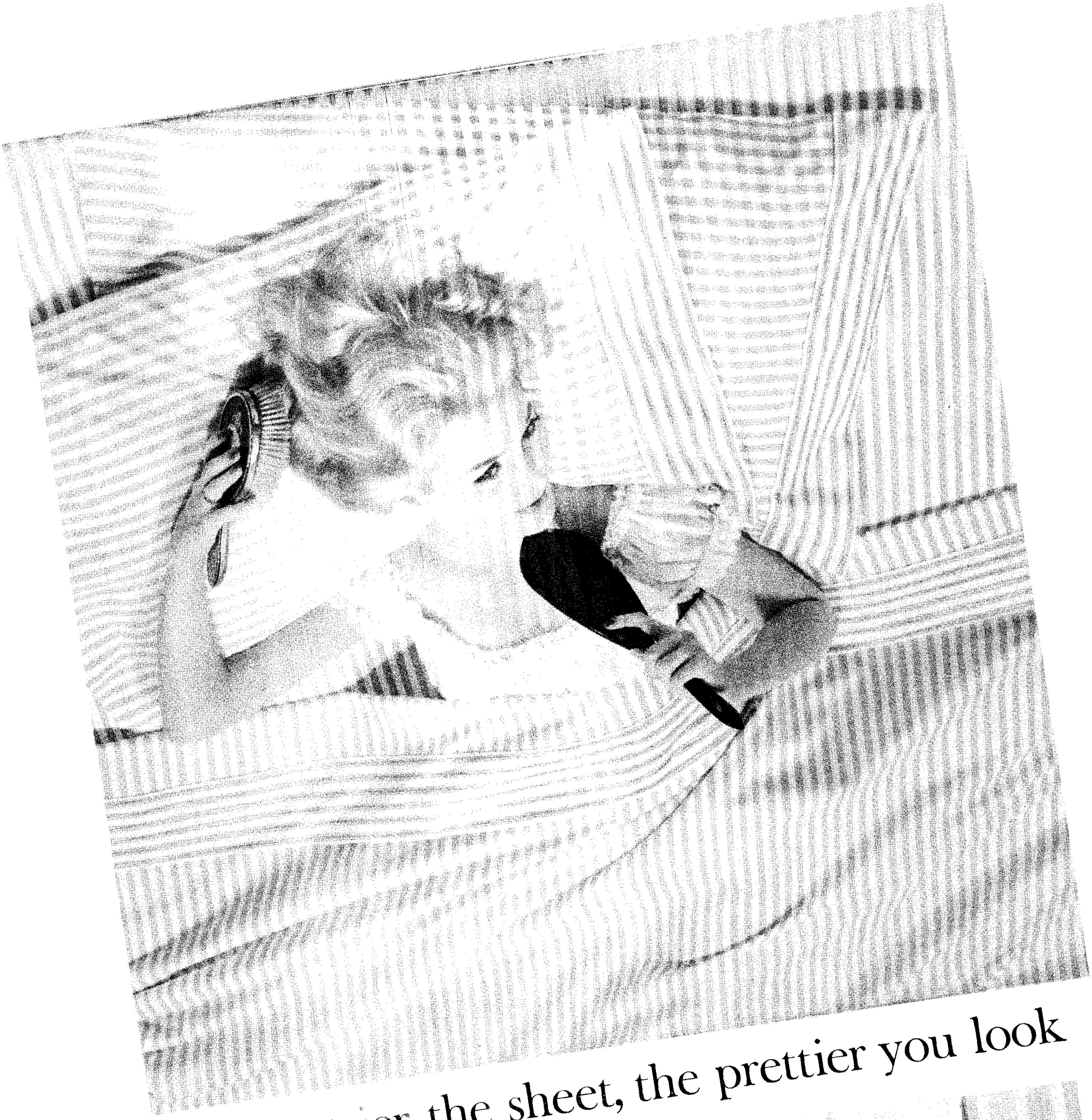

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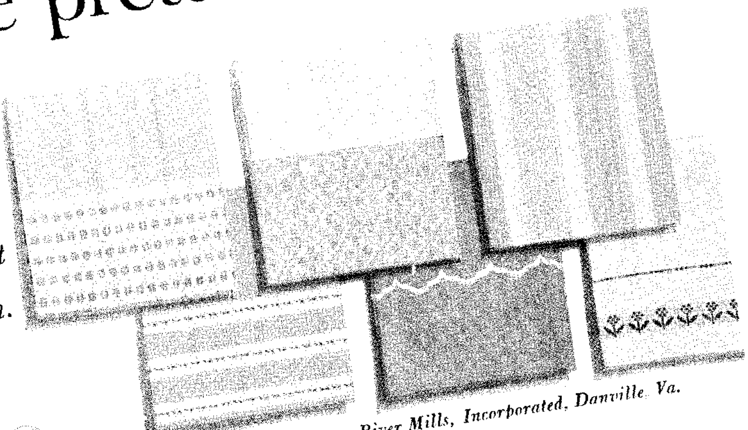

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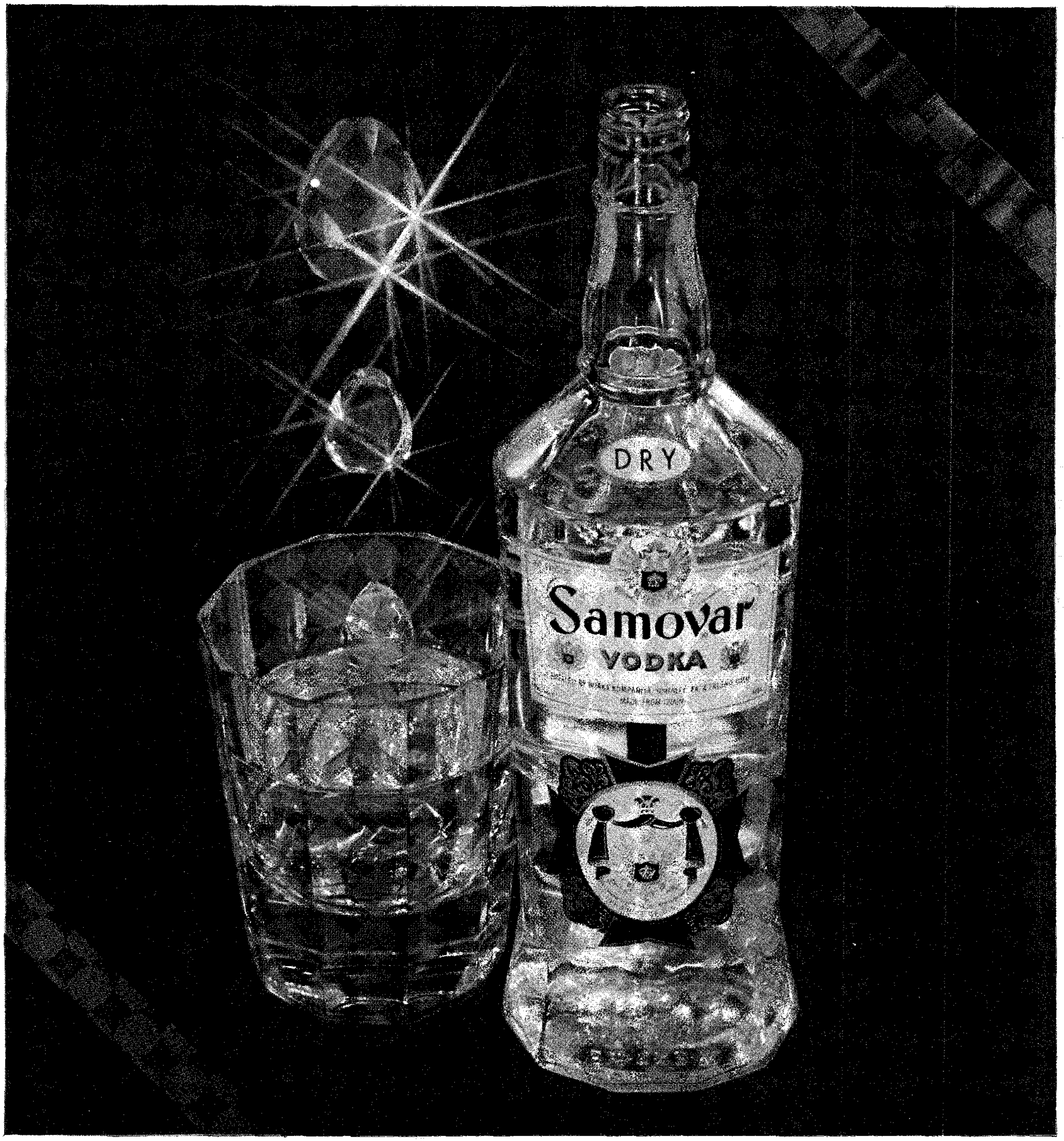

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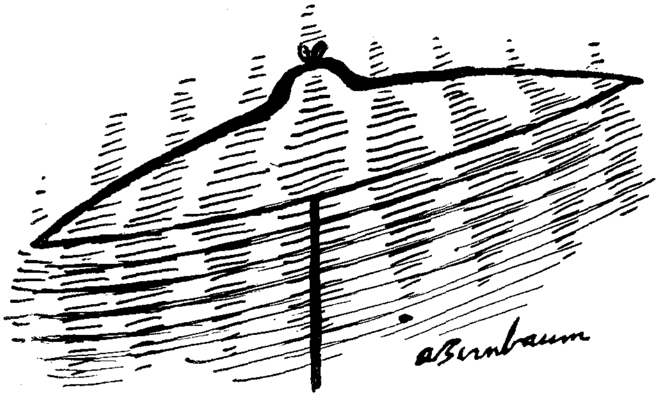

IN the world of music, the name Zildjian has come to be practically synonymous, as advertising people put it, with the word "cymbal." In a way, it *is* synonymous; "*zil*" is the Turkish word for cymbal, "*ji*" is a Turkish suffix meaning "maker," and "*ian*" is an Armenian suffix meaning "son of." Zildjians, a family of Armenian extraction, have been making cymbals for the past three hundred and thirty-five years, most of that time in Constantinople, but since 1929 in Quincy, Massachusetts, a Boston suburb that has become the cymbalists' Aetna. Cymbals have been enjoying increasing orchestral status in recent years, and the forges of the Zildjian factory account for perhaps ninety per cent of the world's annual output of them. The Zildjians attribute their preëminence in the craft of cymbal-making to a metal-casting formula that was discovered in 1623 by Avedis Zildjian, an alchemist living in Constantinople, and that has been kept a family secret ever since, possibly because it has been passed along only to male descendants of the line—orally, since it has never been written down. The formula is now securely locked in the heads of the present Vulcan of the clan, a latter-day Avedis Zildjian, and his two sons, Armand and Robert, who, with the aid of twenty employees, turn out several hundred hand-tooled cymbals a week. About ten per cent of the output is shipped overseas; the rest goes to dealers in the United States, which has become the most cymbal-minded nation on the globe. In addition to the fifteen thousand professional practitioners—dance-band and jazz drummers, and symphonic percussionists—registered with the American Federation of Musicians, there are countless amateur cymbal-whangers in marching societies, civic musical organizations, informal student ensembles, and some sixty thousand high-school and college bands and orchestras. American cymbalists are a highly charged breed generally, and many of them are so dedicated to their art that they make pilgrimages to the Quincy factory. They seldom get beyond the outer office—security is tight at the Zildjian works—but just being within earshot of the hundreds of clangorous new instruments that are constantly being tested around the place seems to be its own reward, and the trip is regarded as a really towering success if, as often happens, they get a chance to talk shop with visiting fellow-percussionists from the Vienna Philharmonic, the Garde Républicaine, the Amsterdam Concertegebouw, the Irish Guards, Mantovani's orchestra, or some other touring musical aggregation from abroad.

Most cymbalists demonstrably prefer Zildjian instruments, and some claim that the best of these are pre-1929 in vintage, made while the concern was still located in Turkey. It is a contention that the present Zildjians can hardly refute, for there is an old family maxim that a cymbal, like brandy in the keg, improves with age. No one denies, however, that a cymbal of any age will break down if treated harshly enough. Stan Levey, formerly the drummer with the phrenetic Stan Kenton band, used to report cracked cymbals regularly from various sections of the country, and the Zildjians were frankly not sorry when he went into a quieter line of work, drumming with small jazz combinations. In general, though, the Zildjians feel that, with proper care and treatment, the cymbals they are manufacturing today should last a cymbalist's lifetime, aging gracefully all the while.

SOME time ago, I chanced to make the acquaintance of Robert Zildjian, who is sales manager of the firm and spends a fair amount of his time in New York and other hotbeds of percussion, studying the needs of drummers and of the stores they patronize, and also keeping on the *qui vive* for cymbal-playing trends, particularly in modern jazz, a field that has given the exotic old instruments some unusual new functions in addition to their traditional one of punctuation. He proposed that I come up to Quincy and see the shop sometime. A few weeks later, I took him up on his offer.

The Zildjian factory is a modern, one-story, T-shaped brick building, about the size of a large auto-repair shop, surrounded by trimly landscaped grounds that cover the better part of a choice corner acre in a neighborhood of small industrial plants, just across the Neponset River from Boston. Above its main entrance, which leads into a small, narrow shipping room, is a sign reading, "AVEDIS ZILDJIAN COMPANY—CYMBALS SINCE 1623." These particular cymbal-makers, I discovered, begin work early. My appointment with Robert Zildjian was for eight o'clock, and no sooner had I—punctual but still drowsy—stepped through the door into the shipping room than I was greeted by a protracted salvo of drumstick on metal that almost drove me back outside. There is nothing quite like a good rousing shot of cymbal music to clear those morning cobwebs out of the head. The drumstick was being wielded by a chunky, limber, dark-haired chap in his mid-thirties, wearing a striped work apron over street clothes, who was seated at a table at the far end of the room, next to a set of shelves on which stood stack after stack of gleaming cymbals. Nearby sat a younger man, working a contraption that I'd seen in many dance bands—two cymbals, mounted one over the other on a metal-rod stand and smacked together by means of a pedal. The first man gave me a friendly wave with his drumstick, put aside the cymbal he had been lambasting, and picked up another, which he balanced on the tip of his forefinger and then banged with an extremely rapid beat of the drumstick, all the while cocking an ear close to its edge, as if he were a jeweller listening for the tick of a wristwatch. Meanwhile, his partner replaced the top cymbal in the pair he was testing and started pedalling out a series of crashes.

This tattoo was interrupted by the emergence of Robert Zildjian from an adjoining office. Dressed in his usual business attire—slacks and a sports jacket—he came forward to greet me

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with his characteristic weight-on-the-balls-of-the-feet stride, and introduced me all around. The man in the striped apron was his brother Armand (I had already guessed as much; although Robert is younger—thirty-five to Armand's thirty-seven—leaner, and a bit less relaxed, both brothers have the same faintly Middle Eastern features, the same ready smile, and the same breezy manner), and the other man was Robert Goldstone. Armand, I learned, is the company's production manager and chief cymbal tester; Goldstone is an associate tester. Armand explained that Goldstone had been trying to match up a well-coördinated pair of cymbals called hi-hats, and that he had been testing individual "ride" cymbals. "Both are jazz and dance-band types," he said. "We make seven other varieties in that line—bops, crashes, splashes, swishes, crash-rides, flanged hi-hats, and sizzles."

"All pretty self-descriptive, I'd say," Robert observed.

I asked Armand what it was that he had been listening for so intently. "Ping," he replied without hesitation. "Ride cymbals are used mostly to carry a sustained beat—ting-a-ting, ting-a-ting, ting-a-ting. What I mean is they have to have a clear ping with a minimum of overtones, so you can hear the definition of each stroke. Ping is especially important in small-combo work, which is what most jazz is these days. Here. Compare the pings." He picked up a cymbal from his discard pile and played some fast figures on it with his drumstick. Then he did the same thing on a cymbal that had qualified. The second *did* sound a shade less blurry—and, I guess, a little more pingy—than the first. The two cymbals also seemed to me to be of distinctly different pitch, and I mentioned this.

"Oh, cymbals are the one kind of instrument that *doesn't* have positive pitch," said Robert. "Instead, they have a rough *dominant* pitch, which we loosely classify as high, medium, or low. What with differences in pitch and wide variations in response—the speed with which they reach full vibration—cymbals are something like fingerprints. No two of them ever sound alike. At least, no two *Zildjian* cymbals sound alike, I'm proud to say. Contrast is all-important in matching up pairs of cymbals, whether hi-hats or the hand models used in symphony orchestras and marching bands. What cymbalists demand is the perfect marriage—a pair of plates that combine to give them exactly the right blend of over-

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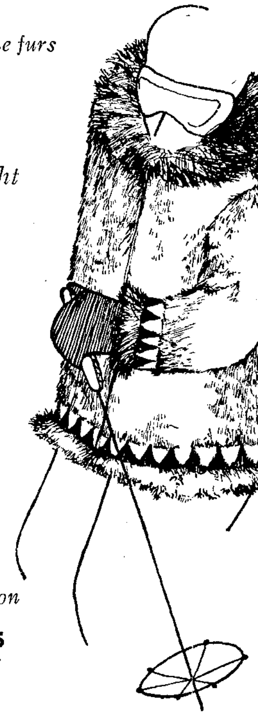

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tones. Weight in proportion to diameter largely governs dominant pitch and response in a cymbal. The thinner it is, the faster it will speak and, as a general rule, the lower the pitch. Another thing about cymbals—top-quality cymbals, at any rate—is that they produce virtually all the notes in the scale, or their harmonics, even though they can't be tuned to a specific note, like C, D, or B-flat. As a matter of fact, if any single note does dominate a cymbal's tone, it's obviously an inferior instrument."

Just then, Goldstone began stomping on the pedal of his hi-hat stand again, and the rest of us necessarily paused to listen. In quick succession, he tried perhaps a dozen combinations of cymbals before he got the right one. At the very first clash of *that* pair, though, both he and Armand nodded their heads in instant approval, and Goldstone, after giving the successful candidate a final test with a drumstick, removed the perfectly married pair from the stand, tied them together with a piece of string pulled through the hole in their centers, and stowed them away on a shelf.

I asked Armand what the winning combination had that the others lacked, and this time he was forced to grope for an answer. At last, he shrugged and replied, "Like Bob said, it was just the right blend of overtones, that's all. Another thing, they gave a good solid chick. You have to have that in a hi-hat clash—*chick*-a-ting, *chick*-a-ting. It's how the rest of the band know they're in time. By the way, there's nothing wrong with those other hi-hats. It's just that—well, their overtones didn't blend. We'll find mates for them eventually. Some of these ride cymbals could stand a little more aging, though." Armand began to restack a batch of the ride cymbals that apparently had failed to pass the ping test, and Robert said to me, "I told Dad you were coming, and I think he ought to show you around the place. He's outside somewhere or maybe back in the shop"—he nodded toward a closed door marked both "No Admittance" and "Positively No Admittance"—"so why don't we wait for him in my office?"

Once in his office, Robert shut the door to keep out the noise and said to me, "Armand has a great ear, you know. Very often, a jazz drummer will come around to pick out his own cymbals, but after trying three or four he'll go tone-deaf and decide to leave the choice to Armand. He's a pretty fair drummer, too. I never took to it

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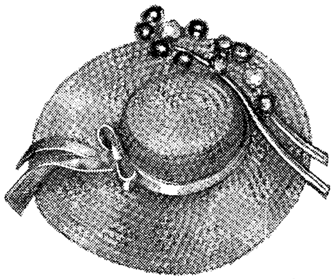

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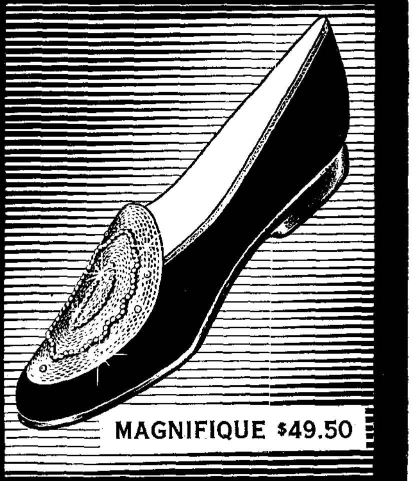

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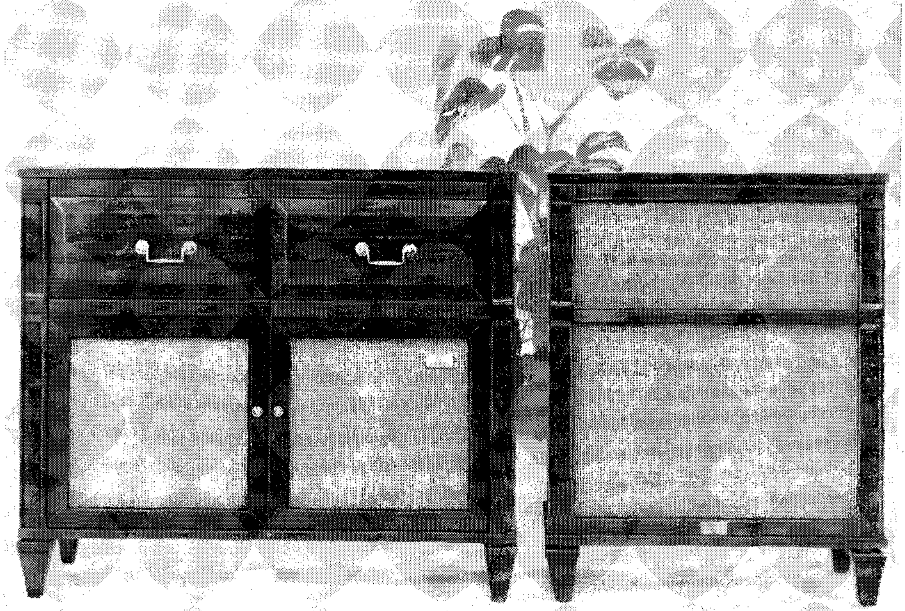
myself; I play a bass fiddle for my own amusement. Armand *should* be good, though. He had some terrific teachers. Every time one of the big swing bands hit Boston, the drummer would drop in at our house. Gene Krupa, Ray McKinley, Ray Bauduc—guys like that. And they'd usually bring some other musicians along. Armand had a drum setup down in the rumpus room, and, man, I can tell you we got in on some fine private jam sessions! A real ball for us kids. Krupa in particular, and Chick Webb before him, were the ones who revolutionized jazz cymbal playing, although Sonny Greer, who's always been in a class by himself, was doing interesting things with cymbals for Ellington way back in the twenties. In those days, though, before the swing era hit its stride, jazz outfits used band and concert cymbals—there weren't any others. Band cymbals are designed primarily for two-handed clashes, and, to give them volume, we make them on the heavy side. There are only a few basic models, and except for differences in diameter they all have pretty much the same shape." Robert picked up a band cymbal that was lying on a nearby desk. "See, they've got shallower bells [he pointed to the cuplike center] and flatter bows [he indicated the curved surface running from bell to edge] than the jazz types, although both have these tonal ridges [he ran a fingernail across the concentric striations on the outer surface], which emphasize the sympathetic vibrations. It was from Krupa that my father got the idea of developing a line of cymbals just for jazz. Hi-hats, for one example, and sizzles, for another—cymbals fitted with loose rivets and used mainly for brush work. Jazz began to need thinner, lighter-toned cymbals, too. Some of our crashes are only a fortieth of an inch thick. With refinements like these, swing drummers like Jo Jones, Dave Tough, Buddy Rich, and the others I mentioned were able to bring cymbals *into* the band, whereas before they were used mainly just to pinpoint the beat of a bass drum or provide some occasional noise. Those boys began to *set* the beat with cymbals, and even work figures on them. Of course, the rock 'n' rollers, with their one-track beat, might have put us right back into the twenties again, selling nothing but heavy band cymbals, but the new combo men—guys like Shelly Manne, Max Roach, Joe Morello, Chico Hamilton, and Connie Kaye—have offset that trend. They're real artists on cymbals. They can actually make a musical



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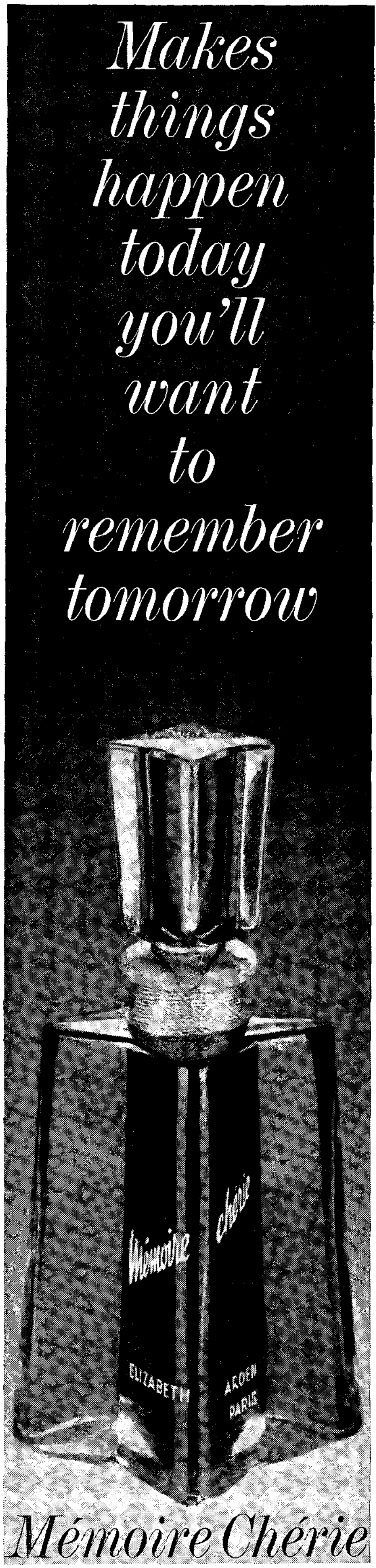

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picture with a set of them. Anyway, one thing's for sure—they're a far cry from the Corybantes."

Robert paused for effect—and got it, in my look of puzzlement. Then he laughed and said, "I'm kind of a frustrated historian. I've even roughed out a paper on the cymballic view of history. If you have the time, I'll give you a rundown on it." I said I did indeed have the time.

Cymbals, Robert said, belong to the most primitive autophonic order of instruments—one that includes dancing sticks, or "bones," which are struck together to provide a beat; clappers; and castanets. Their invention, however, naturally had to await the arrival of the Bronze Age, and they probably made their first appearance somewhere in the Middle East, where the earliest examples are presumed to have been finger cymbals—tiny metal discs, played like castanets—and acetabula, or vinegar cups, which were also attached to the fingers. (The Zildjians, Robert remarked in an aside, occasionally make, on order, such curiosa as two-inch finger cymbals, metal castanets, and adaptations, known as "crotales," of ancient butterplate-shaped instruments that are the only cymbals with definite pitch and thus capable of producing the clear individual notes called for in a few rare concert scores, among them the "Queen Mab" Scherzo from Berlioz' "Romeo and Juliet.") As the metal-working artisans of the Bronze Age improved their techniques, he went on, they began to make larger, more resonant cymbals, and these, as far as is known, were first used extensively in the orgiastic religious rites of the Assyrians, Babylonians, and Phrygians, the last a historically misty people of European origin who settled in central Asia Minor in about 1200 B.C., and who were spirited worshippers of Cybele, the goddess of fertility. To stir up Cybele's female supplicants on ceremonial occasions, priests—called Corybantes—would clash cymbals together, evidently to impressive effect. A good many of the cult's practices were later enthusiastically adopted by the Greeks (the word "cymbal" derives from the Greek "*kymbos*," meaning "hollow vessel" or "basin") for the raucous rites of Dionysus, and Cybele also enjoyed quite a revival among the Romans, who were early cymbal-fanciers, too, as were the Egyptians. On view in a museum at Pompeii is an elaborate array of cymbals, from finger sets to sixteen-inch discs, recovered from the ruins of Pompeii, and the British Museum has a pair

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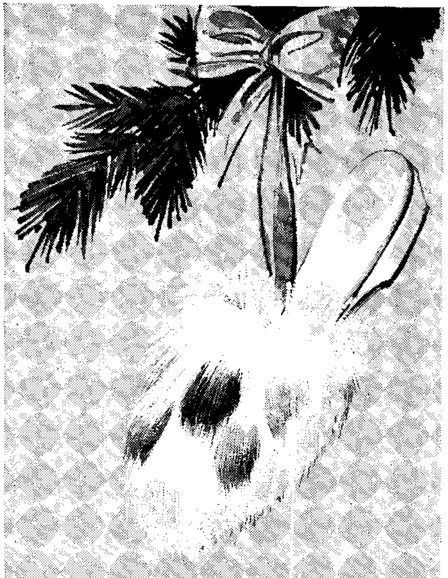

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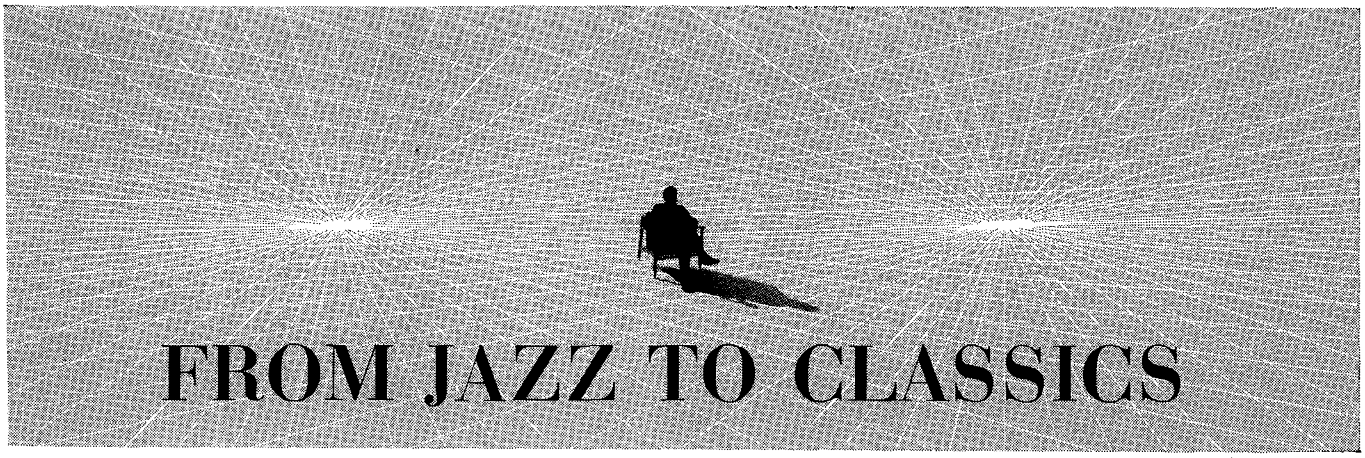

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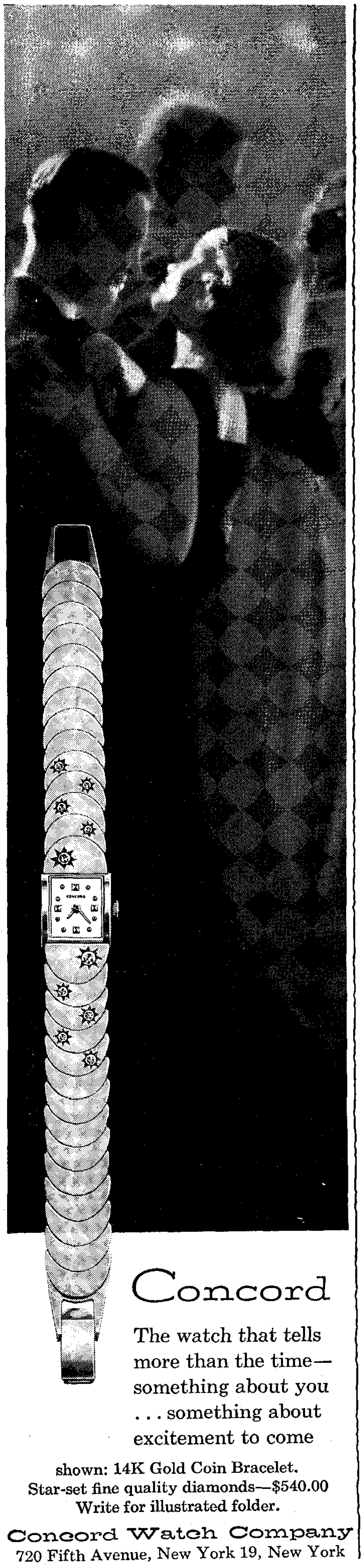

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of five-inch ones taken from the tomb of an ancient Egyptian priest; all of these instruments are in remarkably good repair, if perhaps not exactly Levey-proof.

Cymbals in those early times, Robert continued, were respected not only for their contribution to pagan rites but for their emotional shock value on the battlefield, and they also served military leaders as a primitive version of the walkie-talkie. Asiatic armies—especially those of the Persians, the Turks, and the Chinese—used cymbals either to terrify the enemy or to direct troop movements, or both, and the Chinese still employ them, as American soldiers in Korea were frequently unnerved to discover. The ancient Hebrews used cymbals on solemn ceremonial occasions, such as the dedication of the walls of Jerusalem, and the instruments were later incorporated into the rites of Eastern Christian churches, as punctuation for chants and alleluias. Western Christianity never had any use for them, however, probably because of their association with the infidel menace and the apostate schisms of the East, but just possibly because of the bad name hung on them by St. Paul in I Corinthians 13: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." (St. Paul would seem to have had either a poor translator or a poor ear, for while cymbals ring, ping, ting, ding, clang, bang, hiss, sizzle, and swish, they most certainly do not do anything as measly as tinkle, a sound more properly identified with glasses and sleigh bells.) Anyway, Robert went on, as a concomitant to Christian religious services, the cymbal has survived most notably in those of the Eastern-rite Armenian sect, to which the majority of churchgoing Armenian-Americans belong. There is hardly an Armenian church in this country that does not reverberate on Sunday mornings with the stirring overtones of a pair of Zildjian cymbals donated by the family. The family considers this arrangement simply the return of a favor, since for the Zildjians' first two hundred years of business the Armenian church was one of their two most important customers. The other was the Turkish military, whose rousing Janizary bands, with their heavy emphasis on percussion, made a lasting impression on Western music—from Mozart's "Turkish March" to the clangor of a Shriners' parade—but to whom the Zildjians don't feel they owe any free cymbals after what the Turks did to the

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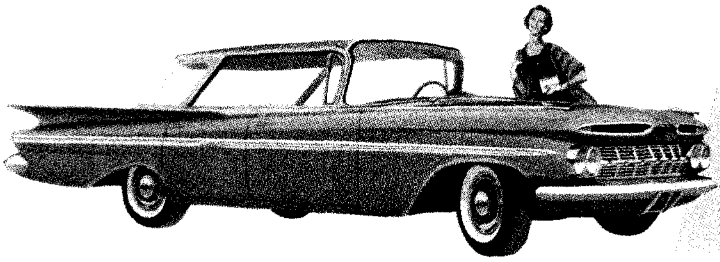

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Armenians back in the days of Musa Dagh.

"Still interested?" Robert asked.

I assured him that I was, and congratulated him on a nice feeling for historical perspective. He looked pleased but a little rueful.

"To tell the truth," he said, "that's what I really wanted to be—a historian. In fact, not to blow my own horn, there was a professor of history up at Dartmouth, where I went to school before the war, who took it pretty hard when I went into the business. I was a kind of protégé of his. He wanted me to teach history, and so did I." He swept an arm around the office, on whose walls hung two large oil paintings—one of the Mosque of St. Sophia, in Istanbul, and the other of a rather doleful-looking, baldish Middle Easterner, clearly his father, in a dark business suit—and said, "Oh, I knew I'd have to face up to this sooner or later. The business was growing so fast that it obviously couldn't be managed by just one of us. You see, besides running the shop and selling cymbals, we men in the family are bound by tradition to mix the formula personally, and that takes a good deal of time. Even so, come the end of the war, I just didn't want to face up to it. I hung around Europe for something like a year afterward, putting off the inevitable. I knew I didn't really have any choice in the matter. The business had to be kept in hand, Dad was getting on, and—well, he and Armand and I were interdependent, that's all."

I remarked, by way of consolation, that many imaginative young men had felt obliged to enter far less interesting family businesses.

"Oh, I realize that," he said quickly. "That's the one big compensation—that, and the fact that making cymbals has given us a pretty good living. We all have very nice homes—my folks right here in Quincy and Armand on Hingham Bay. Mine is way out in the country—something my father can't understand at all. But I suppose what I objected to as much as anything was the idea of no choice—of automatically *having* to go into the business. That's

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a European or Asian concept. It's not the way things should be in America."

I asked Robert what he supposed would happen to the tradition in the future, and he looked very thoughtful.

"Well, Armand has a son, and my wife and I had our first child about a year ago, and it's a boy," he said. "So there should be no lack of heirs, although we gave my father some anxious years for a while. But I think we both feel we'll leave it up to the next generation. If music is still as interesting as it is now, I hope they'll go into it, but who knows? Maybe everything will be rock 'n' roll and Hindemith by then." He shrugged, then produced a smile. "In any case, I've made my own peace with the tradition," he said. "And it's really some tradition."

The seventeenth-century Avedis Zildjian who discovered the formula, he said, was probably the one who established the family rule of succession, whereby—until the present dually responsible generation—the secret of the formula and the obligation to head the business have been handed on to the oldest male Zildjian in the direct line of descent. The Zildjians' shop in Constantinople remained a modest, if locally renowned, enterprise from the time of the first Avedis until the middle of the nineteenth century, when another live wire named Avedis, a great-grandfather of Armand and Robert, fell heir to it. European composers and conductors were just beginning to take cymbals seriously about then, although Nicolaus Strungk had used cymbals for exotic effects in his opera "Esther" as early as 1680, and the revolutionary composer Gluck boldly wrote a cymbal part into the score of his "Iphigenia in Tauris," finished in 1778. By the middle of the nineteenth century, such percussion-minded composers as Wagner and Berlioz had made cymbalists permanent fixtures in symphony orchestras. Astutely discerning this trend from distant Constantinople, the nineteenth-century Avedis began displaying his family's venerable product at musical trade fairs and international exhibitions throughout Europe, with considerable success. Upon his death, in 1865, he was succeeded by his brother Kerope, since his own sons were not old enough to take over. Kerope, while not the innovator Avedis had been, kept the shop running smoothly enough for the next forty years to give the name Zildjian an international reputation for excellence among percussionists and instrument dealers.

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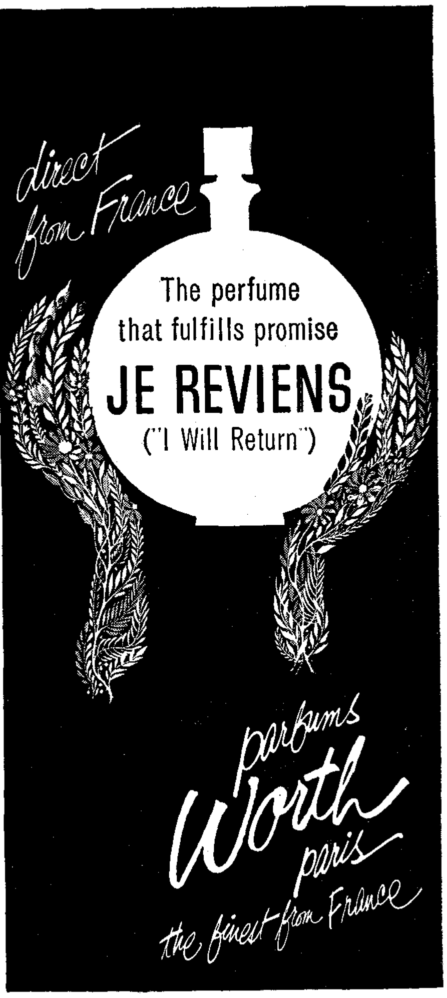

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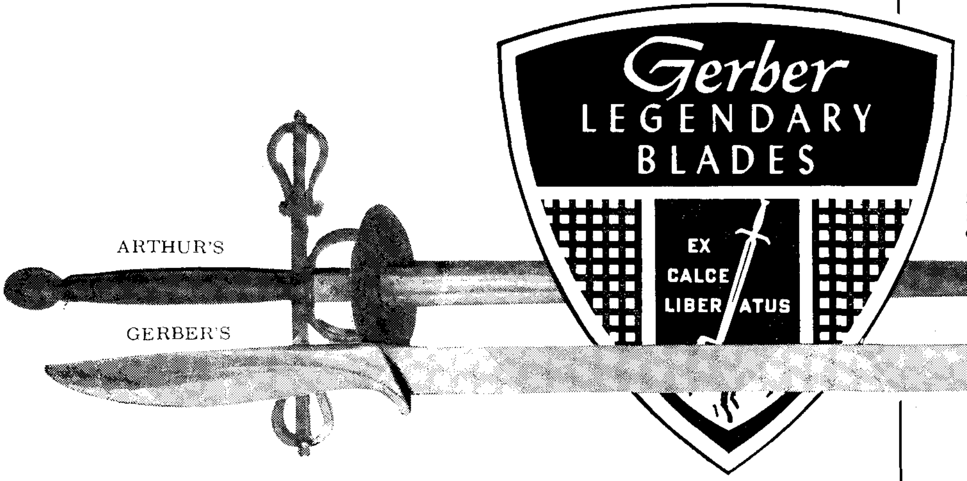

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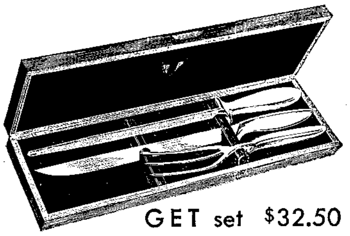

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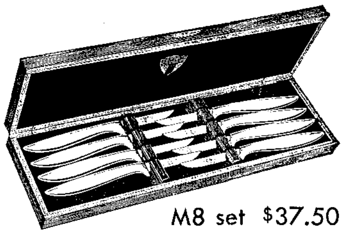

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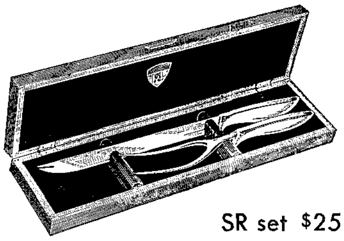

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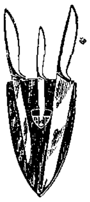

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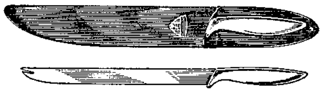

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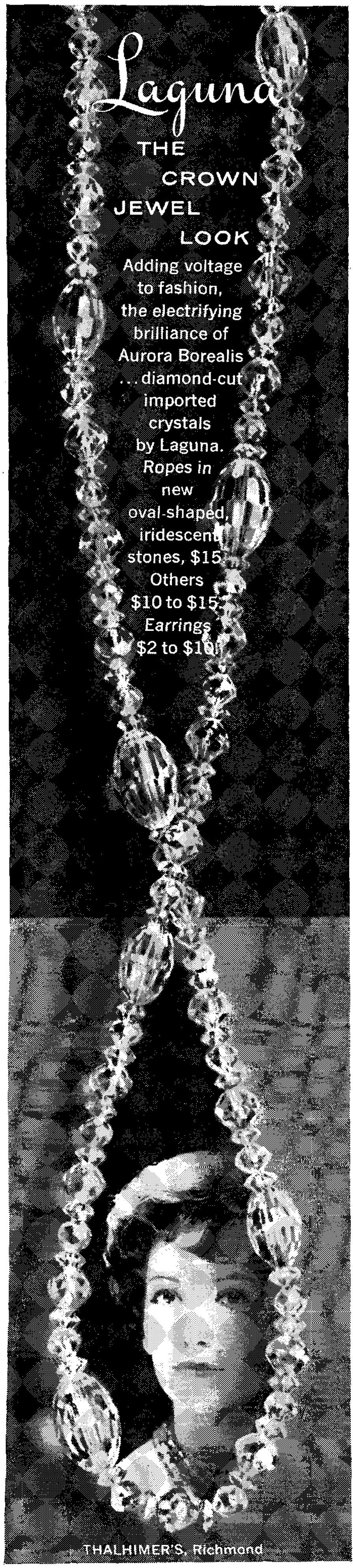
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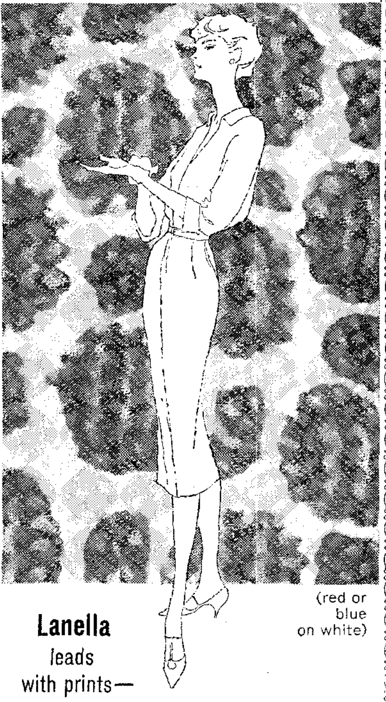
fore Kerope died, in 1909," Robert said. "The heir-designate was my grandfather Haroutian, but it didn't look as if he'd have much time for cymbal-making. In his youth, he'd gone into law and politics, as a lot of Constantinople Armenians had done for generations, and he'd risen to become Attorney General of European Turkey. Fortunately, he had a younger brother, Aram, who was available, so Kerope passed the secret along to him. With Aram, though, the Constantinople phase of the business came to a temporary halt. Only a few months after he took over, he was living as an exile in Bucharest, with a price of fifty thousand Turkish lire, or about a quarter of a million American dollars, on his head."

Startled by this dramatic turn of events in an otherwise placid narrative, I pressed Robert for details. He explained that a few years before taking over from Kerope, Aram, the most volatile Zildjian of them all, had become so incensed by Turkish atrocities against Armenians that he had joined a plot to assassinate Sultan Abdul-Hamid II, who himself was often called the Great Assassin. Attempts on the Sultan's life were something of a national sport for outraged members of minority groups in those days, but the one that Uncle Aram became involved in, while no more successful than any of the others, was surely the most elegant and possibly the most elaborate. According to the family version, Aram and his confreres had a carriage constructed in Brussels that was identical in every respect with one that the Sultan rode in when making ritual visits to a mosque except that it had, as an extra accessory, a built-in bomb compartment. When it was completed, the vehicle was driven across Europe and, after a careful distribution of baksheesh among the Turkish guards, was smuggled into the royal stables on A-Day, complete with time bomb. The bomb, however, went off prematurely in the courtyard of the mosque, destroying the carriage but not the Sultan or the nameplate of the Brussels carriage maker, through whom the Turkish police were able to trace the conspirators. The upshot of this incident was that Haroutian retired from the government, and Aram retired from the country, one step ahead of the authorities. He settled in Bucharest, where he set up another cymbal-making shop, and stayed there until 1926, when he considered it safe to return to Constantinople.

Robert had just started to tell me how the family business had come to be trans-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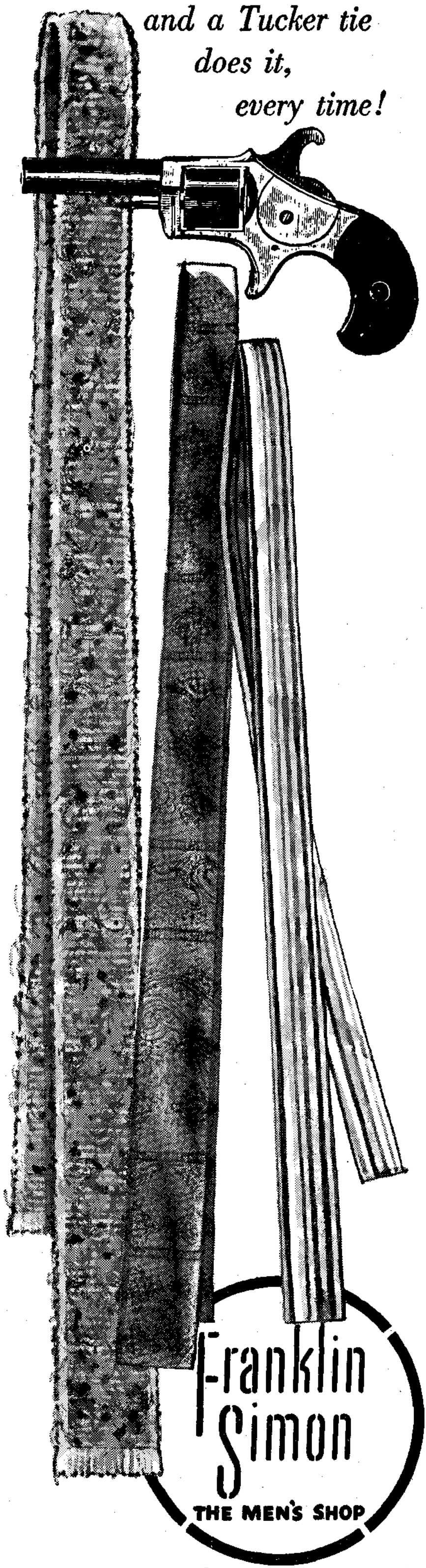

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planted from Turkey to Massachusetts when into the office bustled the subject of the oil painting—a short, rotund, but not at all doleful-looking man in his late sixties, wearing not a sombre business suit but a fingertip-length topcoat and a sporty white crush hat. After introducing me, Robert told his father that we had been talking of Uncle Aram. The older man wrinkled his nose. "Aram," he said, with a hopeless shake of his head. "For twenty years, I had not touched a cymbal—not since I worked in Uncle Kerope's shop, as a boy. You see, at nineteen I decided there was not much future for an Armenian in Turkey, so I came to the United States with a friend of mine, whose uncle ran a candy factory in Boston. We went to work for him as salesmen. I didn't speak any English then, but it didn't make much difference. Most of my customers were Greek candy-store owners, and I spoke Greek very well. I decided the candy business was a good one, so I stayed in it. Twenty years go by. I have a Yankee girl for a wife. I have two American sons. I even have my own candy factory. Then, all of a sudden, in 1928, I hear from Aram. 'The time has come,' he writes me. 'Return to Istanbul and take over the cymbal shop.' Impossible, but what could be done? I was the only surviving male relative in the direct line of succession."

Avedis Zildjian went on to tell me what he had done; he had resolved the dilemma by convincing his uncle that America was on the verge of a cymbal-playing orgy, and that the sensible thing to do was to set up shop here. Reluctantly, Aram agreed to come over, and thus in 1929, three centuries after its discovery, the Zildjian secret left the Old World for the New. Avedis Zildjian opened a small foundry in Quincy—meanwhile holding on to his candy factory, for he was by no means as confident as he had pretended to be that the United States was ready to support a new cymbal company. It soon became apparent, much to his surprise, that there really was a healthy market for cymbals here, so within a year he took up the classic Zildjian craft full-time. (Aram, his familial duty done, retired two years later and went to live out his days under the Middle Eastern sun with a sister in Lebanon.) Since its start in Quincy, Avedis said, the business had had to weather a number of specialized crises—the almost immediate collapse of the silent-movie pit-band market, the cutting back of depression-era school-band or-

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ders, and, during the war, the unavailability of metal.

"The one thing that helped balance the sales picture," said Avedis, "was swing. It came along at just the right time."

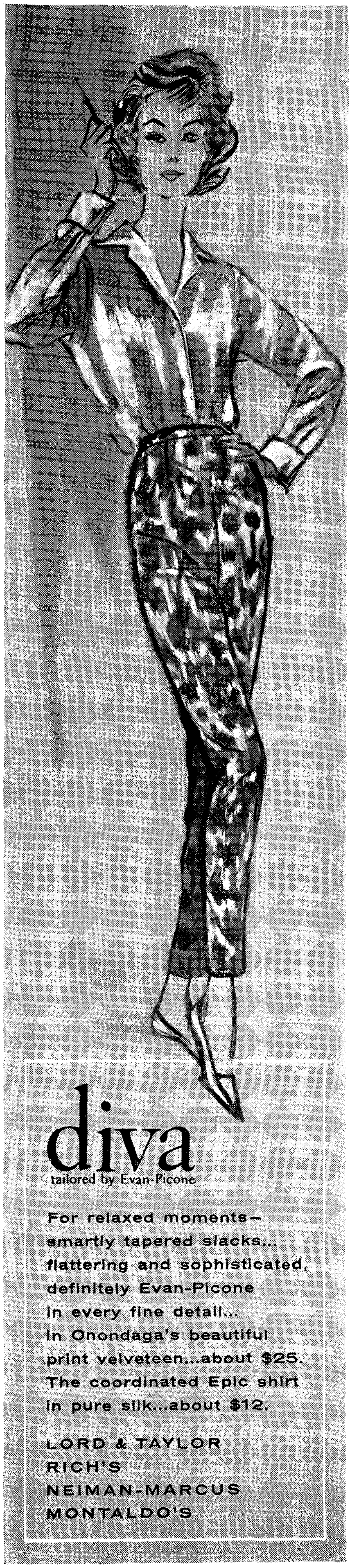
"The truth is," Robert said, "Dad had a little something to do with the popularity of swing bands. He wasn't content just to sit back and wait for the drummers to place orders for the kind of cymbals he was already making. He didn't know a thing about music, let alone jazz drumming, but he hustled out and learned the musicians' own language. He'd be on the road for weeks at a time, sitting up all night in the Harlem joints or wherever else good jazz was being played, and trying to find out what the drummers wanted in a cymbal. Then he'd come back home and design cymbals to meet their specifications. He really brought cymbal-making out of the small-shop stage all by himself."

Avedis seemed rather taken aback by this filial tribute. "Well, I only used a lesson I learned in the candy business," he said earnestly. "If you're going to make it pay, you can't just sell lemon drops."

I DECIDED that this would be a good time to ask the elder Zildjian if he would mind showing me through the plant. He immediately looked wary and turned questioningly toward his son.

"Oh, it'll be all right," said Robert, with an airy wave of the hand, which only made his father look more concerned. I assured him that I had no designs on the secret formula, and would be content to confine my tour to the non-classified aspects of the manufacturing process, and at length he favored me with a slightly subdued Zildjian smile, doffed his hat and topcoat, and hustled me out into the shop. Here the racket was at least as head-splitting as it had been in the shipping room, and even more persistent. Besides the clashing, pounding, and grinding sounds of metal being manhandled, there was a background roar of machinery and shouting voices. But beneath the noise, the place was as spick-and-span and as modern-looking as a zipper factory.

"Surprises you, eh?" Zildjian said, in a half shout. "People sometimes expect to find a dirt-floored shop, with me sitting on it cross-legged and wearing a fez. As a matter of fact, to please Aram we *did* have a dirt floor, just like in Istanbul, when we started out. Aram



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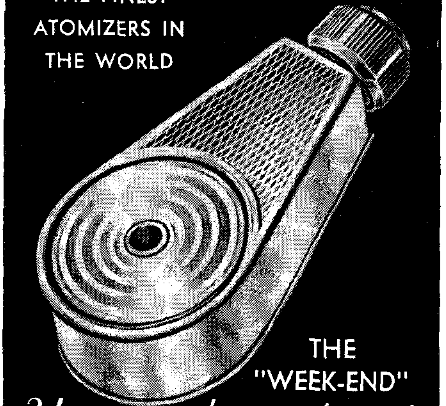

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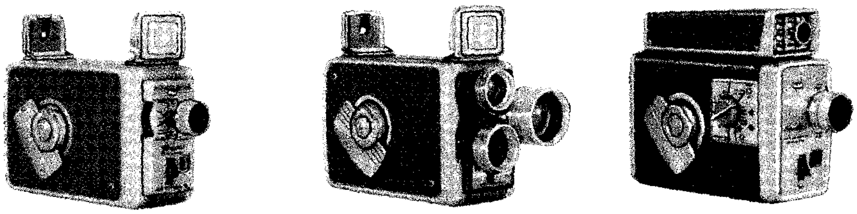

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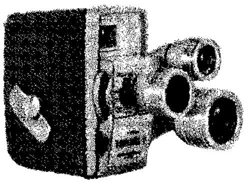

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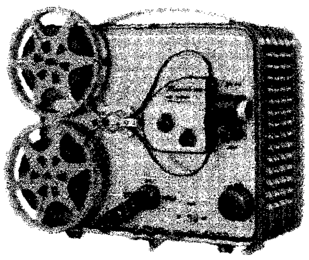

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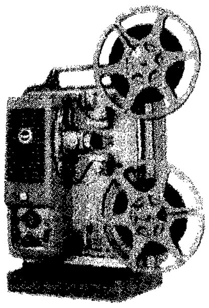

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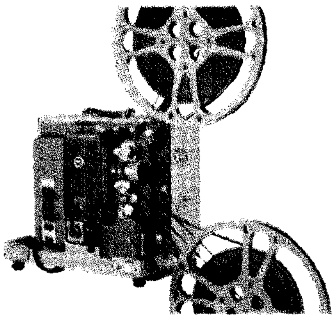

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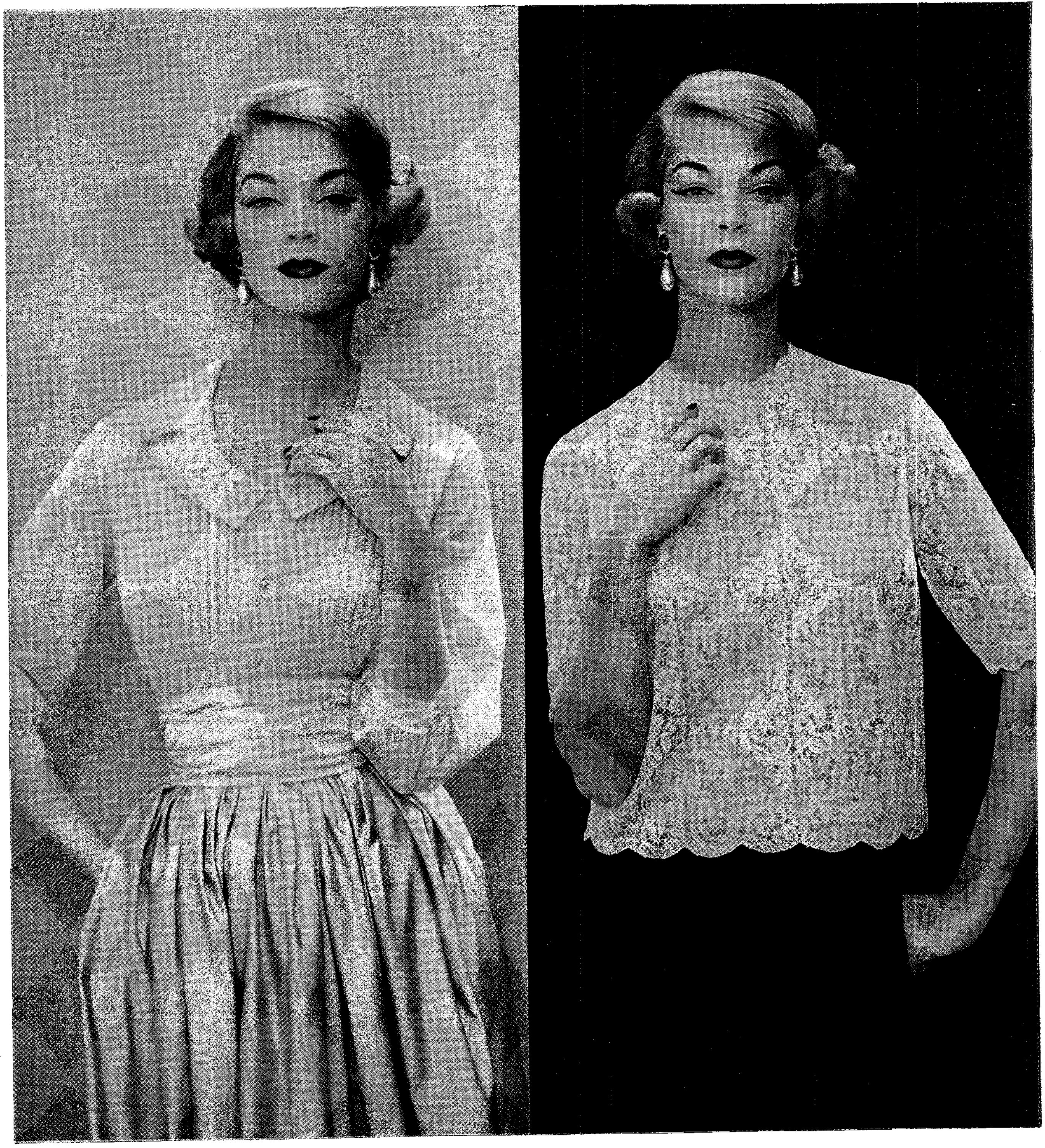

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I suggested that we start at the beginning and follow the evolution of a cymbal, step by step.

"Oh, no," he said, pleasantly but firmly. "The beginning is just what you *can't* see. Besides, it takes about thirty days to make a cymbal. After each step, there has to be cooling and aging."

In that case, I said, how about beginning with the *second* step? That suited him, and he started to lead me across the shop. Then, suddenly, as we passed a metal door marked "Authorized Personnel Only," he paused, glanced at me, gave a good-natured "what-the-hell" shrug, unlocked the door, and ushered me into a room about the size of a softball diamond. A hushed, almost devotional atmosphere pervaded this chamber, in sharp contrast to the uproar outside. In its center, looking strangely like altars, were two white electric furnaces, about two feet square, and ranged before them, in even rows on a raised metal frame, were a number of iron crucibles. In the far wall was a small, closed door, and stacked against the side walls were dozens of ingots of what I took to be copper and tin, while along the wall behind us lay piles of castings in the form of

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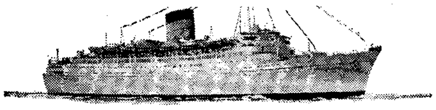

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flat, saucer-size discs, half an inch thick, with silvery surfaces. Two men, who were apparently engaged in cleaning up the place, were the only other occupants of the room, and their jaws dropped when they saw me.

"This is it," Zildjian said. "The casting room." He then hurriedly showed me around, explaining that the ingots of copper and tin were melted down separately before being mixed together. "The proportion of copper to tin in our mixture is no secret," Zildjian told me. "Roughly eighty per cent copper and twenty per cent tin. I say 'roughly' because we also add a small amount of silver—another exclusive Zildjian feature, though that's no mystery, either. Silver is what gives our cymbals tonal *brilliance*." He rolled the "r" richly. "The mystery is how we can use such a high proportion of tin. A few years ago, a salesman for the American Brass Company tried to get me to let them make some sheet metal for us. So, just for fun, I gave him the proportions and told him to go ahead. Next day he was back. 'You people must be magicians,' he said. 'Our metallurgists say that cymbals made like that would be as brittle as glass.' "

Zildjian chortled. "Well," he said, "it's true. They *would* be brittle, except that we do something *else* in making them." He pointed to the small door in the far wall. "That's where every day one of the three of us, but usually either Robert or Armand now, locks himself in and prepares the formula. Then, at a certain point in the casting process—I won't say where—he'll introduce it. More I won't tell, but *that's* what makes a Zildjian cymbal. Over the years, other instrument companies—Wurlitzer, for one—have tried to duplicate our cymbal, but sooner or later they have all given up. Even some scientists at M.I.T. who analyzed our formula couldn't put it together. One of my cousins in Turkey has been after the secret all his life. When he was a young man, he cut a hole in the roof of our shop in Constantinople and spied on Uncle Kerope. Then, one day, he said to my uncle, 'Ha! I've got the secret at last!' My uncle said, 'All right. What is it?' " Avedis gave me a smug look, and continued, "My cousin had it *all* wrong. Later, when Uncle Aram had his shop in Bucharest, my cousin showed up there and tried to get *him* to share the secret. When Aram refused, my cousin got so mad he overturned the smelting furnace. The last I heard, he was back in Turkey, still trying to make cymbals like ours. Then

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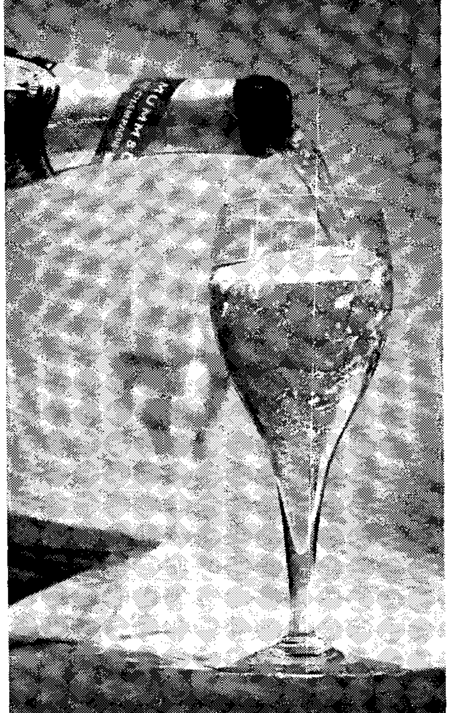

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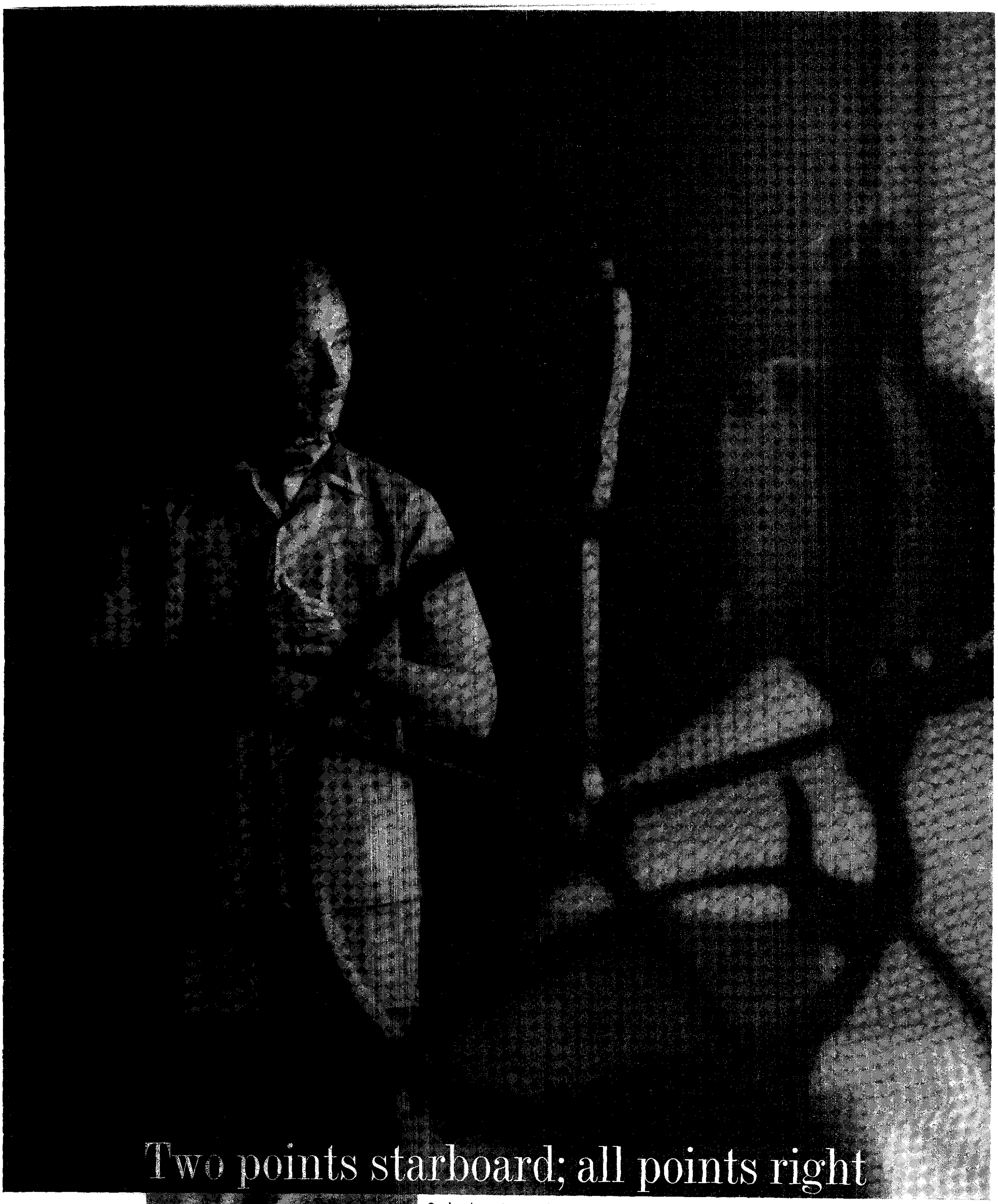
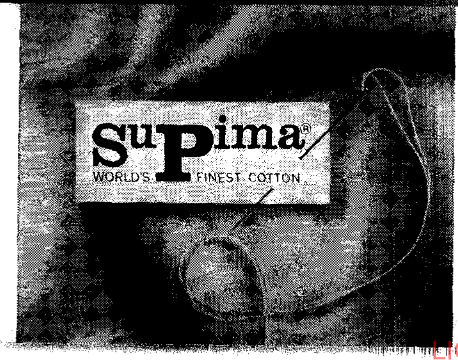

Two points starboard; all points right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there was another cousin, who lived in Mexico City. Back in 1907, he thought he had the formula, too, but he blew his head off trying it out. A lot of people have been hurt trying to copy it. You have to know exactly what you're doing when you work with the formula. It took Aram almost two years to teach me." He glanced around the room, and added, in a surprised tone, "Well, I think I've shown you too much here already."

Taking one of the silvery castings with him, Zildjian hurried me back into the workroom. At one end of it were two annealing ovens, similar in shape to the ovens used by neighborhood pizza bakers but about twice the size and vastly more potent. Zildjian said they could maintain a temperature of 1,500 degrees Fahrenheit—hot enough to soften the castings for rolling. One of the ovens was in operation, and a few feet from its mouth, through which I could see the white-hot interior, stood a rolling mill. Its dominant feature was a pair of rotating steel cylinders set horizontally in an upright frame, the whole thing looking like—and, I gathered, operated on the order of—a laundry wringer. A quartet of workmen kept shuttling between the oven and the mill, bearing on long-handled steel spatulas embryonic cymbals in various fiery stages of evolution. Some of the discs were in very nearly the same primal stage as the one in my host's hand, but others had been rolled thinner and wider, and in color they ranged from a dark silver through a rainbow spectrum that ended with a deep purple, the shade of the thinnest and broadest of the discs. These color variations, Zildjian explained, with shouts and gestures, are an index to the number of times a disc has been returned to the oven and rerolled; each disc is subjected to this treatment for a whole day, during which—depending upon the degree of thinness desired—it goes through the rolling mill from fourteen to twenty-five times. Once the deep-purple stage has been reached, the discs, their edges uneven and their surfaces wavy (they look rather like warped phonograph records), are pounded more or less flat by a workman with a sledge, put in a cup-shaping machine, and then dipped into a vat containing a solution of herbs, oils, and chemicals. I asked Zildjian what, specifically, these ingredients were, but apparently this information, too, was classified, for he shook off the question and led me to a slightly quieter part of the room, where a number of discs—rough-surfaced and

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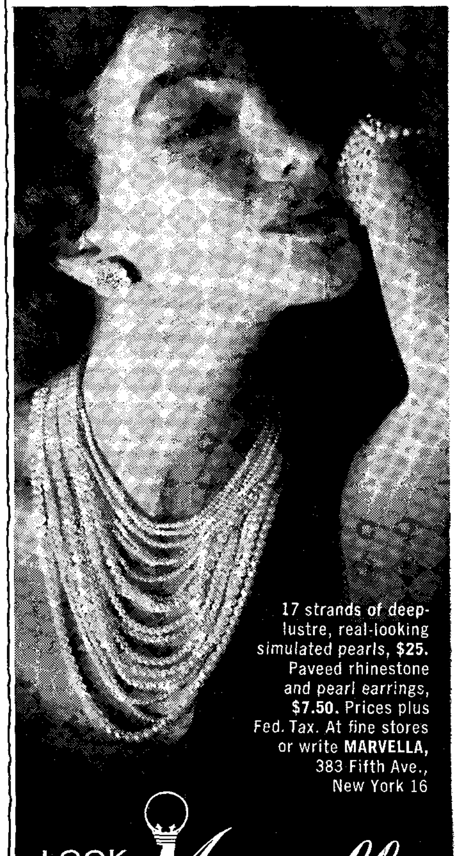

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still slightly warped but by now recognizably cymbal-shaped—were piled on the table. Their post-rolling, post-tempering bath had also given them a more cymbal-like color—dull gold—though some purplish blotches remained. Zildjian told me that these discs were awaiting the next step—the trimming of their edges, also by machine—and that machine-cupping and machine-trimming were the only real departures from the old alchemist's methods. "Otherwise, we make our cymbals exactly the way they were made in 1623. For instance, after trimming and a week of cooling comes the hand-hammering. Come. I'll show you."

We moved on to a much smaller room, where a ruddy, white-mustached elderly fellow in a checked shirt, with a fedora perched nonchalantly on the back of his head, was seated before a square anvil, working over one of the purple-blotched discs with a hammer that was itself shaped like a small blacksmith's anvil. Zildjian greeted the old fellow warmly in Armenian, and then, reverting to English, introduced him to me as Avedis Varteresian, still another cousin, and the only man in the plant besides himself who had formerly worked in the shop back in Turkey. Varteresian nodded and smiled, and then returned to his hammering, painstakingly smoothing the rough surface of the metal, tap by tiny tap, from the rim of the cup outward. At the same time, by holding the disc at a slight angle over one edge of the anvil, he almost imperceptibly but surely formed the long, leisurely arc of the bow. It was a simple action but one that obviously required immense patience, a clear eye, and a true feel for the metal. I watched him for several minutes, awed, as I always am, by the grace of the confident craftsman, and conscious that the old man's self-assurance and technique, if not his jaunty attire, had the authority of centuries of expert cymbalsmiths behind them.

Every cymbal must undergo at least three sessions of hand-hammering, from twenty to ninety minutes each, to make its bow conform to the classic pattern, Zildjian said; no machine has yet been devised that can do the job. The two cousins exchanged a few more words in Armenian, and then Zildjian led me to another section of the shop to observe the next step in the making of a cymbal—turning. Here was a pair of lathes, each with a vertical wheel to which a smoothly hammered cymbal had been clamped, convex side out, spinning at a furious rate. At the machines stood two Nordic-looking men in overalls. With

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infinite skill, they were gouging shallow striations in the whirling cymbals, using cutting tools that consisted of a six-inch tempered-steel blade fastened to a two-and-a-half-foot handle. The process clearly called for both strength and delicacy, and I could also see that the men were decided individualists. One was using the wooden butt and stock of an old rifle as a handle for his cutting tool, and the other had painted his lathe a defiantly non-conformist Chinese red. They were Swedes, Zildjian informed me, whom he had taken into the factory right off the boat twenty-five years before.

As we watched, one of the men turned off his machine and removed a finished cymbal. Zildjian took it from him and showed it to me. It was a commanding object, its upper surface now a bright bronze, faintly tinged with red, blue, and purple, and highlighted by flashing radial lines where the rays from overhead electric bulbs caught its tonal ridges. Holding it as he would an open book, convex side up, Zildjian pressed his thumbs firmly down, and, with a sharp *boing!*, the whole cymbal, except for the cup, turned inside out. "Cymbal metal is like a spring," he said, and let it snap back into shape. "Well, there it is. Now it spends six months aging before we start testing it. We have thousands of cymbals aging in storage. Some of them are thirty years old. That's one nice thing about the cymbal business compared to the candy business—not much worry about spoilage."

WE were on our way back to the outer office when a majestic clash of cymbals burst forth from a small side room. It was followed by several more, equally imposing, and Zildjian stopped. "That's Tommy Thompson, the cymbalist with the Boston Symphony," he said. "A nice boy, Tommy, and a fine musician. We employ him to test our concert and band cymbals for us. Come. You should talk with him, too."

The walls of the small room were lined with wooden racks full of cymbals, including a few of the biggest I had seen—great plates, two feet or more across—and there, standing in the middle of the floor, a pair of medium-sized cymbals in his hands, was a towering, jut-jawed, broad-shouldered man of around forty, wearing a sports shirt, slacks, and a small cap. He looked like an animated John Wayne.

"Hey, Dad!" Thompson cheerily greeted his employer. Zildjian greeted him affectionately in return and then, after introducing me, excused himself

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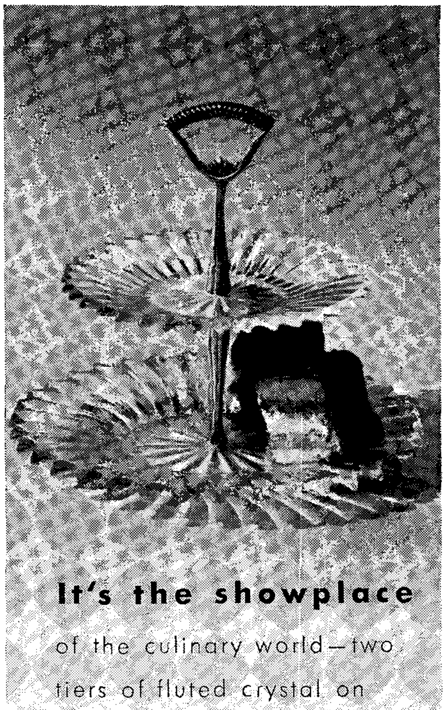

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and hurried off to catch up with his business routine. I asked Thompson if he would tell me something about how a concert cymbalist works.

"Sure, Dad, sure," Thompson replied. "Early in the day for deep thoughts, but let's give it a try, anyway." He gave the matter a moment of earnest, head-bobbing consideration and then launched into a disjointed but knowledgeable discourse, liberally sprinkled with both standard musical terms and the patois of jazz. From it, I learned that the average well-equipped concert cymbalist maintains an arsenal of perhaps a dozen different "pies," ranging from six-inch *kleine Becken* to climax-style *piatti.* I also learned that there are two basic concert-cymbal attacks—the full crash, in which the vibrations are allowed to run their course and subside gradually, and the valuation crash, in which, after achieving the desired effect, the artist cuts it off by pressing the cymbals against his chest. There are, however, a dozen or more possible variations, some of them quite subtle. For example, a cymbal part may call for a "*sec*," or short, valuation crash, or for a "*très sec*" one, which is cut off almost the instant it rings forth. Or the cymbalist may be required to produce a gentle pianissimo; a long, loud *fermata;* a *Zischen,* which is a hissing effect obtained by sliding the cymbals together lightly and quickly; a cymbal roll, accomplished by rotating the wrists and banging the edges of the cymbals together; or a tremolo (in the case of Wagner), which is a continuous series of short clashes. Other concert effects are created, of course, by striking or scraping a single cymbal with drumsticks; felt-, yarn-, or rubber-covered mallets; triangle rods, nail files, nails; and practically anything else, according to the idiosyncrasies of the composer (Gustav Mahler once specified a tree branch), the conductor, or the performer himself. The type of cymbal used and the way it is played depend on what Thompson called the "color" of the composition. "For instance, 'Faust' calls for fire—a devil-out-of-hell effect—while some other score will call for a sound like ice," he said. "Color, plus rhythm and logic. A percussion group has to have all three or it'll sound like coal going down a chute. A cymbalist has more freedom to interpret than most other musicians, but he's got to be more careful. A guy in the violin section might be able to scratch out wrong notes all night long, and nobody will notice it but the guy next to him. A cymbalist, though, maybe he's

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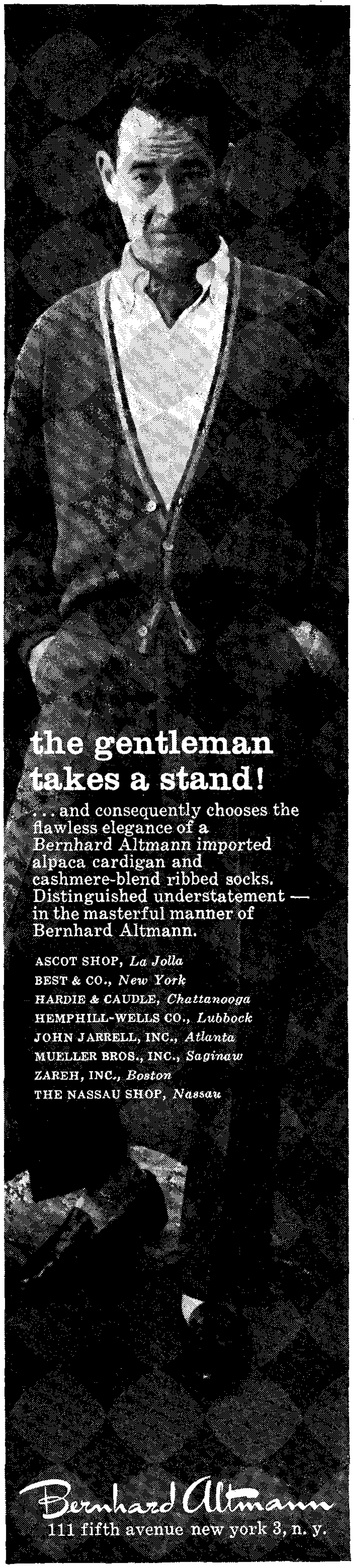
the gentleman takes a stand!

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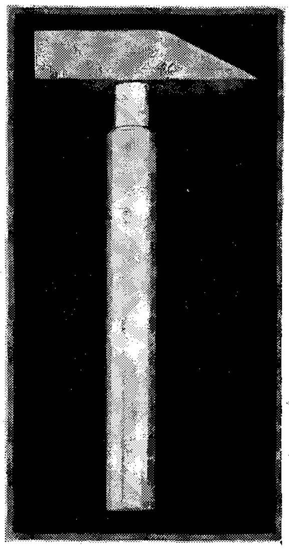
got only one crash on the whole program, but when he stands up and lets go with it, if his timing's off a fraction—wham! That's it, Dad! There goes your concert. Even the first-timers in the audience will know it."

I asked how concert cymbalists avoided such a catastrophe, and Thompson replied, "There's only one sure way—by counting. When you see a cymbalist sitting up there like he had nothing to do, don't think he isn't earning his pay for the gig. He's concentrating on the notes and counting every bar, right from the beginning of the score. The two things a cymbalist fears most are losing his place, and air lock. Air lock is when you happen to hit two cymbals together perfectly—too perfectly, because you don't get any sound at all. Their edges are flush all around, and the suction in the air pocket between them deadens the vibrations and locks the cymbals together. It doesn't happen often, but when it does, it's murder!"

Thompson went on to say that he had twice suffered air lock in public during his fifteen years as a concert cymbalist, the last six of them with the Boston Symphony, under Charles Munch. I asked him what personal qualities it took to get ahead in his line. "Patience, good nerves, and physical strength," he replied. "Most cymbalists are big cats, like me. You got to be strong to control these pies. They weigh an average of maybe four pounds each, and you have to hold them out at arm's length. Here, try it." He handed me the pair that he had been testing, and I brought them together in a feebly wavering clank. Thompson retrieved them, with an indulgent smile, and explained that one of them—dusty-bronze, rather than shiny-brass, in color—was a beautifully aged, fifteen-year-old job, and that the other was one of several hundred cymbals that he had tested in an attempt to find a perfect mate for it. He held them out and brought them together properly in a slightly glancing movement, the right cymbal moving upward and the left downward—a pianissimo full crash, I figured. Then, closing his eyes, he cocked an ear close to their edges, as I had seen Armand do earlier. After listening for several seconds to the echoing vibrations, which sounded fine to me, he shook his head, and said, "Nope. Doesn't make out pianissimo."

ON my way out of the factory, I stopped in the shipping room to say goodbye to the Zildjians. All three of them were there—Armand still busy

Unusual Christmas Gift



Brass Hammer and Corkscrew, our own import. Designed to be used as a hammer, corkscrew or ice crusher. Handy corkscrew fits into the hammer's handle. 5½-inches long. Comes in its own gift box, 4.00 Mail or phone orders. Add 45¢ for shipping outside regular delivery area.

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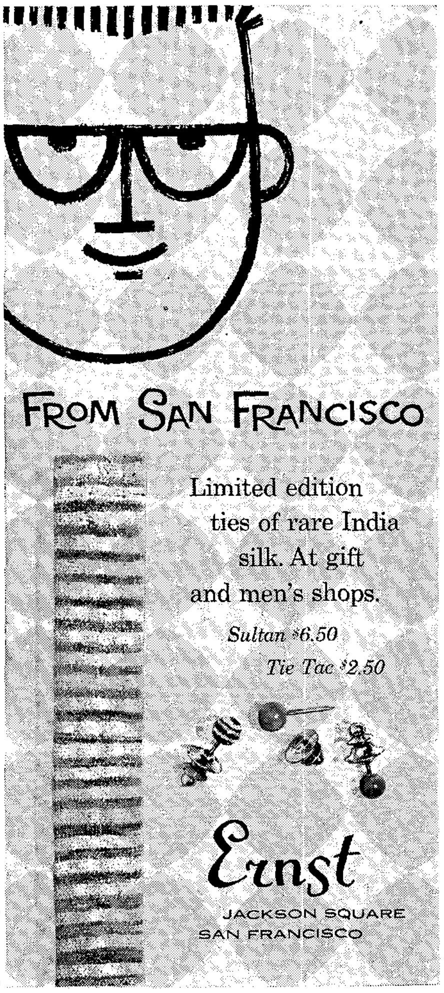
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trying out jazz cymbals, and Avedis and Robert poring over orders from overseas.

"We've heard from Zurich, Hamburg, Stockholm, and Mozambique today," Robert said. "Foreign sales are still important to us. Dad made a tour of the markets overseas a couple of years ago. Took time out to visit the site of the Zildjian shop in Istanbul, too. Some of the men who used to work for Uncle Aram are still making cymbals there—but without the Zildjian formula." His return, I thought, must have been as epochal, in its way, as Ulysses' return to Ithaca.

"When they realized who I was, they kissed my neck and called me Master," Avedis told me, smiling sheepishly. He picked up one of Armand's approved jazz cymbals, and, beckoning to me, stepped up to a stamping machine at the back of the room and slipped the edge of the disc into it. The machine automatically snapped shut and then open again, releasing the cymbal, which Zildjian held up for me to see. In the metal was stamped some Arabic lettering—his own name in Turkish, he said—and underneath, in English, the inscription "Avedis Zildjian Co., Genuine Turkish Cymbal, Made in U.S.A."

"Personally," he said, "I would like to stamp them 'Genuine *American* Cymbals,' but the boys think it's not time yet. Why not, though? American-made cymbals are what everybody wants, and if our family is lucky enough to go on having sons, Zildjians ought to be making cymbals here in Quincy for the *next* three hundred years."

—J. M. FLAGLER

◆

RAJKOT—Three lions have been visiting the Collector's bungalow constantly for the last three days. They killed two donkeys on Monday.

A strong guard has been posted outside the bungalow.

Two lions were seen within the compound of the Bahauddin College on Monday.

Harassed by mosquitoes in the Gir forest, the lions have presumably sought refuge in the city.—*Evening News of India.*

Where DDT makes things good for everybody except people who are about to get eaten by a lion.

◆

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From "Human Nature and Enduring Peace," edited by Gardner Murphy*]

The achievement of peace and harmony for any social group depends on the successful solution of conflict situations.

Amicus Humani Generis

When the occasion demands it—Ballantine's 17 Year Old Scotch

A right royal Whisky

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

WITH THE SLEIGH FULL OF TOYS, AND ST. NICHOLAS, TOO

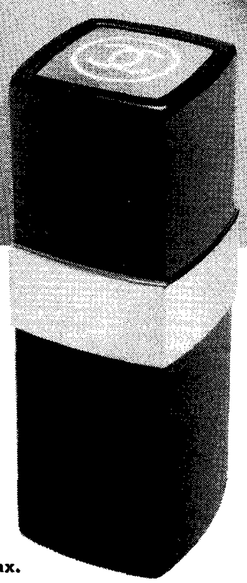
WE heard a couple of children fretting the other day because it seemed that Christmas would never get here; so it's all in the point of view. If time is what you are shortest of, we can sympathize, because we've been in the same fix in making our rounds of the stores with an eye to providing solutions to the problems on everybody's Christmas list. We've covered a good deal of ground so far—presents for women and books for the children the week before last, and presents for the householder last week—and now we're ready with the news from the toy stores and a selection of gifts for men. Next week, we'll deal with the Christmas table, and tell you about some fancy wrappings and trimmings. Off, now, to see Santa Claus.

IN our recent discussion of children's books, we called attention to a massive new preoccupation with science. As we hedgehopped through toy departments bristling with rockets and festooned with periodic tables of the elements, it became clear that the toymakers are no less hellbent than the publishers on closing whatever gaps they think may exist in the scientific education of our children. Even many of the non-scientific toys require a good deal of childish dexterity, a handy source of electricity, or both; it appears that the era when a wound-up motor or a pulled trigger could produce hours of satisfaction is nearly gone. Indeed, if it weren't for a few traditional items that boys and, more particularly, girls—bless their conventional hearts—still like to find under the tree, we would suspect that St. Nicholas and his gnomes were all about to be recruited by General Dynamics. However, since the toymakers are not yet allowed to employ tiny atomic reactors to power their creations and have to rely primarily on an exceedingly conventional source of power—good old dry-cell flashlight batteries—we might as well give you a word of warning right now: When you buy battery-powered toys, make sure that the batteries are provided, that they are properly connected, and that they work, so you will be spared a desperate fumble with them on Christmas morning.

Just so everybody can take a deep breath before the plunge into physics, we'll start off with three toys that owe nothing to the Space Age. The first is an item called the Whing-Ding, which involves keeping two balls, suspended from a stick, whirling simultaneously in opposite directions. Actually, it's an up-to-date version of an ancient Eskimo game, and is not as easy to master as you might think, but, according to the experts, the child who has learned how to work it will soon achieve the same state of trance-like preoccupation that the hula hoop induced across the country a few months ago; the Whing-Ding is seventy-nine cents, at Rappaport's Toy Bazaar, 1381 Third Avenue (79th). Then there's a British tandem bike at Macy ($44.94), and a solid piece of machinery it is, with good brakes. It requires at least one experienced rider, who might well use it for training a novice younger brother or sister. Our third offering is a toy chick brooder, called the Chik-Nik, which is about a foot across, is heated by a bulb wired to house current, holds one real hatching egg (which you must obtain from a poultry supply house), and, if all is well, produces one real chick; $3.95, at Polk's Model Craft Hobbies, 314 Fifth Avenue (32nd). When the chick arrives, you and your small poultry keeper are on your own.

Now, for the benefit of those whose quantum physics is as hazy as ours, we'll ease into the Space Age with some of the more reassuringly familiar items. Magnets, for instance, are still recognizable and still widely available. A whopper of a horseshoe magnet, five inches long, is $1.95, at Childplay, 203 West 14th Street, while at the Toy Center, 971 Lexington Avenue (70th), there are three colored disc magnets, each about the size of a quarter, which either cling together in a pile or vigorously repel one another, depending on how they are stacked (fifty-nine cents the set). At the Science Materials

NEW! CHANEL Nº 5 SPRAY COLOGNE



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For the first time the cool modern efficiency of a measured spray in the sleek, chic beauty of CHANEL's own gold and black metal case. Light and sturdy, designed by CHANEL for the age of air travel. Economical to use and luxurious to own—a gift of surpassing elegance. About 800 sprays are yours to command—"fragrance at your fingertips."

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Center, on the sixth floor of 59 Fourth Avenue (9th), there is a beautifully simple Junior Scientist's Kit for children from about ten to fifteen. It contains instructions for performing some seventy-five experiments with the items provided, among them tin boxes, compasses, metal rings, nails, steel balls, and such, all in a ten-by-seven-inch box; $3.50. If you think your child will consider this sort of thing too elementary, a kit demonically named Brainiac has several hundred pieces of equipment, a booklet explaining some of the theory of electronic computers, and a series of precise wiring diagrams, with all of which, the manufacturer says, bright children of around twelve can assemble computing machines that will solve mathematical problems, help with homework, and even prove syllogisms—if your children like to toss *those* off. Brainiac is $17.95, at Ed Burnett-Berkeley, 513 Sixth Avenue (13th).

Parents who are alarmed at such prospects will have no trouble finding less rarefied scientific and engineering jobs for their offspring. A kit called the Young Physicist contains various ordinary materials and an instruction book that tells, for instance, how to use plastic tubes and corks to demonstrate the principles of the submarine, and how to produce structures like the steel caissons that serve as foundations of bridges; $3, at most shops. A model oil field, with a seventeen-inch drilling derrick, a gravity meter, a seismograph truck, and so on, can be built from one kit at Bloomingdale ($7.98), and a small oil refinery can be built from another ($14.95); both include instructions for experiments having to do with petroleum, but they'll produce no oil unless there is some under the living-room floor. Other youthful engineers have a choice of equipment ranging from Gimbel's Junior Dynamite Blaster ($7.98), which actually shoots such things as playing cards, empty milk cartons, and pieces of sponge in all directions by means of air pressure from a small, noisy rubber detonator, to a French *maquette à construire* of the Eiffel Tower, at Bloomingdale ($9.98). At the American Museum of Natural History's Museum Shop (77th Street entrance), you'll find such professionally approved items as a set called Plant Scientist, designed for about two dozen experiments, including the making of ice-ferns in the refrigerator ($1.35); a small fossil collection ($1); and an array of metal elements marked with their atomic weights (seventy-five cents). At

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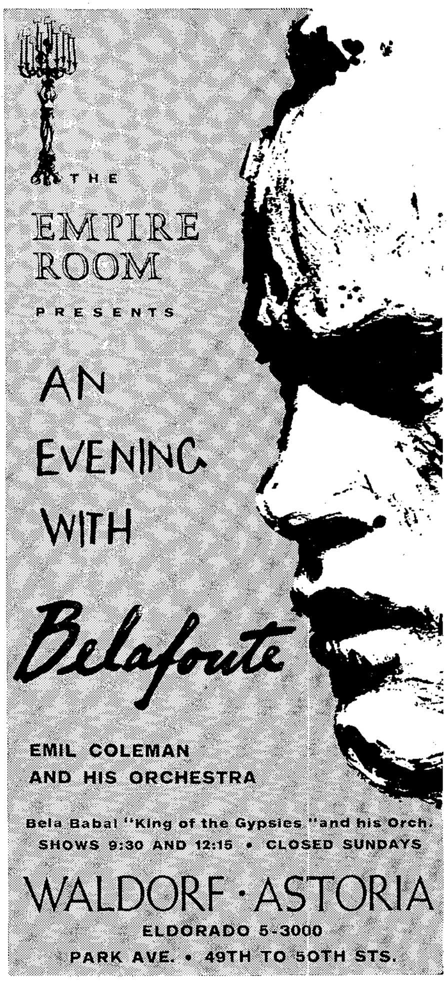

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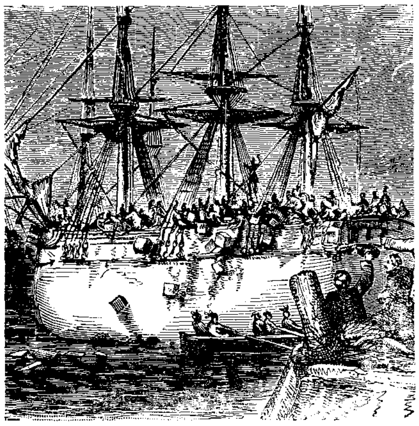

SHALL IT BE THE BOSTON COFFEE PARTY?

[NUMBER VIII]

As we know, Irish Whiskey drinkers are divided into two more-or-less militant factions: 1. Those who take it in the Irish Coffee and 2. Those who relish its burnished emphatic flavor unadorned save for the usual additives, or "Upon The Rocks," as you say. Please appreciate that we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] are loathe even to *hint* that there is any strife between you. And yet, across the water have come reports of the harsh word, the bitter jest. Perhaps as a result of your being cooped up during the hard weather. It's neither natural nor desirable for people to stay indoors all the time and have no fun. So what we should like to propose is the first of what we hope will become annual outings in which both parties may participate, mingle, vent high spirits, and mend differences. Tuesday, December 16th, seems as good a day as any, coming as it does in the middle of the week when hearts need lifting. We find, interestingly enough, that this is also the 185th anniversary of the Boston Tea Party! Let ours be the Boston Coffee Party, then. ❦ While we shall have to leave the actual arranging of the affair up to those of you who are natural-born leaders, we can outline something of an agenda. The following is one which might be followed in Boston itself though we expect that celebrations in other cities could be arranged around whatever body of water is at hand.

AGENDA FOR BOSTON COFFEE PARTY.

Tuesday, December 16, 1958

HIGH NOON:	Assemble peaceably at Scollay Square wearing Pride, Profit or other identifying Badges. Hotheads may carry banners with appropriate inscriptions. Everyone bring a token quantity of coffee, say a spoonful, in a paper bag.
12:01:	Listen well to exhortations by leaders.
12:02:	Form ranks and march on Harbor. Allow ample time for stragglers, last-minute speeches, and for such side excursions as the occasion demands.
12:30:	Irish Whiskey purists dump their coffee into Harbor as gesture of protest.
12:31:	Irish Coffee buffs *cast* their coffee upon the waters in the hopes that it will return to them ten-fold.
12:32:	All adjourn. The rest of the day will be devoted to unsupervised activity.

Now then, synchronize your watches.

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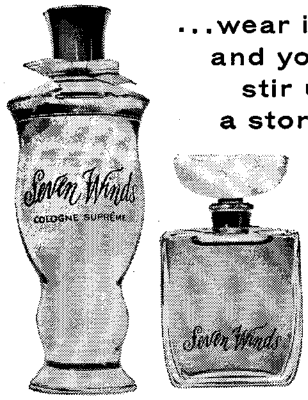
Seven Winds

...wear it
and you
stir up
a storm!



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Rappaport, there is a boxed laboratory for a young biologist ($16.95); at Polk, packaged materials and instructions for making any one of ten different transistor radios ($19.95); and, at F. A. O. Schwarz, everything from a kit for making an electric clock ($10.95) to a plastic-molding outfit containing enough squashy polyethylene molding material to make two hundred two-inch models of soldiers and rockets ($9.95).

By this time, outer space might be a relief. We'll start with the fundamentals. The Hammond Map Store, 1 East 43rd Street, has a new battery-powered, portable toy planetarium ($10.40) for projecting representations of various parts of the night sky on your ceiling; a flashlight pointer throws the outline of an arrow, or even of a satellite, among the simulated stars, exactly as it's done at the Hayden Planetarium. Just about every shop has the Moonscope, a big reflecting telescope whose cardboard sides are covered with charts of constellations of the Northern Hemisphere and whose lens is strong enough to pick up moon craters on a clear night; $17. With or without such astronomical guidance, your child's main urge will doubtless be to get his finger on a launching button and make something leap heavenward. If you have enough yard space and you think he has enough prudence, he can do precisely that with an eight-inch scale model of the Alpha I ballistic missile (available at almost every store), which is powered by a fuel that consists mostly of bicarbonate of soda and can be shot more than a hundred feet. You needn't worry about your own New Year's supply of bicarbonate, because the $4.95 price of the rocket includes enough fuel for twenty launchings. Most of the other rocket sets around are just as realistic as this one in appearance, but, perhaps fortunately for your peace of mind, less realistic in operation. The Interplanetary Research Unit, in a box a foot and a half long, provides rockets, launchers, and various small vehicles, among them an ordinary passenger sedan, no doubt for the commanding officer; $10.95, at Altman. A fifteen-inch Guided Missile Carrier ($10, almost everywhere) is a mechanical truck that can be loaded with a thirteen-inch spring-powered plastic rocket, driven to whatever area of the house substitutes for Cape Canaveral, and—bang! (The nose cone is of soft rubber.) A thirty-inch-long plastic Moon Rocket launcher carries two rockets and two satellites, which it will mechanically pop forth one at a time; about $4, at Stern

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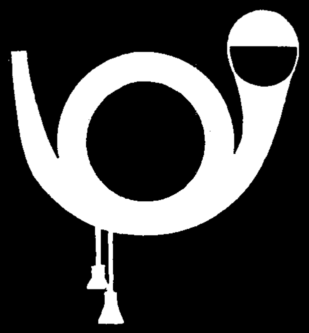
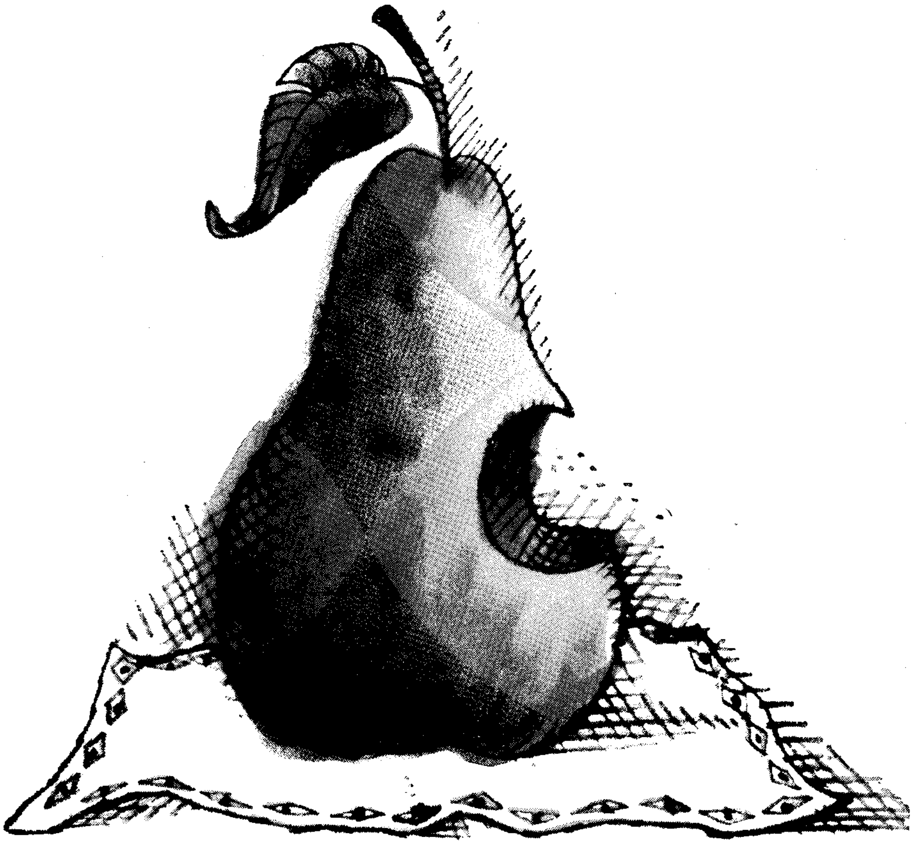


Brothers, among other places. A reproduction of the Cape Canaveral Rocket Research Center itself includes a twelve-inch-square laboratory, a staff of twenty-two small plastic scientists and soldiers, and an impressive inventory of launching pads, rockets, and satellites; no blastoffs, no classified materials, no security clearances, and a mere $5.98, practically everywhere. A six-inch satellite at Rappaport never gets off the ground, but it does roll around the floor as long as its batteries function, beeping intermittently and skirting such obstructions as furniture and feet in an uncannily intelligent way; $5.35. Among a multitude of kits for assembling strictly non-working replicas of rockets, one of the best is the ten-inch Revell model of the Snark, which, even when it's assembled, cannot get loose, as its prototype once did, but which looks most impressive on its launching platform, complete with ramp, ladders, fuel tank, and personnel; eighty-nine cents, at most stores. For the youngest astronauts, there is a gift package holding a pair of two-stage rockets that are totally harmless unless eaten. Why? Because they're made of soap. The set costs $1 at Stern Brothers, and some splendid underwater launchings from the tub should be in prospect.

REPLICAS of the more familiar means of human transportation are, happily, still with us in abundance. Among the new model airplanes, one of the most satisfactory is a lightweight wood-and-paper one, with a fourteen-inch wingspread, which is tethered by means of a wire to a remote-control handle holding two flashlight batteries. By manipulating the handle, the pilot can make the plane take off and soar in a circle about fourteen feet in diameter; $5.40, at Mooney's, 223 West 34th Street. A nine-inch metal copy of the jet-prop Viscount transport goes nowhere except in the hands of its owner, but its four propellers whir when levers under the fuselage are pushed, and it has retractable landing gear, controlled by another lever in the tail; $2.50, at Schwarz. In the automotive line, Schwarz has a number of fascinating trucks, among them a van with a battery-operated horn and a load of three dozen pieces of doll-house furniture ($15.20); a telephone lineman's truck with a hydraulic boom, a blinker warning light, three telephone poles, a reel of cable, and a staff of three tiny linemen ($10.60); and, finally, a cross-country auto-hauler almost three feet long, with four small plastic cars that



Beyond Compear

Got to thinking some more the other day about those tongue-in-cheek ads—good ones, too—that The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland (we're one of them ourselves) have been running in these pages, when a friend stopped off at our desk with a big pear and interrupted our thoughts. Green as a shamrock, the pear was, with a beautiful russet patch promising ripeness to come. Friend said it grew on a 100-year-old tree on his farm in the Poconos. Averred that it had to be picked green. If it ripens on the tree, no good. Wait a few days and then eat it, he said. We did. Savoring its firm, rich body, nostalgia wells up in us. Of autumn in the country. Of a bright afternoon with yellow-golden fields and woods and slanting sun and a feel of windburn on our cheeks. Best of all, mellow flavor fills our mouth. And when we linger on its exquisite bouquet, we get to thinking there's nothing in Nature quite so delicious as a ripe pear. Then we get back to thinking about Power's Gold Label. It "grows" in pot stills of a type lots older even than our friend's pear tree. Like the pear, it's green at first, but redolent with promise. Then it ages in oak casks for seven years. Fills your mouth with happy warmth. Elegant, emphatic, burnished flavor. Nothing else like it in our memory of good things. Regardless of what The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland or anyone else says, it's *the finest Irish Whiskey in the world.* And in Ireland herself, where whiskey was born, *there's none that outsells Power's Gold Label!* Better try some today — in highballs, with tonic, on the rocks, as Irish Coffee, or any way you prefer. It's that good!

POWER'S GOLD LABEL IRISH WHISKEY IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY

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are automatically loaded while four miniature mechanics stand by ($12.95). A plastic truck with a working searchlight, at Best, also carries two ack-ack guns, which go ack-ack very satisfactorily but won't fire a shell, or even a single pellet; $6.40. The makers of toy passenger autos are manfully trying to keep up with Detroit's doodads. This year, there are convertibles with retractable tops worked by remote-control levers at the end of attached wires; an eight-inch model is $4.38, at Youth at Play, 1082 Madison Avenue (82nd). At Rappaport, two eight-inch copies of English cars—one an M.G. and the other an Austin-Healey—steer from the steering wheel and have forward and reverse gears; $7.45 the set. If you lament the demise of the Packard, there's a dandy ten-inch 1958 model with push-button gears for $15.35, at Polk. All these work on batteries, incidentally. At Mooney's, a red-and-white station wagon hauling a boat on a trailer measures over two feet long from the radiator of the car to the detachable imitation outboard motor at the stern of the boat; $6. A seven-inch-long airport limousine is part of a set of three soft, flexible vinyl cars at Childcraft, 155 East 23rd Street—just the ticket for children who are at the age when they like to throw things, particularly toy cars; $1.20 the set. And for parents who prefer toys to be too heavy for throwing, the Educational Equipment Company (69 West 23rd Street) has produced a series of well-made hardwood trucks, each of which seems to weigh a ton; actually, a two-foot van trailer ($15.95) weighs about thirteen pounds.

As for vehicles that will really carry young passengers, the Wee Folks Wagon, which is an all-metal, battery-driven car with a fifty-inch chassis, will whisk four children along at six miles an hour, but before they can move an inch they must first unlock the ignition—after getting the key away from a parent. The two automobile batteries it runs on can be recharged overnight by connecting a special charging device (included) to your house current; $295, at Saks Fifth Avenue. A thirty-inch convertible, which can carry only one passenger—and he has to sit astride the body, at that—is in Gimbel's toy department; it will run forward or in reverse, and is protected by rubber bumpers front and rear; $20.33, including a 6-volt battery. To get away from batteries for a moment, a pedal car more than four feet long is an impressive replica of the red Belond Special that has won the Indianapolis race for the past two years, and

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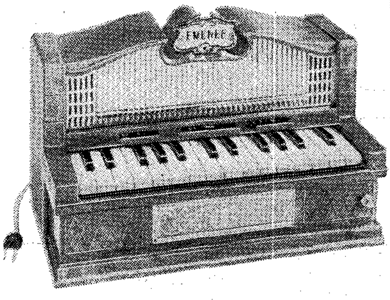

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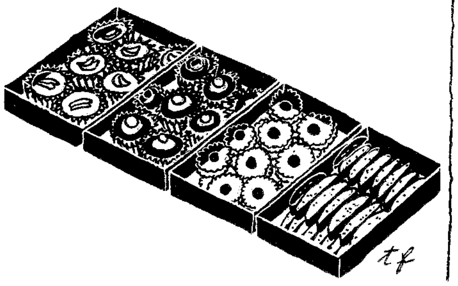
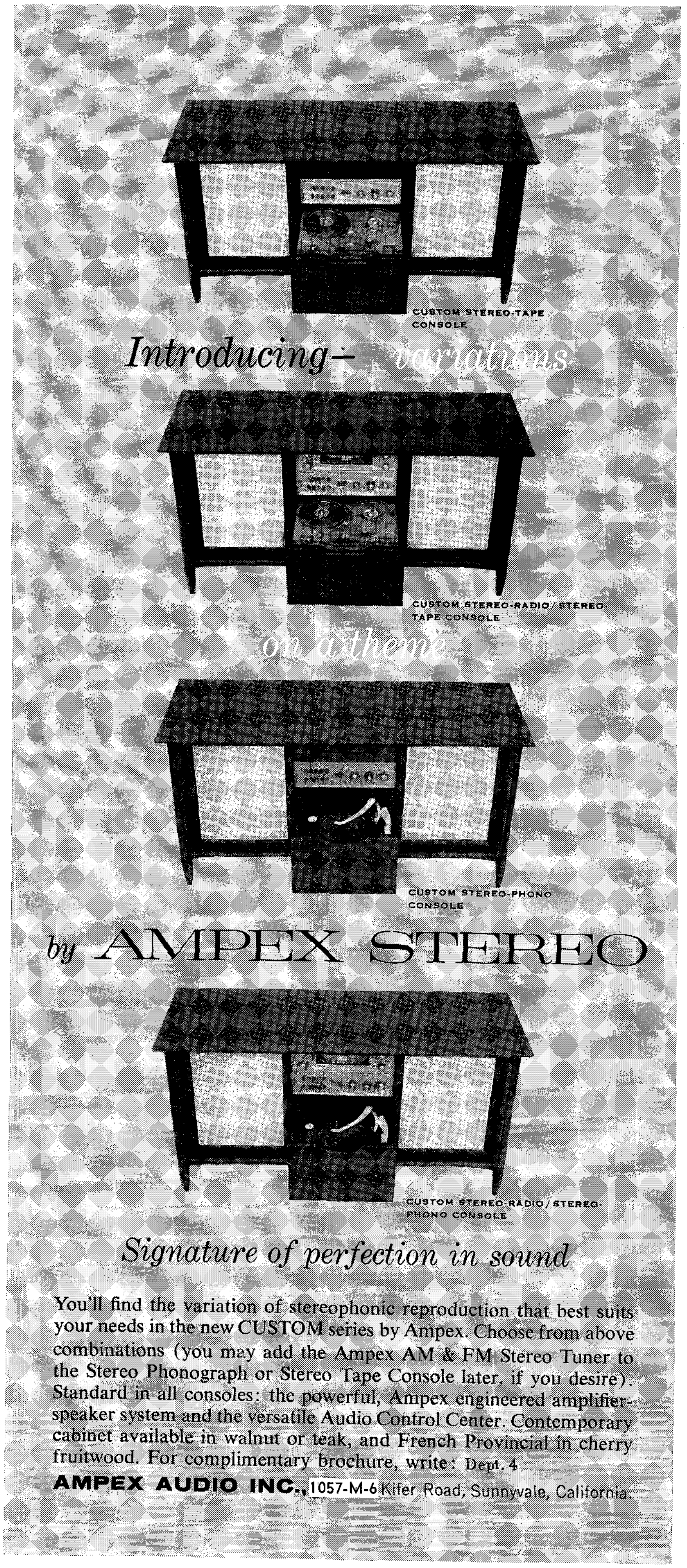
costs $80, at Macy. The most interesting tricycle we found is at Saks, and is from England. It's called the Pup Cycle, because the steel tubing at the front end forms the outline of a dog's head; $10.95. Several of the current scooters—you know, the old foot-driven kind—have extensions at the rear with a seat for a passenger; $9.98, at most department stores. For smaller and less adventurous souls, there are several quite handsome wooden vehicles designed by Kay Boysen, of Copenhagen; a twenty-inch dachshund of polished hardwood, with a hinged head and tail, serves as a kiddie car ($17.95, at Saks) and a rocking horse of the same fine wood is at Bloomingdale ($14.98). Toymakers have also provided equipment for imaginary trips. At Childcraft, a wooden block eleven and a half inches high, a chair of corresponding size, and a steering wheel may be combined to form a make-believe car nearly two feet long ($13.75), and almost every store in town has an ultra-realistic model of an auto dashboard, called the Firebird 99, which is only thirteen inches across but has a steering wheel, a horn, directional blinkers, an ignition key, a speedometer, battery-operated windshield wipers, and a glove compartment ($8.55).

None of the toys mentioned so far demand of their recipients any physical aptitude beyond manual dexterity or the mere ability to push buttons or pedals. For parents who think that development of the Whole Child occasionally requires more vigorous exertion, there are many new variations on time-tried equipment. At Macy, some really speedy roller skates, with practically noiseless rubber wheels, are $4.64. These are probably too fast for beginners, but some others, at Macy, called Wingees ($1.29), with no ball bearings in the plastic wheels, roll along gently enough even for three-year-olds. Also for the inexperienced, Schwarz has ice skates with a removable outside runner on each skate; $3. The Dudley Baseball Trainer has a heavy wooden base and a metal upright topped with a rubber cup, resembling a large golf tee, to hold the ball for batting practice. The cup can

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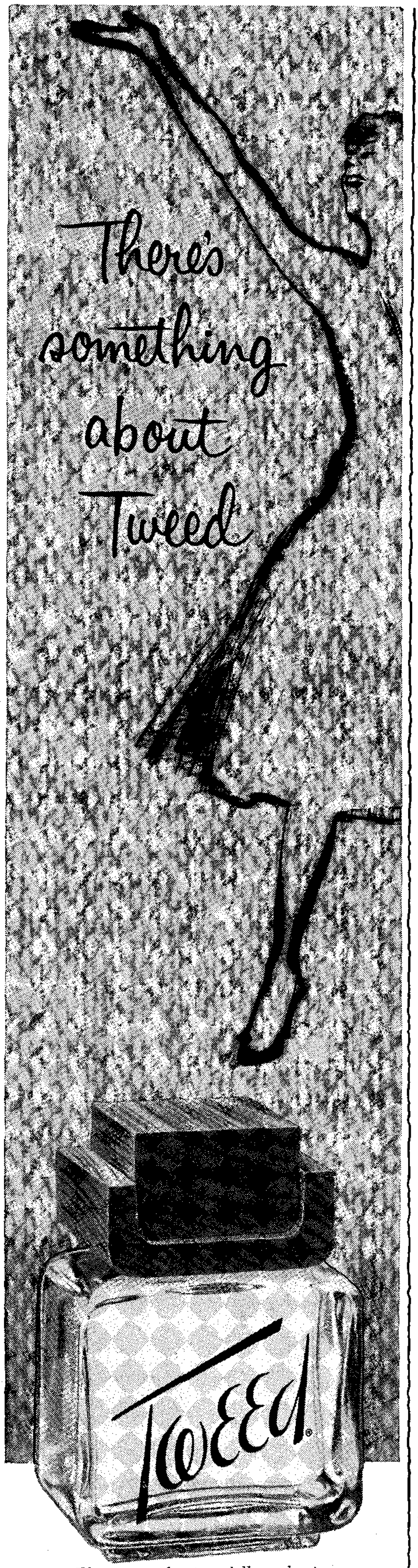

The ounce—fourteen dollars plus tax

PERFUME BY

Lentheric

be replaced by a square wire frame to be used as a target for practice pitching; $17.50, at Abercrombie & Fitch—and two weeks for delivery. Macy has a two-foot putter and midiron in a red cloth golf cart ($8.99); the putter may be safe for the hall rug, but the midiron had better be used outdoors—that's where the cart will be handy, we guess. A good deal of rainy-day wear and tear on the furniture may be saved by a galvanized steel climbing ladder, over a foot wide and about four feet long, with rubber tips on both ends, from Childcraft. The tips prevent the ladder from slipping even when it is leaned against an ordinary wall, and in the spring the upper ends can be safely hooked over a branch or a bar to form a swing; $6.60. For the would-be Charles Atlas, there is a set of Junior Barbells—one nearly a yard long and two about ten inches long—with hollow weights, which may be used empty or filled with water or sand for more spectacular lifting feats. These are $6.95, practically everywhere.

There are three especially good new playhouses. One, at Schwarz, is really nothing more than a plywood façade, four feet wide, with wings. When these are opened, it turns into a real house—a three-walled house—about two feet deep, with a double Dutch door and a frilly-curtained window; $38.75. Childcraft provides corner posts, roof peaks, and slotted and grooved wallboards of smoothly finished basswood, all of which children can assemble, on any surface, into a house four feet square and five and a half feet high; $135, and additional posts, boards, and roof peaks can be bought separately for adding new wings. It is no trick at all, indoors or out, to unroll and set up Macy's wigwam tent, which is about the same height as the paleface-style houses described above and is large enough to hold four small redskins; it rolls up for stowing in a closet when not in use; $15.98.

FOR girls, every conceivable appurtenance of cold-style Gracious Living is on hand, as usual, but the only concession to a possible feminine interest in supersonic travel that we could find was an outfit for a junior airline stewardess. With a felt cap, lapel pin, ring, identification card, flight-corps diploma, tray with plastic dishes, sample menu, ticket, and baggage check, all in a cardboard flight bag, the outfit is $6, at most stores, and Father had better be prepared to have Christmas luncheon served on a chairside tray. As for cooking and sew-

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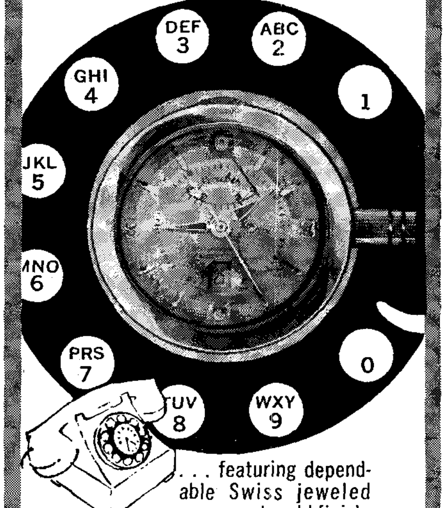

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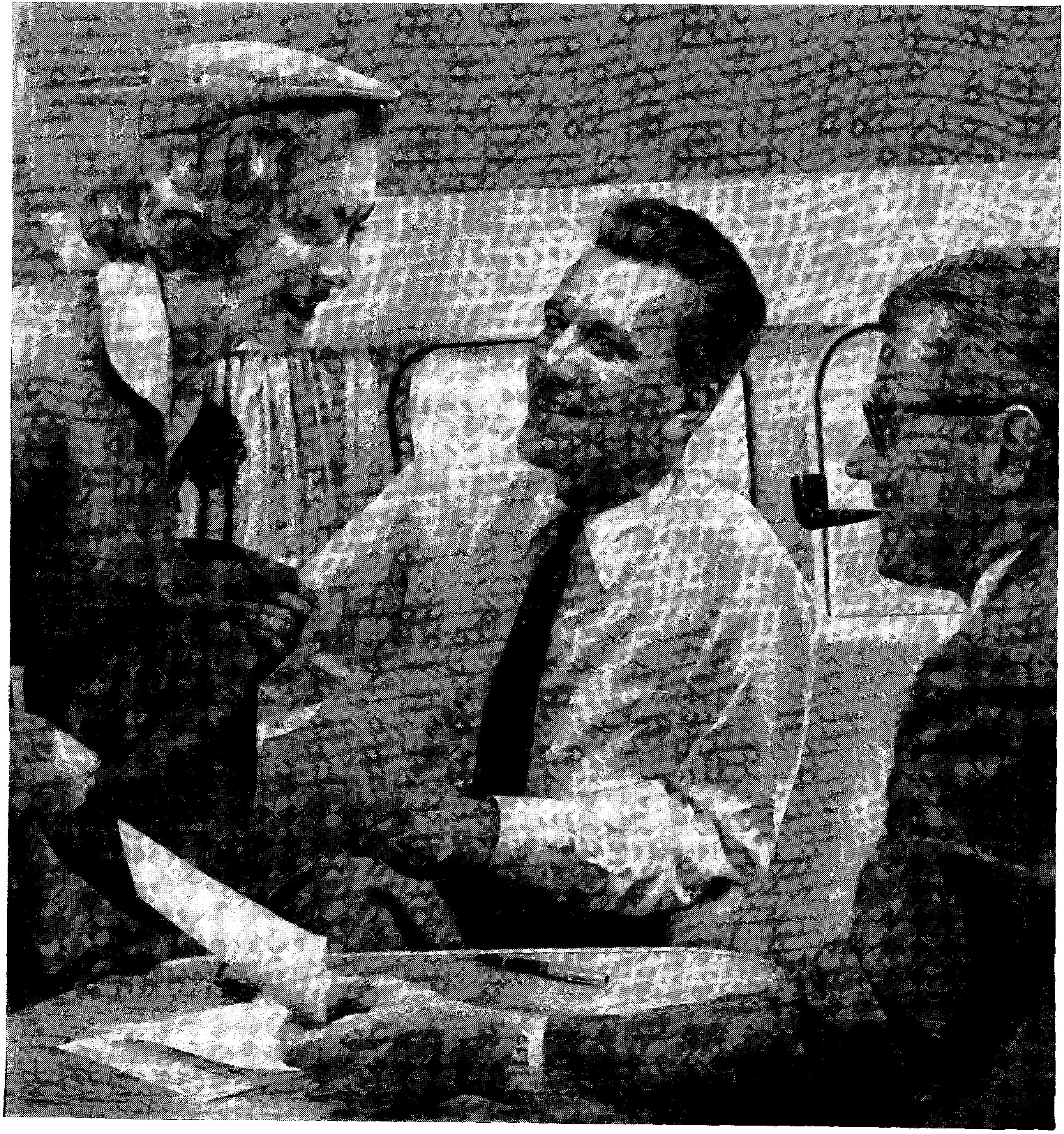

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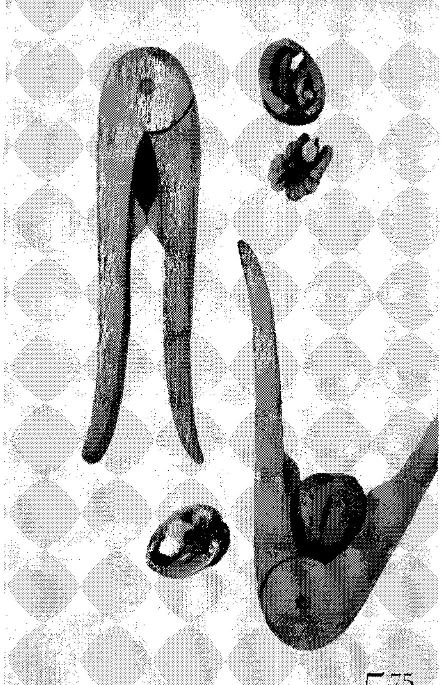
ing gadgets, many run on house current, some are equipped with batteries, and there are still a few, thank goodness, that can be operated simply by turning a crank. Among the miniature sewing machines, the Singer Sewhandy is outstanding, since it can be used for tucking, shirring, and other fancy stitching, as well as for general sewing; $8.95, in either black or beige, at Schwarz, among other places. An eight-inch-long sewing machine with its own light bulb can be operated by battery and also manually; $6.33, at Macy. The Combi-Mix is a nine-inch battery-operated device combining a blender for milk shakes and such, and twin beaters for other mixing tasks; $3.95, at most stores. While there are many toy vacuum cleaners, the new Singer Magic Mite is a scaled-down real vacuum, and almost as effective for small cleaning jobs as a full-size machine, even though it is light enough for an eight-year-old to handle; $29.95, at any of the Singer Centers. A battery-operated combination sink-and-dishwasher, eleven inches high, with a washer capacity of about a dozen doll-house dishes and a pint of water, is $7.55, at Schwarz and elsewhere.

Although Creative Playthings still maintains a showroom at 5 University Place, it now sells all its merchandise by mail from Dalmatia, Pennsylvania. The firm still makes excellent play furniture that is solidly built and handles comfortably; orders, however, must be placed two weeks in advance, and all prices given are F.O.B. Dalmatia. A C. P. wooden stove, two feet tall, is heavily enamelled to look like the real thing and has five plastic knobs for turning on nonexistent electricity; $20.75. And while we are inclined to deplore the number of toys apparently designed to transform little girls into household drudges, a six-piece cleaning set from Creative Playthings (a broom with a thirty-eight-inch handle, a push broom, two mops, a dustpan, and a brush) is so professional-looking that it may even induce a daughter to tidy up her own room occasionally; $4.50.

For girls who take after their mothers and prefer adorning themselves to housework, Youth at Play provides a three-tiered jewelry box containing metal charms, bracelets, pins, and necklaces, along with a supply of colored stones to be mounted on them with the glue and tweezers provided; ($5).

If you have been handed a little girl's voluminous and impenetrable Christmas list, comfort yourself with the fact that she is likely to be happy with almost

OAK FROM SWEDEN



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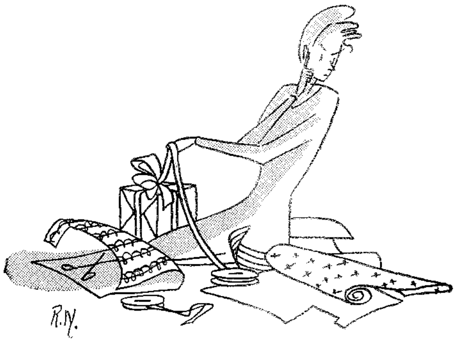
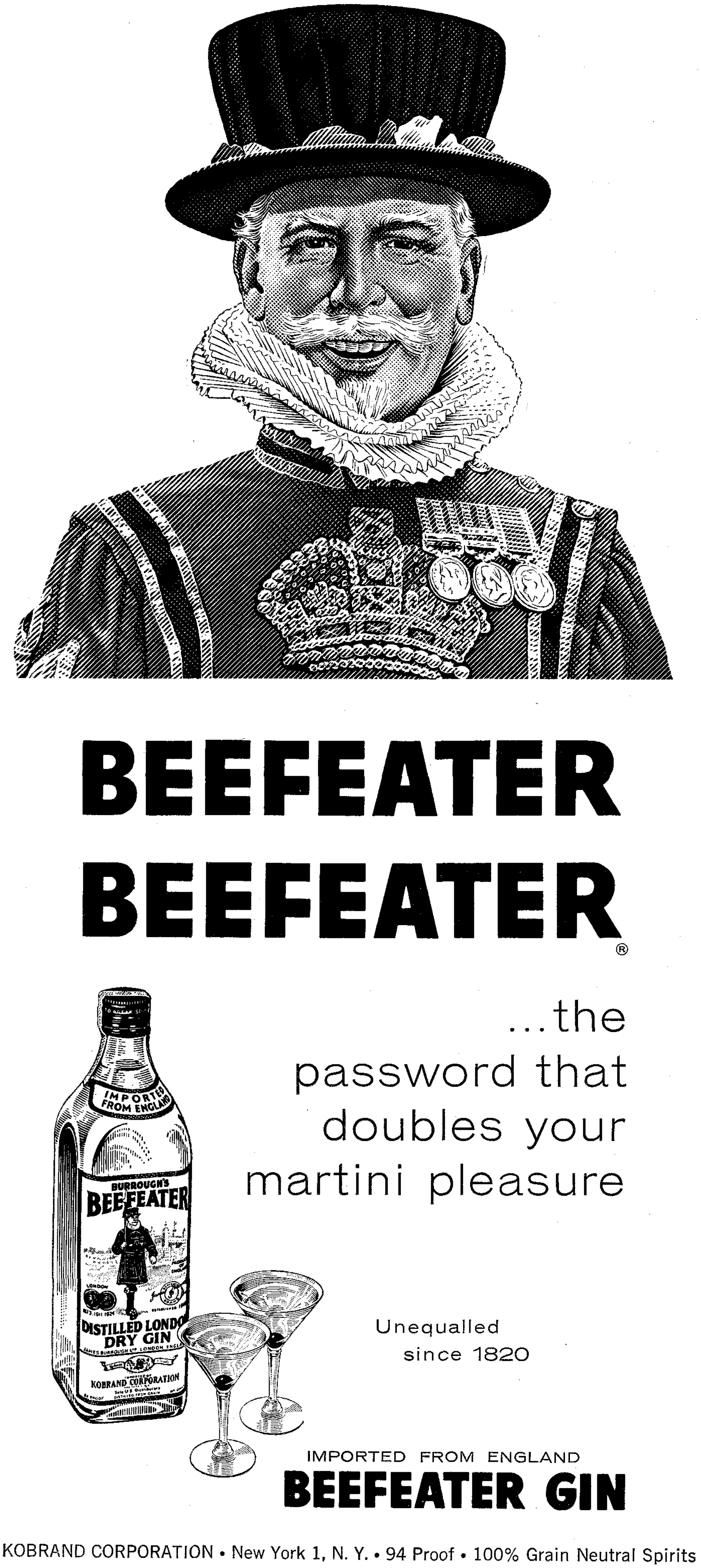
anything, just as long as it's a doll. And almost anything is what you can get these days when you go shopping for dolls. Gimbel's newest—a stunning twenty-one-inch ballerina called Melanie—conceals within her shapely torso some flashlight batteries that activate a mechanism enabling her to walk bewitchingly when taken by the hand, and even to sit down with appropriate feminine grace; $19.95. Also at Gimbel is a baby doll from Italy, displaying attributes of quite a different order, among them a face more like a real baby's than that of any doll we've ever seen, a head that realistically tends to wobble a bit, and authentically sparse hair. She's twenty-one inches tall, has a cloth body and rubberized legs and arms, and wears a sleeping suit and a bib; $24.98. Bloomingdale's eighteen-inch baby-boy doll costs $4.98, wears a bathrobe and carries a toothbrush, and, moreover, has hair that stands on end when his soft rubber head is pressed. A number of the imported dolls now have straight hair, and one at Saks Fifth Avenue wears hers rather long and in a sort of mussed-up Bardot do; $29.95. Goldilocks, at Best, carries a gift for her owner; i.e., she wears a necklace, with charms representing the three bears, that is the size of a girl's bracelet. She also wears a matching bracelet on her own wrist, is seventeen inches tall, is made of vinyl, and costs $9.95. Among the new cloth dolls from Europe is Poupée Odette, a twenty-three-inch Breton girl who wears native dress, wooden shoes, and the noncommittal expression of the seacoast French; $16.95, at Schwarz. Eight-inch dolls are undeniably the most popular of all, and appear in all sorts of guises. At Altman, there is one dressed in jodhpurs and riding a smartly saddled mount ($10, including mount); another, at Lord & Taylor, arrives with a wardrobe trunk holding clothes, toiletries, a sort of Murphy bed, and even a small potted plant ($12.95); and one called a Disk Doll (at most department stores) comes in a box with a huge supply of yarn, some paper discs, and instructions for making a Diorlike flaring costume by

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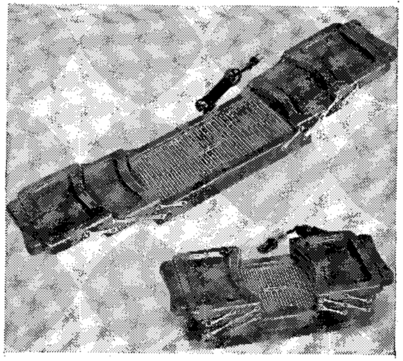

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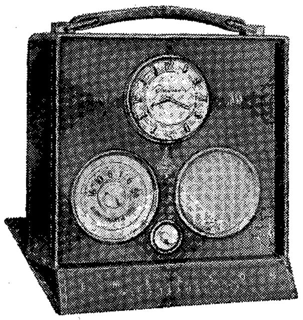

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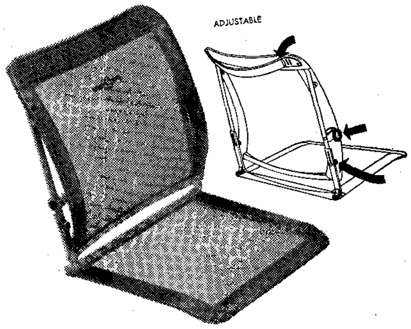

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tying the yarn into a series of bows over the discs ($4.68). At Mary Arnold, 962 Lexington Avenue (70th), a foot-long cradle—all ruffles and ribbon and pink satin—houses a small cloth baby doll that can be manipulated like a puppet on the hand of its owner and produces a small cry when its feet are pushed; $10.95.

Dolls' clothing budgets appear to be rising just as fast as those of their owners. Magnificent wardrobes are available everywhere, and the only slight concessions to make-believe seem to be that furs are still labelled "ming" and that, as we go to press, jewelry is still fake. If you know a little girl who is always complaining that her doll has nothing to wear, Macy will happily sign her up for its Doll-of-the-Month scheme. That is, an eight-inch Little Miss Ginger, a costume, and her wardrobe trunk will arrive under the Christmas tree, and on the fifteenth of each month thereafter for a year, a new outfit will make its appearance (an ice-skating costume in January, for instance, and a bride's dress in June); $28.39 for the works, including a membership scroll with gold seals.

After centuries of allowing girls to crouch in front of doll houses and grope into their dark and dusty recesses, some enlightened architects have hit upon the notion of leaving the roofs off entirely. Schwarz has some roofless rooms, each about twenty inches square, that can be bought separately for $3 apiece, unfurnished; they come in three styles, designed to serve as a living room, a dining room, and a bedroom, but there is no law that forbids a child to turn them into a string of elegant salons, say, or even to convert them into one-room apartments, thus thriftily accommodating several families of diminutive tenants. Childcraft's add-a-room doll house starts off as a two-room affair and can later be expanded to make a two-story dwelling, or even a skyscraper; two standard rooms with a removable roof are $13.50. A split-level house that can be found almost everywhere is three feet across, has a laundry room as well as the usual kitchen, and includes a free-form swimming pool and barbecue grill out front; $8.98. At most department stores, there are a number of doll-house closets, fitted up either with rods and hangers or with shelves for kitchen equipment or linen; fifty-nine cents each. At Bloomingdale, a family of five-inch, adjustable doll-house dolls, consisting of parents, grandparents, and four older children and a baby, may be seen gathered peacefully for dinner. It's little

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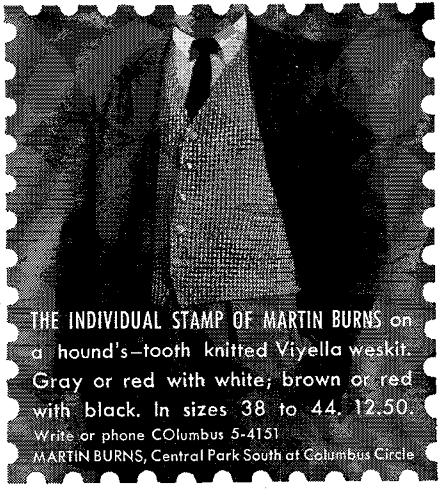

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wonder everything's going so smoothly, for the tenth doll is a uniformed maid, who carries a permanently attached serving tray; $39.95. At A. S. Gergo, Dainty Land of Toys, 23 West 57th Street, you can pick and choose from just about every kind of miniature furnishing conceivable, starting with a mahogany bedroom set that has big brass knobs on the dresser drawers ($12.55) and ending up with fifty-cent plastic envelopes, ideal for stocking stuffing and each holding, say, an inch-high toaster and a plate of fake bread to toast in it, or a minuscule dictionary and a pair of spectacles. For older girls who collect models of antique furniture, Eric Pearson, 18 West 55th Street, has an eighteenth-century mahogany chair with a petit-point seat ($37.50), and S. Wyler, 713 Madison Avenue (63rd), has a collection of the small plates that salesmen for Crown Derby, Spode, and other English china used to carry with them on trips to the Continent; the pieces are just the right size for a doll house, but are clearly destined for a very special one, since they are priced between $12 and $20 each.

LIKE dolls, toy animals seem to have acquired almost every known aptitude, to which they have added a few of their own, such as the knack of reappearing after several eras of geologic time. Right now, it is practically impossible to escape the dinosaur and most of his cousins. Certainly children seem to have taken these monstrous reptiles to their hearts, and there are models of prehistoric animals ranging all the way from a three-inch papier-mâché Megatherium, at Macy, for seventy-nine cents, to Schwarz's twenty-nine-inch Stegosaurus, which manages to look as cuddly as a dinosaur ever will, because it's made of stuffed plush by Steiff ($18). As for the mammalian world, the newest of the stuffed animals is the okapi, a beast once confined to the Belgian Congo and the Bronx Zoo, and now around the stores in heights ranging from ten inches ($4.50, at Altman) up to the approximate stature of a Percheron ($295, at Schwarz). Also in the sizable category is a Skye terrier, about two feet long, and with an ear-to-ear span of twenty-one inches, which keeps warm in a coat of off-white fur that fluffs out about six inches from its body ($16.98, at Bloomingdale), and at Altman there is a fur-bearing squirrel from Italy that is bigger than a dog ($19.95). What effect such whopping beasts will have on a child's dreams we can't say. Dandi-Lion, a

WINE,

WIT and WISDOM
december 1958

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Champagne's delectable for Christmas.

Champagne's a beverage that fizzes
When a Miss becomes a Mrs.

Champagne, if served to grumpy boss,
May counteract employment loss.

Champagne says "Pop" with extra joy
When you have a girl or boy.

Champagne will make a Christmas turkey
Gobble faster, look more perky.

CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL: 1 cube sugar in chilled Champagne glass; 2 drops bitters; chilled Champagne; lemon twist if desired.

TO THE HOSTESS WHO'S TOASTED THE MOSTEST

To you, my dear, who serve Champagne!
It's lovely when you entertain.
There's method in your bubble madness:
It fills a guest with double gladness;
For you are lovely, never plain,
In eyes of guests who sip Champagne.

Always buy the Champagnes of
CALIFORNIA
Wine Land of America

ET TU, BRUT? Do label designations give you a nervous breakdown when buying Champagne? Our Booklet, offered below, advises: "BRUT is the driest Champagne of all; SEC (dry) is really semi-dry or medium-sweet; and DOUX (sweet) is the sweetest Champagne of all" . . . So *there.* Paste *that* in your hat, and go shopping!

THE STURGEON AND THE SNACK

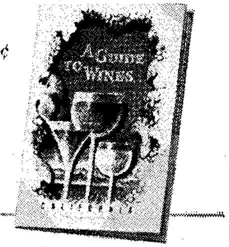
Quoth the Sturgeon to the Snack:
"With Caviar, both red and black,
One serves, the connoisseurs ordain,
A California fine Champagne."

Quoth the Snack unto the Sturgeon:
"I never need the slightest urgin'
To slither, with a fine disdain,
Into guests who quaff Champagne."

LET US MAIL for you, Sir or Madam, the perfect Christmas greeting to your wine-beginner friends – or yourself, "A GUIDE TO WINES", shown below, is a charming, useful 32-page booklet; tells how each California wine tastes; how and when to serve and enjoy each wine; gives you 66 tempting wine recipes, hints, drinks, party ideas; tells the fascinating story and lore of wine; names good wine books; sketches your "California vineyard tour". 25¢ each. If ordering more than one, attach list of names and addresses to coupon. We'll write *your* name, as giver, on each envelope. Hurry – and a Very Sparkling Christmas to you all!

A gift
of small
cost but
lasting
value

25¢



Wine Advisory Board, *Dept. N-18*
717 Market St., San Francisco 3, Calif.
I enclose 25¢ EACH. Send "A GUIDE TO WINES", with my name on each envelope, to the following:

NAME________________
ADDRESS________________
CITY________ZONE___STATE______
(If multiple order, attach names, addresses)

WINE ADVISORY BOARD, DEPT. N-18, 717 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO 3, CALIF.

Pierre Balmain's
Jolie Madame
for a
Joyeux
Noel
Eau de Toilette
Jolie Madame
Eau de Toilette
Balmain
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PIERRE BALMAIN
PARIS
Jolie Madame
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Jolie Madame

Think of the most attractive lady on your gift list—then think of "Jolie Madame". It's a logical progression of thought, for Pierre Balmain created this signature scent for ladies whose natural place is at the top of gift lists. Perfume: 4.00, 8.50 (purse atomizer), 15.00 and 26.00. Eau de Toilette: 5.00, 9.00 and 15.00. Prices plus tax. Street Floor. Mail and phone orders filled. At all S.F.A. stores.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
ROCKEFELLER CENTER, N.Y. • WHITE PLAINS • SPRINGFIELD, N. J.

mere twenty inches long and covered in plush of a bright-yellow lion color, is soft and floppy, and has eyes that seem to wink; actually, they're made of some sort of reflecting plastic ($2.95, at Best). There being literally thousands of other floppy animals about, we must move on to some more talented creatures. For instance, a sleek seal with a body of black metal, seven inches long, has a battery mechanism that causes his eyes to light up, sets a ball spinning on his nose, and pushes him along, wobbling on his rubber fins ($3.20, at Youth at Play), and a nine-inch plush mechanical bear sits on a metal log, holding a tiny box of Kleenex at the ready for his sneezes, which occur about every two seconds ($3.38, at Bloomingdale). Black polka dots on a white ground decorate the coat of a fifty-one-inch-tall giraffe meant to be ridden astride, although he doesn't move; $25, at Hanlan, 51 Greenwich Avenue. Visitors from the Antarctic include a bright-blue broadcloth whale, nearly two feet long, who keeps his red mouth wide open, does no tricks, but makes a fine pillow, because he's stuffed with kapok ($5.95, at Edwin House, 145 West Fourth Street), and a mainly decorative fifteen-inch wooden penguin who wouldn't be recognized in Marie Byrd Land, what with his long green head, red body, and yellow bill ($6.98, at Macy). At Brentano, 586 Fifth Avenue (47th), a cast of characters for a puppet show—donkey, crocodile, wolf, and bloodhound (the last one wearing a sad face indeed)—have wooden heads with noisy, clacking jaws, something like those in the old Punch-and-Judy shows, and are $3.95 each. For a large puppet theatre, Childcraft provides a set of grooved boards, posts, nuts, and bolts, which, when assembled, can double as a store, with the stage becoming a counter four feet high; $19.50. And at A. S. Gergo, there is a tiny wooden theatre, less than a foot wide, with a complete cast of doll characters for "Little Red Riding Hood;" $14.

NOW for some handy aids for parents at about noon on Christmas Day, when the seemingly incredible question "What'll we do now?" arises. A circular court for marbles, forty-five inches across, has a plastic-cloth floor, marked for scoring, and an inflatable rim, so that the whole thing can be collapsed and put away between games; $3.99, with a supply of marbles, at most department stores. The latest word game to make a try at replacing Scrabble is called Goomicus—a name

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Sapphire sea... a magnificent palm-fringed private beach . . . and The Lido Biltmore's Club-atmosphere. Perfect swimming, exciting fishing in protected waters, boating, 5 golf courses, tennis. Luxurious resort hotel on the Gulf, fabulous cuisine, social gaiety. American and European Plan.

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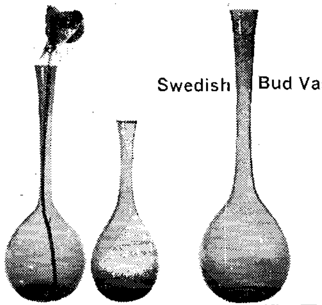

Hand blown smoke blue crystal vases.
7"—$3.50, 9"—$4.00, 12"—$5.50 ppd.
Group of three vases $12. postpaid.
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Lady Manhattan® creates a luxurious pure silk shirt in vibrant holiday reds and greens, blues and greens . . . lovingly coordinates it with a sleek, deep-pile velveteen skirt. Tailored with Lady Manhattan's traditional finesse, with soft Chanel collar and three-quarter turn-up sleeves. Sizes 10 to 18. Shirt about $12.95, skirt about $12.95. Prices slightly higher in the West. Lady Manhattan, a division of The Manhattan Shirt Company, 1407 Broadway, N.Y. C. 18.

BONWIT TELLER NEW YORK; **MARSHALL FIELD** CHICAGO & SUBURBAN STORES; **BULLOCK'S** LOS ANGELES; **L. S. AYRES** INDIANAPOLIS; **E. M. KAHN** DALLAS; **G. FOX** HARTFORD; **SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR** ROCHESTER; **ROOS-ATKINS** SAN FRANCISCO; **KAUFMANN'S** PITTSBURGH; **BATTELSTEIN'S** HOUSTON

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For a dramatic preview of your Hawaiian ***dream vacation,*** *see Cinerama's exciting, new "South Seas Adventure."*

Hawaii

Round trip from Pacific Coast and 10 hotel days (European Plan) can cost as little as **$325**

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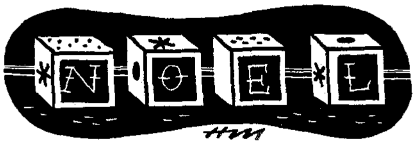
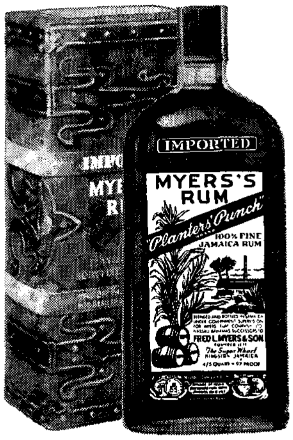
confected from the words "good" and "*amicus*," and designed to convey the idea that the game will be a real pal to the whole family. The idea of the game itself, which was supposedly derived from alphabet soup, makes more sense than the name; each player scoops his quota of letters into a plastic bowl and then lays them out (no board required; they interlock) to make words; $2.79, at Macy and elsewhere. To reduce the squirming on auto trips, there is a new Car Travel Game, a board representing a highway marked with the hazards and pleasures that lie in wait for motorists. Each move is determined by a spinner built into the board, and each player's progress is marked by metal tabs attached to the board by strings—nothing to slide down under the seat, or to be dropped out the window when impatience gets the upper hand; ninety-two cents, at the larger stores. For very small children, Educational Equipment Company has some darts tipped with safety suction cups rather than with metal points ($4.75, with a big dartboard), as well as a box of a dozen bricks that are of the standard size and color (i.e., red), and strong enough to be stood on, but that are made of cardboard; $6.98. An enchanting bowling game, at Lord & Taylor, sprouts eleven-inch tenpins that look like tulips on long, green wood stalks ($5.95). A bag of fifty-seven bright-colored spools and a thick cord to string them on will fascinate a two-year-old for at least two minutes; $1, at Rappaport.

Automation is stealthily invading even the realm of the arts, as the Player Drum proves: Just turn a handle at the side and it goes tum-te-tum-tum all by itself; $3.98, at Polk, among other places. Rappaport has a ten-inch-high player piano, with a twelve-note keyboard, six player rolls ("Jingle Bells," "Londonderry Air," "Camptown Races," and such), and six extra blanks that a young music lover can perforate with a sharp pencil to record the tunes of his choice ($19.95); the Roll Harmonica, at A. S. Gergo, also uses player rolls, but these are activated by turning a crank and blowing; $3.50. You'll find lots of electrically powered instruments everywhere. At many stores there is the Golden Electric Pipe Organ, a fourteen-by-nine-inch reed instrument with a keyboard of two chromatic octaves, which works on house current (about

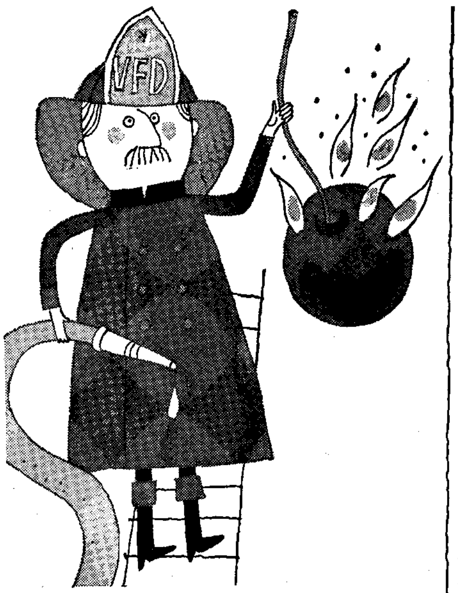


Not Eggnog,
sir,
Myers Rum
Eggnog!

Wherever the holiday bowl is a tradition, the glowing richness of **myers rum** is indispensable. You can taste the Jamaica sunshine! **Myers** Eggnog has been gracing the Christmas board since 1879. So if you're responsible for the flavor of eggnog, insist on world-famous **myers jamaica rum.**



TASTEFULLY WRAPPED FOR HOLIDAY GIVING. IMPORTED FROM JAMAICA. MYERS'S RUM • 97 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., 375 PARK AVENUE, N. Y. 22, N. Y.



4th of July Dessert

Cherries Jubilee

TO WRENCH cheers from even the most churlish of your dinner guests, do this:

Buy a jar of our noble Cherries Jubilee. These huge black globes were plucked from their lofty peaks by mountaineers wearing oxygen equipment.

We bottle these tender-fleshed beauties in a rich ruby sauce of heavy syrup, burgundy, currant jelly, brandy and spices. Pour the lot into your chafing dish and bring to a boil.

Pour in a generous half-cup of your prized and ancient cognac. Light. When the Great Chicago Fire is playing second fiddle, and guests are aquiver with excitement, spoon the flaming cherries over vanilla ice cream. Thus is the 4th of July always on call.

P. S. *Cherries Jubilee is one of 60 Gourmet Foods, plucked from the four corners of the world. If your department stores or fine food shops don't carry them, write us.*

CHERRIES JUBILEE

GENERAL FOODS

GOURMET FOODS

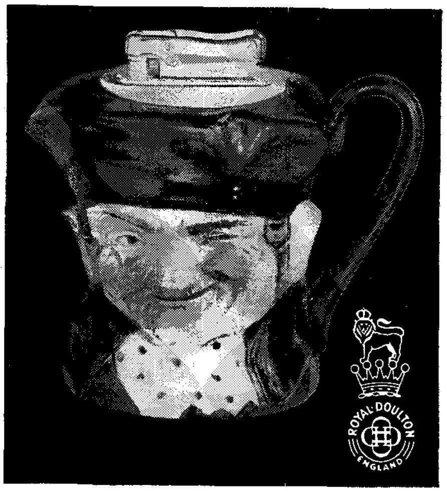
White Plains, New York

$20), as does the 'Lectric Piano, which stands on metal legs about the height of those on a child's table; $12.98, at Macy. For young musicians who want no mechanical help, Macy has imported a ten-inch French horn ($3.74) and a twelve-inch cornet ($4.39), both of brass, and both well made.

Parents of young artists should rejoice to hear that there are enormous supplies around for making collages—a pastime that children seem to enjoy hugely. Childcraft has assembled a set of over a hundred sheets of colored paper, along with paper circles and squares, in a big box together with paste, brush, scissors, and so on ($2.95), and at Childplay there are colored sticks, sequins, beads, pieces of leather, and plastic lace, in addition to more usual collage materials, at prices ranging from fifteen cents to $2.25 a package. A beginner in mosaics can experiment with Petal Craft, which involves plastic flowers set in a pegboard; $4 for a set of two hundred and forty pieces, at most stores. Hanlan has the rectangular stone, five and a half by three inches, that the Japanese use for a palette; $2.50, with two bamboo brushes. A new clay, marble-hard when molded, requires no baking and is unbreakable, and its surface is receptive to ordinary paint and shellac; a five-pound bag is $2.50, at Childplay. Best's new artist's smock is $3.95, in small, medium, and large sizes for ages two to eight, and any little girl who finds one under the tree will also find that her twelve-inch doll has received a matching smock.

SOME of the more stalwart railroaders may be troubled by the idea of rockets, satellites, and atomic power plants all over the miniature layout, but there, inevitably, they are. At Schwarz, you'll find an elaborate nine-by-twelve-inch atomic power plant for trackside installation ($28.50), and a train with a Styrofoam satellite suspended above one of its cars; the train also has a three-speed locomotive, a searchlight car with a revolving light, a radar car with a revolving screen, a gondola with spare satellites, and a caboose marked "U.S. Space Research" ($39.95). A Lionel rocket-carrying gantry on a flatcar totes a missile to a launching site, then lowers the projectile so that it can be fired by remote control; $17.95, and extra rockets are $1 each. The new American Flyer sawmill realistically simulates the slicing of a large wooden log into a dozen short ones and loads these into a waiting car, while a small lumberjack sitting on an overhead crane supervises

Give Royalty



Handsome gift for anyone on your list . . . an authentic English character jug, equipped with the world's finest lighter mechanism, Colibri by Kreisler. Choose from six droll English characters, $15.00.

Shown Old Charley; others: Beefeater, Falstaff, Long John Silver, Mr. Pickwick and Poacher.

Give
Royal Doulton

SEND FOR NEW FIGURINE OR TOBY JUG BOOK IN FULL COLOR
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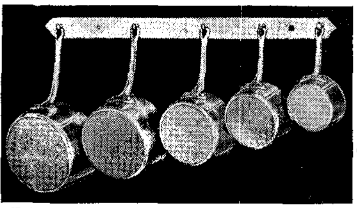

FRENCH MELTER SET

in copper and brass

Right out of a French chef's kitchen . . . 5 copper pans with gleaming brass handles. Comes in graduating sizes from 1½ oz. for melting butter or heating brandy, to the large 8 oz. size for warming up an individual serving of food. Complete with brass bar to hang in your kitchen. A wonderful Christmas gift!

$17.95 ppd.
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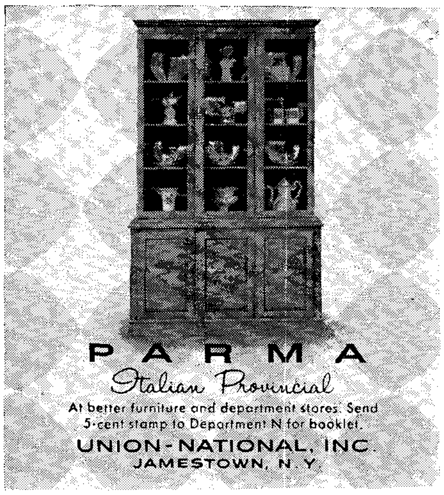

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At better furniture and department stores. Send 5-cent stamp to Department N for booklet.

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the operation; the entire layout takes up less than a square foot of real estate, and costs $12.95, not including the car. At Polk, a new Revell HO-gauge boxcar, with either New Haven or Great Northern markings, is $2.98, including a hobo sitting comfortably on top. A small battery-operated four-car train, on hand in many stores for $2.98, sometimes runs off the tracks, but it doesn't matter—it highballs along right on the floor. Also at Polk, an eighteen-inch locomotive won't turn a wheel unless it's pushed or pulled, but when it is, it lets out voluminous wheezing noises from a big bellows in its innards; $11.95. And, for a very small boy indeed, Childcraft has a train of soft plastic with four big unbreakable and detachable cars, and without electricity, tracks, or train noises; $1.98. A new game for railroad buffs called Dispatcher is played on a board nearly six feet long, which—to allay the trepidation of those whose rooms are already full of track—folds up into a fourteen-inch square. Markers representing trains can be sent east, west, or off onto sidings, depending on the tickets each player draws; $4.95, at Brentano and Rappaport.

GENERAL GUIDANCE: Some of the big department stores, such as Macy and Gimbel, have laid out their art and game sections in self-service, supermarket style, to speed up shopping. At Gimbel, each passenger on the carrousel (fare, thirty cents) receives a small gift. At Macy, electric trains are running on about half a mile of track. Trains are rolling at Lionel, 15 East 26th Street, and at Gilbert (American Flyer), Fifth Avenue at 25th Street, from nine to five every day except Sunday.

Final ideas for the desperate: The Museum Shop at the Museum of Natural History and the United Nations Gift Center, in the basement of the U.N. Building (45th Street entrance), both have huge collections of dolls from almost every country in the world. And amid the many delightfully old-fashioned toys at the latter place, our eye was caught by a doll-size Hong Kong rickshaw, with white upholstered seat, green awning top, and license plate—no rockets, no atomic power, not even any flashlight batteries.

Gifts for Men

IT seems safe to assume that people who plan to triumph over their Christmas list this year by giving the men on it neckties, cuff buttons, or cigars need no help from us (and dress-

a Festive Drink

for ALL the Family!

...and for your guests who prefer non-alcoholic refreshment

GOLDEN CHAMPAGNE COLOR...SPARKLING ZESTFUL FLAVOR!

MEIER'S
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THE CHAMPAGNE OF GRAPE JUICES

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RED is
REDDER
with...
ARPEGE
LANVIN PARFUMS • PARIS

ing gowns are two aisles over, under the moose head), so this time we'll just dispense with haberdashery and other Yuletide standbys and concentrate—as best we can, amid all the confusion in the stores—on out-of-the-way presents that aim at picking off particular Christmas targets, rather than doing for the whole list at once, broadside. For example, it requires no imagination at all to give a jazz album to a man who is inclined to sit for hours marvelling at the tonal perfection of his hi-fi set, but there is a way to flatter both him and his machine—give him a recording faithfully reproducing a sound that is especially nostalgic to him, or especially appropriate to the season. It doesn't have to be the joyous uproar of the New Year's Eve crowd in Times Square, though that is available, on a 78-r.p.m. record (No. 5021, at $2) made by Thomas J. Valentino, a veteran radio-sound-effects man, on the fifth floor at 150 West 46th Street. It could be just routine city sounds, to be sent, of course, to a man who has retired to the depths of the country but yearns now and again for the tumult of the metropolis. The canned tumult could be, say, the sound of a wrecking crew going after an old landmark—the beams being wrenched out, the iron ball crunching into the masonry, and debris rumbling down the chute (No. 4115-B, at $2), or a recording of the city's traffic noises (No. 4109-A, also at $2), consisting of an automobile motor's starting whir, the meshing of gears, the acceleration of the engine, a chorus of horns, and a crescendo of brakes, followed—cheerfully enough—by a cascade of shattered glass. Conversely, a city man who is homesick for the country and longs for pastoral noises would probably appreciate a recording of cricket chirps, frog croaks, owl hoots, and so on (No. 4022-A), or perhaps a bullfrog solo (No. 4028-A); these are $2 apiece. "Army Bugle Calls," a twelve-inch 78-r.p.m. record that runs through everything on the soldier's program, from reveille to taps, or sixteen calls in all, costs $3.50, and if that isn't martial enough for the man you have in mind, a recording of assorted artillery blasts, pops, bangs, and booms (everything from a 90-mm. antitank gun to a 155-mm. howitzer), with a heart-warming obbligato of machine-gun fire thrown in, can be his (and his neighbors') for $2 (No. 4101-B).

If your requirements include nostalgia of a more substantial nature, how about a 1901 Oldsmobile roadster? Or at least a full-size copy of it, authentic

see . . . enjoy
FASCINATING
JAPAN

Japan is the perfect year-round vacation land . . . never too hot, never too cold . . . with something exciting to see and do in every season.

You'll enjoy the combination of ancient manners and customs . . . of modern accommodations, transportation and shops. You'll thrill to the beauty of the country . . . the gaiety of the festivals . . . the charm and courtesy of the people.

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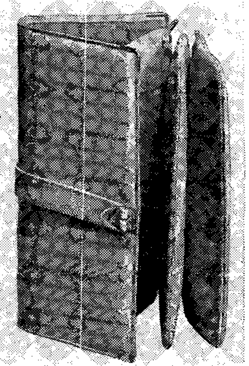

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Convenient, copious, practical and attractive. 8½" x 3½" cover in genuine soft calf leather, three zippered compartments in suede with contrasting trim. Minimum room in your luggage, maximum storage for valuables. In red, black, pale blue and turquoise. Only $9.45 postpaid.

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22 East 56th Street, New York 22, N. Y.
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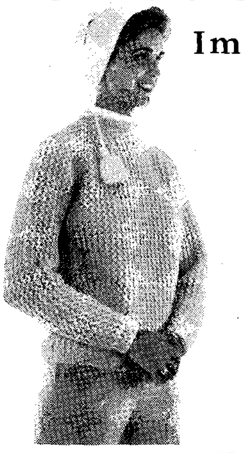

Imported and Intriguing

A heavy, Austrian sweater of an intricate knit. Comes in light blue, red or a grey-blue. Also available as a white cardigan or a V neck in green or yellow. Price **$34.95** plus 50c postage. The finest in skis, accessories and sportswear for your ski holidays. Please write for catalogue

SIG BUCHMAYR SPORTSHOP
16 EAST 50TH ST., NEW YORK CITY

down to the last detail, as far as common sense and the law of the land permit. The feeble lanterns of the original, which today would attract traffic cops like moths, have been equipped with sealed-beam General Electric headlights; a tail-light, stop lights, and an electric starter have been added; and the motor is a one-cylinder, four-horsepower job that will achieve a dizzying thirty-five miles an hour (and that's probably better than the original could do) and get *sixty-seven* miles to the gallon. Otherwise, though, it's the Merry Oldsmobile all over again, with its tiller to steer with, its buggy body, and its sunbonnet of a top. This gallant machine can be ordered at Old Time Autos, Ltd., 1270 Sixth Avenue (50th). It comes in two models—the roadster, which is a two-seater, and something called a wagon, which has a tonneau big enough for a couple of kids and some luggage—and in three color combinations: ivory with black trim, red with black trim, and black with red trim. The resuscitation has the blessing of the current Oldsmobile people, who, in fact, contributed the plans of their 1901 model to the enterprise. The price is $1,495.

Maybe a necktie, after all. . . . But no! For a golfer who wants to protect his woods from the buffetings of life, Abercrombie & Fitch has a set of soft leather covers for their heads, hand-tooled in Italy with "Uno," "Due," "Tre," and "Quattro," at $22.50 the set. And in Macy's book department, on the fifth floor, there are some fine old sporting items from England, among them a set of four de-luxe three-quarter-leather volumes edited in 1901 by those redoubtable old sportsmen George A. B. Dewar and the Marquess of Granby and containing treatises, by various experts in their fields, on such gentlemanly pursuits as bird watching, shooting, cricket, golf, and gardening, for $24.95. In another book on sports in general, this one bound in half leather and published by Longmans, Green in 1897, E. B. Mitchell and Walter Armstrong, gentlemen boxers and wrestlers, discuss boxing and wrestling, and Walter H. Pollock, then the fencing editor of England's *Saturday Review*, and F. C. Grove, Provost and Maître d'Armes of Cambridge, discuss fencing. This is $4.98.

But perhaps there's a real, live fencer on your list. In that case, you should first ascertain whether he is right- or left-handed, and with which foot he lunges, and then go straight to the *salle* of the famous George Santelli, at 412

DON'T
STIR
WITHOUT
NOILLY
PRAT

NOILLY PRAT
NOILLY PRAT
VERMOUTH

TWO KINDS:
EXTRA DRY
AND SWEET

The man with a sense of proportion knows that a Dry Martini is *not* a hooker of gin or vodka. He uses enough of the pale new Noilly Prat French Vermouth to make its *civilizing* presence felt. Extra dry and light *by nature,* Noilly Prat will make your cocktails come alive. Don't ever stir without it!

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Sixth Avenue (9th), where a Visconti-, American-, or Belgian-style foil with an imported blade, a steel bell guard, and the Santelli stamp of approval costs $9. If your man needs an épée, Santelli will furnish a French model, for $11.30, or an Italian one, for $13.20. A sabre? The official Olympic sabre is $11.60, and so is the Hungarian sabre, which is also excellent for dancing to Khatchaturian. A foilproof mask with a heavy but washable *bavette*, or bib, to protect the throat, costs $9.50, and a mask that is proof against sabres, épées, *and* foils is $14.50.

After thrashing about with sabres and foils, a man might like to retire to his quarters, open his *aparador de licores*, and pour himself a refreshing drink. Well, Altman has imported an impressive *aparador de licores*—a mahogany cabinet sixteen and a half inches high, twenty-two and a half inches wide, and fourteen and a half inches from front to back—that provides for just such an accommodation, and that's not all. It's covered with gold-tooled natural pigskin, and when the hinged top is lifted, a removable felt-lined game tray is revealed, complete with chess and checkers sets, four decks of cards, poker dice, regular dice, a supply of poker chips, a roulette wheel, a croupier's rake, and markers for roulette. Beneath this tray is a cork-lined liquor compartment, fitted out with a glass cocktail mixer, half a dozen goblets, a cork-covered work shelf, and drawers for cigars and cigarettes, but still leaving space for eight liquor bottles. In addition to all this, the *aparador* has a built-in music box that, in case things get dull, can play "Moulin Rouge." The price is $695.

TO get back down to earth, let's think some more about that fellow with the hi-fi set. If his reveries take him down memory lane to an old-fashioned circus, or to a speakeasy, or to heaven, or to a beer hall, or to a Fourth of July parade, or to the merry-go-round in the park, you can obtain, at Mr. Valentino's, for $3.98 each, long-playing records Nos. 1003-A through 1008-A, which offer forty-minute concerts of circus-calliope music, honky-tonk music, harp music, nickelodeon music, fife-and-drum music, and merry-go-round music, respectively.

Another kind of gentleman's cabinet, a sort of *aparador de handyman*, turns up at Hammacher Schlemmer in the form of a combined tool chest and rolling table, which can be wheeled around from chore to chore. It consists of a tarnishproof, silverized steel frame,

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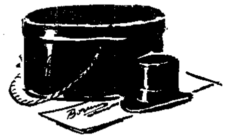

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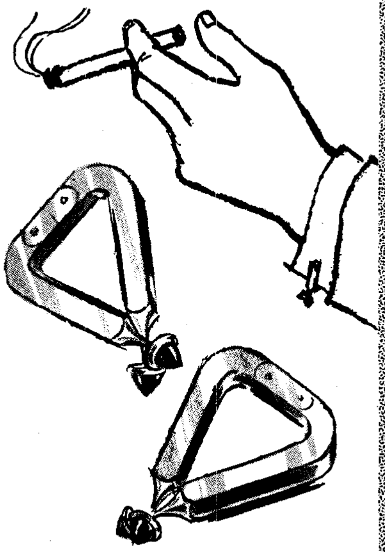

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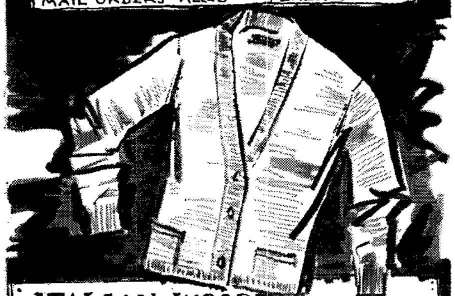

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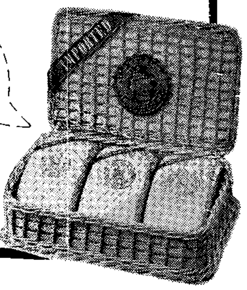

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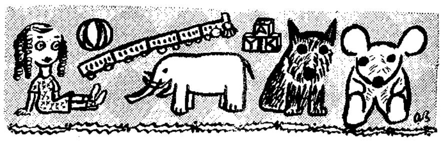
thirty inches high, mounted on four casters and supporting a toolbox twenty inches long, fifteen inches wide, and fifteen inches deep, made of perforated metal painted a bright red. There's space in the box for all kinds of tools, including power tools, for whose sake a six-foot electric cord with a triple outlet is included. The whole thing costs \$12.95 as it stands (or rolls), and \$32.90 with a set of fifteen Stanley tools—a hammer, a hand drill, a folding rule, a combination square, a pair of pliers, a couple of screwdrivers, and so on. At Alice H. Marks, 36 East 57th Street, there is a baronial set of thirty-seven tools of chromium-plated Sheffield steel, many of them with ivory handles and all of them housed in a dark burl walnut cabinet lined with brown suède cloth. The cabinet lights up when its double doors are opened, and a small drawer in the bottom holds additional paraphernalia—a file, some drills, glue, screws, and a pencil. It was made in England and costs \$525. A set of tools that comes in a plain plastic roll-up case but would nevertheless be happily welcomed by almost any motorboat operator comprises a screwdriver with a six-inch blade, an eight-inch adjustable-end wrench, and a pair of groove-joint pliers designed to cope with a balky water pump—all made of a beryllium-copper alloy that is not only non-magnetic, and thus harmless to such excitable navigation instruments as compasses and radar, but non-spark-producing, or about as close to it as a metal can get, and thus safe to use in places where gasoline fumes are wafting about. The price is \$27.50, at the Crow's-nest, 16 East 40th Street. A nautical man might also like to have a simple little pocket anemometer, six inches long, that gives wind readings on two scales (from zero up to ten miles an hour, and from zero up to sixty miles an hour); \$4.95, at Abercrombie & Fitch. Of course, if your man is a real bug on wind, you could do yourself proud by putting under his Christmas tree the new Windscope, a battery-powered instrument that is spoken highly of at Meyrowitz, 520 Fifth Avenue (43rd). This registers not only the wind's speed but its direction, on a clearly calibrated dial set in a handsome mahogany case, which can be either fixed to a wall or put on a desk. The weather vane that feeds the informa-



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tion to the Windscope comes with sixty feet of connecting cable, but it can be placed as far as two thousand feet away, if that seems desirable; the price, complete with a set of batteries, is $99.50. A dandy Henckel pruning knife with two blades—a long one for the pruning, and a short one for grafting buds—has a stag handle and a German-silver trim and costs $6, postage prepaid, from the White Flower Farm, Litchfield, Connecticut.

How about luggage? Saks Fifth Avenue has a big brown canvas kit bag, twenty inches long, for $13.75, and an unlined leather club bag, sixteen inches long and made in Italy, where they show a talent for that sort of thing, with a cinch strap running around its middle, for $60.50. Mark Cross has thought up an attaché case roomy enough to hold a man's dinner suit, stiff shirt, and black tie, along with the manuscript of his speech and the plans for the new sales campaign. It's of English pigskin and it contains a removable briefcase; $104.50. David T. Abercrombie, 97 Chambers Street (a block west of Broadway), makes, and sells, a hunting bag of rubberized duck, three feet across, that is six feet long, unrolled, and has eleven big pockets, providing enough room for an assortment of shoes and socks, shirts, pants, and perhaps a suit, plus a camera, say, and whatever other odds and ends need to be protected from the weather. When it is rolled up and strapped around the middle, it is roughly a foot in diameter; $76. A piece of auxiliary luggage designed by T. Anthony, 751 Madison Avenue (65th), is a slim black morocco case that will accommodate a couple of shirts, a pair of pajamas, some underclothes, socks, handkerchiefs, a pair of slippers, and a dressing gown; with all these things in it, it will still fit into a briefcase or another piece of luggage, or it can be carried under the arm. The price is $29.50. The Crow's-nest offers a receptacle of blue nylon duck that folds flat, or almost flat, when empty, and opens up into a case twenty-one inches long, a foot wide, and a foot deep, for $13.95, and a stubby, two-foot-long duffelbag of blue or gray-green water-repellent canvas, for $6.60.

SHOULD we spare another thought for that fellow with the hi-fi? Perhaps he is lonesome for the sounds of the Peruvian rain forest, and if so, the place to go is Folkways Records, on the second floor at 121 West 47th Street, where a twelve-inch long-playing record (No. FX-6120), pro-

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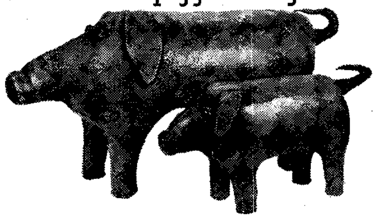

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duced for the Museum of Natural History by Folkways, with the co-operation of the New York Zoological Society, Cornell University, and a great many noisy creatures, can be obtained for $5.95. This has rain-forest sounds as heard during the rainy season on one side, and rain-forest sounds as heard during the dry season on the other, the former consisting of the damp cries and hisses of peepers, toads, and reptiles, and the latter of assorted arid squawks and chitterings by toucans, macaws, and howler monkeys, among others.

Of course, there are men who might prefer a living toucan, macaw, or howler monkey, to make a pet of, and in that case we can recommend the Trefflich Bird & Animal Co., down at 228 Fulton Street, a block west of Broadway. A toucan and a macaw will set you back $75 and $275, respectively, and while howler monkeys are in rather short supply, their appeal as pets being limited, a woolly monkey from Brazil, who doesn't howl, and makes a cozy companion, is on hand for $150, and a baby chimpanzee can be had for $500. A kinkajou, which is an affectionate creature with a prehensile tail and large, lustrous eyes, is $75. (Not one peep is heard out of a kinkajou on the rain-forest record, wet or dry, although he lives in the rain forest, and we take this as a sign that he would be fairly quiet around the house.) Kinkajous are carnivorous but easily tamed, and Mr. Trefflich, who should know, says they are becoming popular here. So is the coati mundi, from Central America, who resembles a raccoon except for his long, flexible snout. He also costs $75.

If none of these creatures seem precisely right for your man, you might look in at Chateau Theatrical Animals, presided over by Fred E. Birkner, at 608 West 48th Street. Here you can pick up a llama for $500, a Texas armadillo for $35, or—if you get there first with $40—a personable young Mexican raven, who came here for a part in a Broadway show but was written out of the script and is now at liberty. His custodians are teaching him to talk, and by this time he is probably wishing Edgar Allan Poe had never been born.

There's nothing like a good telescope to liven up Christmas morning, or anyway Christmas night, but good telescopes are apt to run into a lot of money. A new one, called the Astroscope, has turned up at Meyrowitz, and, sure enough, it runs into a lot of money, too, but it *is* an extraordinary instru-

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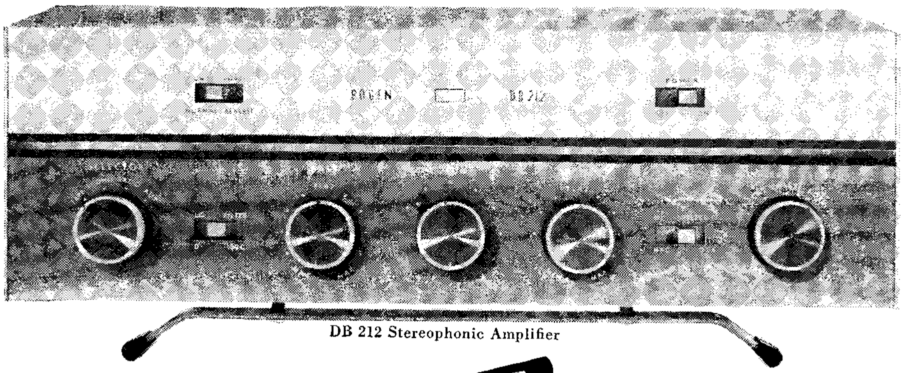

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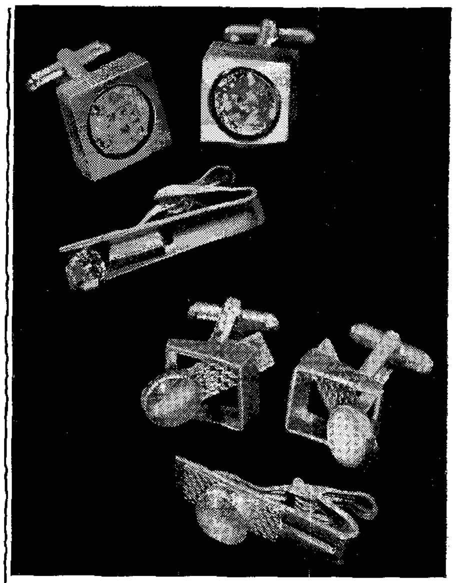
ment. Just under a foot in length, it has a three-and-a-half-inch lens and it ranges in power from forty-two magnifications all the way up to three hundred and thirty-six, which is an awful lot of magnifications for a telescope of that size. (To give an example, at full power the view of the moon is so close up that you can see only about an eighth of its surface at a time, but that, of course, in remarkable detail.) The Astroscope has the same catadioptric lens system astronomers use in their high-powered sky-mapping cameras (as we understand this system, the incoming light ricochets around quite a while in the telescope tube before it fights its way out at the eyepiece, and this makes it better), and costs $550, complete with a stout fibre carrying case. An adapter that converts the Astroscope into a telescopic lens for a camera (any camera, as long as it is a reflex type) comes to around $25, and a tripod worthy of all this is $29.50.

If you have someone in mind who prefers crystal gazing to stargazing, we know where there's a really beautiful crystal ball—but this, too, runs into money. (We heard just the other day that a matched pair of flawless crystal balls changed hands in Europe a few years ago for half a million dollars, which may explain why there are more palm readers than crystal gazers.) At any rate, Long Sang Ti, 24 East 55th Street, can supply you with a four-inch quartz-crystal ball, of limpid clarity, for $770, or with a ball about three inches in diameter and of a slightly lower degree of limpidity, for $137.50, each mounted on a teak stand. At this point, you will be relieved to hear that at Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue (21st), a dependable corkscrew is to be had for ninety-five cents, and wine baskets, made in Madeira, with a capacity of four, six, and twelve wine bottles cost $7.95, $9.95, and $12.95, respectively. Which reminds us that Brooks Brothers has an oversize Britannia metal flask that holds a full quart; the top serves as a drinking cup, and the price is $17.50.

Since it is a good idea for skin divers who really get down there to know when it is time for them to come up, the Rolex people, who have been making waterproof watches for years, have designed a submersible wristwatch, with a twenty-five jewel, self-winding chronometer movement, for just this purpose. It looks pretty much like other wristwatches, except that its case is heavier than ordinary (it's guaranteed pressure-proof at a depth of six hundred and



Gifts that will be long-cherished are these striking tie bar and cuff link sets fashioned by Armel Designs. Top, simulated diamond stones set in handsome square casings. Crystal, powder blue or charcoal stones in silver casing, cognac in gold. **10.00.** Bottom, simulated moonstones. Lt. grey or powder blue in silver casings or cognac in gold. **7.50.**

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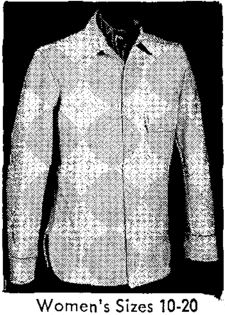

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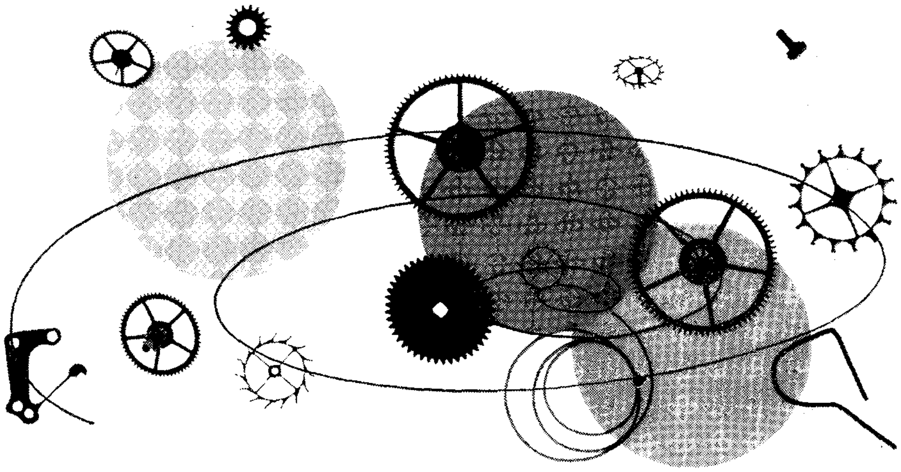
sixty feet), its dial is exceptionally clear and luminous, and its rim is marked off in minutes and has a red pointer that can be set anywhere around it. The idea is that if a diver has a twenty-minute air supply, he sets the pointer twenty minutes ahead just before he heads for the depths, and makes sure to surface before the minute hand reaches it. The price is $180, at Tiffany. A versatile stopwatch for timing practically every sport *but* skin diving is creating a stir at Abercrombie & Fitch's watch counter. It is called the Ringmaster, and it is a big turnip of a thing, made of stainless steel, with both a sweep second hand and a sweep minute hand, a conventional stopwatch button, and a nice legible face, to which can be clipped any one of six rings, each calibrated for a special timing job. One ring, for example, is marked in five-minute intervals running counterclockwise—0, 5, 10, 15, and so on, back around to 0—and can be used to time football, basketball, soccer, handball, or any other game that is played for a specified number of minutes. (Take soccer, which is played in two forty-five-minute halves. The timekeeper sets the ring so that the numeral 45 is at twelve o'clock; then, when the minute hand ticks around to 0, the half is over.) There's a special ring (well, what else *can* you call it?) for boxing, scaled for both three-minute professional rounds and two-minute amateur rounds; another for computing the rate per minute of almost anything (the pulse, respiration, strokes in rowing, or steps in walking); and—just the thing for an efficiency expert—one for computing rates per hour (nails driven, words typewritten, trips to the water cooler). We won't go into the other rings, except to tell you that a seventh, a spare, is left unmarked and can be used for anything the timekeeper wants to time. He can mark it himself, with a ball-point pen. The watch comes with a nice cord lanyard, and costs $75. Max Schling Seedsmen, 538 Madison Avenue (53rd), has a timer that can be attached to a garden hose, either at the tap or at the nozzle, to shut the water off automatically at any time the gardener sets it for, up to two hours. It costs $13.50. At Olga Tritt, 424 Park Avenue (55th), there's a gold wristwatch that is not especially remarkable except for its heavy, flexible gold bracelet, which is three-quarters of an inch wide and gives the effect of a caterpillar tread running around the wrist; $590. An eighteen-carat-gold alarm clock at Cartier stands three inches high on its golden base and costs $650, which might

it takes 3 days to assemble a fine watch . . .



it takes 4 days to make a piece of LINDT chocolate!

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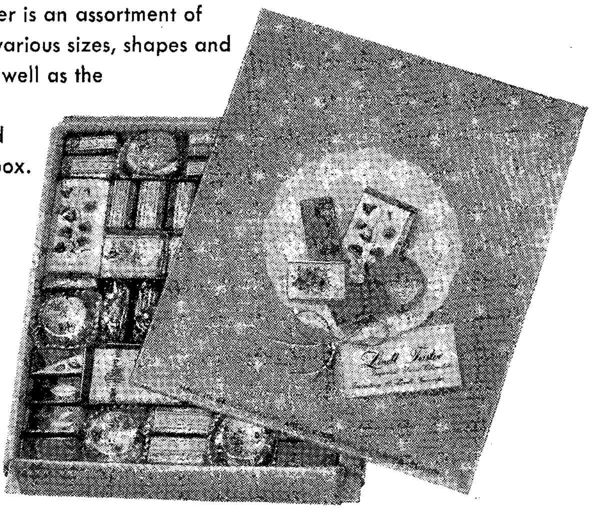

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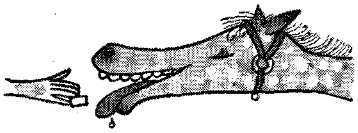
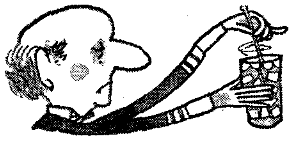


Collywobbles! One of our friends, a horse named O'Malley, had an attack of collywobbles the other day. Treatment? A teaspoon of Angostura on a sugar cube. (Note: Great for people, too, but omit the sugar.)



Dryest! If the skinker can't make your Dry Martini dry enough, switch to Pink Gin. A pony of gin, a few dashes of Angostura bitters. Either on the rocks or stir with ice, strain and serve. It's foolproof! Wetproof! Oliveproof!

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seem expensive, but then it has to be wound only once a week. A beautiful gold-plated sundial on a fine marble slab just under two feet square is $1,000, at Black, Starr & Gorham.

As long as we're being so free with other people's money, we'll report that Mark Cross has an exceptionally light portable dictating machine (it weighs only two pounds eleven ounces), which is powered by batteries and comes in a cowhide or English pigskin attaché case eighteen inches long, twelve inches wide, and five inches deep, complete with a start-stop microphone, two tape cartridges, and a set of batteries, all for $433.19. And at Tripler, the latest addition to the numerous pockets in the standard passport case is one for that very necessary adjunct, the checkbook or the book of traveller's checks; a pigskin case thus equipped is $11.

A project to keep a man occupied for the rest of the winter starts off with a book succinctly entitled "Make Your Own Spanish Guitar," which was written by A. P. Sharpe, the editor of a British publication called *BMG*, for players of fretted instruments, and which is sold at the venerable woodworking establishment of H. L. Wild, at 510 East 11th Street, for $2.65. Provided you're sure he *wants* to make his own Spanish guitar, you'd do well to supplement this with a full-scale blueprint of a concert guitar, for $2.50, and also with about twenty-five dollars' worth of Brazilian or Indian rosewood, imported spruce (for the sounding board), and assorted planks of maple, mahogany, and ebony. This may seem a primitive approach to music, but Mr. Sharpe undoubtedly knows what he is doing.

A PRIMITIVE approach to music—this puts us in mind of our hi-fi man, who is hard to shake. An hour-and-forty-minute recording of music played by the earliest instruments known to man—rattles, gourd scrapers, tapping sticks, gongs, bells, nose flutes, and so on—is available at Folkways, in a two-record set (No. FE-4525). It was assembled by Dr. Curt Sachs, the renowned Columbia University musicologist, who put it together from the hundreds of recordings Folkways has obtained from explorers, anthropologists, folk-music enthusiasts, and other wanderers during the past several years. There's a brochure that goes with the record, and it costs $11.90.

Maybe a razor? There's a new battery-run electric shaver, designed by Raymond Loewy, that boasts three self-sharpening blades, which deliver three

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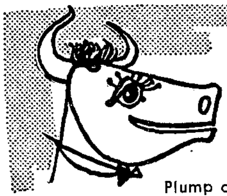

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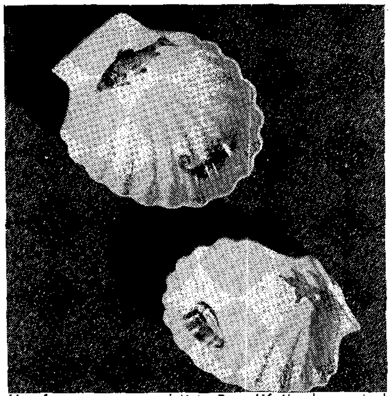

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hundred strokes a second. This is at Abercrombie & Fitch, for $16.95, and, naturally, it would be a blessing to a travelling man who uses an electric shaver. Now, how are your friends fixed with brass buttons for their pink hunting coats? A fine new set (six large and four small) of English-made hand-fired brass buttons, with two initials on each, comes to around $20, at Barney Lehane, 60 West 46th Street. The same buttons with a hunt's insignia on them, instead of initials, run around $5 apiece—depending, of course, on how fancy the insignia may be. Or a lap robe for a sports-car driver's lap? One, to be found at Alexander Shields, 484 Park Avenue (58th), is made of a material that looks like polar-bear fur (it's really du Pont fur), is lined with black or red doeskin flannel, and costs $100. If you're looking for something above and beyond the ordinary call of Christmas duty for a tennis player, Stephen J. Feron, 55 East 44th Street, has a pair of twin Bancroft rackets that are not just two rackets but *identical* twin rackets, with exactly the same weight and balance, having been made side by side of matching materials, from the wood used in the lamination on down to the leather used on the grips. The rackets will be strung later on with tournament gut, to the owner's specifications, and the set comes in a trim leather-covered vinyl-plastic case that has room also for a can of tennis balls and the player's gear; $95.

Another reasonable Christmas bet might be a miniature suit of armor. There are many such suits at Robert Abels, 860 Lexington Avenue (65th), several of them nineteenth-century copies of armor preserved in the great castles of Europe. They start at $85, for a sixteenth-century model fourteen inches high, and run up to $210, for a completely articulated copy of a Gothic suit from the same period. For a miniature cannon—an eight-inch-long scale copy of the Civil War twelve-pounder that was called the Napoleon and is said to have been McClellan's favorite fieldpiece—we can send you to Hollander's Hobby House, at 103 West 44th Street, where this and numerous other miniature cannons can be found. We don't know what the General would have to say about it, but the model of the Napoleon comes marked either "U.S." or "C.S.A." Another sort of gun is a neat little soldering gun turned out by the Weller Electric Corporation, which is to soldering guns what Colt is to hand guns. This one is available at Patterson Brothers, 292 Madison Avenue

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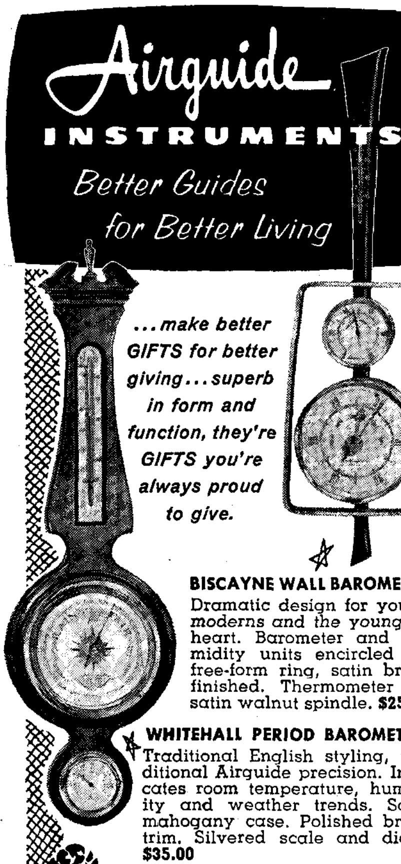

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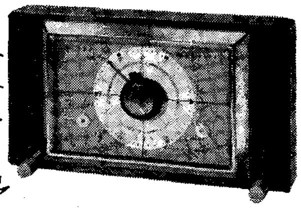

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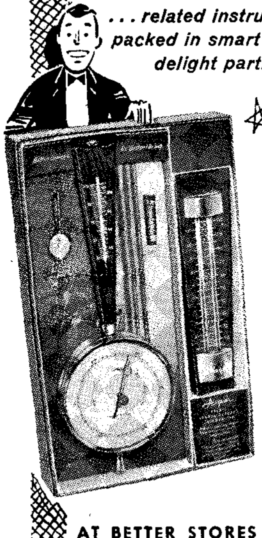

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(39th), for $5.95. Or perhaps a new Colt would make this Christmas a jolly one for somebody. Abercrombie & Fitch has a single-action .45-calibre Peacemaker, the kind most of the television gun throwers throw, in attractively blued steel, for $125, but if you'd planned to make more of a splash, there's a presentation model of the same type that is as gorgeously and as entirely decorated as the tattooed man in the circus. The front sight is of gold, the grips are of engraved sterling silver showing a cowboy on a bucking horse on one side and an Indian chasing a buffalo on the other, and the price is $1,500. At the Old Hickory Book Shop, 31 East 10th Street, a store that specializes in medical memorabilia (like fliers for Castoria or Dr. Grosvenor's Liveraid, which antedate the Pure Food and Drug Act, at fifty cents apiece), there's a wonderful anatomical doll, sixteen inches long and carved of ivory, that opens up to show the organs of the body. It was made in Germany during the seventeenth century, and some ancient professor used it to help him explain anatomy to his students. It is rather expensive—$500. . . . And here we go back to the hi-fi man, this time to consider a black leatherette-covered record holder, fifteen inches high, twelve and five-eighths inches wide, and fourteen inches deep, which will house fifty long-playing records in their jackets, and has an index and a device that, when a button is pushed, flips forward the record that the hi-fi man wants—all for $35, at Hammacher Schlemmer. And if that doesn't do the trick, we can only recommend another of Mr. Valentino's items—an authentic recording of a carillon ringing out in the cold night air, a thirty-minute long-playing recital (No. 1000-A), leading off, of course, with "Silent Night."

•

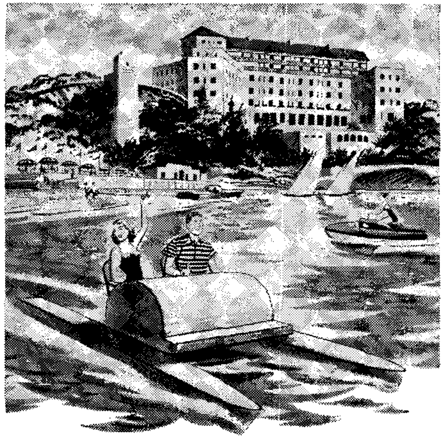
LOVE'S STRATAGEMS

All these maneuverings to avoid
  The touching of hands,
These shifts to keep the eyes employed
  On objects more or less neutral,
As honor, for the time being, commands,
  Will hardly prevent their downfall.

Stronger medicines are needed.
  Already they find
None of their stratagems have succeeded,
  Nor would have, no,
Not had their eyes been stricken blind,
  Arms cut off at the elbow.

—DONALD JUSTICE

SUNNY BERMUDA



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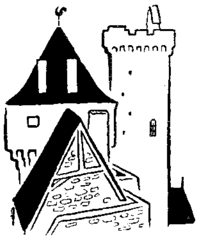
LETTER FROM PARIS

NOVEMBER 26



WHAT the French people voted in favor of last Sunday was—a single issue—the miracle-making quality of General Charles de Gaulle. He had his sixty-eighth birthday on Saturday, and from his Fifth Republic, which held its first Parliamentary elections the next day, he received the duly expected political gift of a strong swing to the Right—much more of it than he probably wanted, and some of it of a quality that he cannot particularly care for.

Considering the peculiar confusions and circumstances of Sunday's election—only about four-fifths as many seats to run for as before; old political boundary lines broken down; new parties set up, with multiple hedgehopping in between; old faces searching to be rechosen; new, unidentifiable faces pushing forward to squeeze in; all the candidates whipped by more than the customary ambition and by a feeling that a new, last-ditch legislative period in France was taking shape, in which they had to participate or perish—considering all these factors, the results of the election have been illuminating, yet rather comic. A turnout of about seventy-five per cent of the nation's voters managed to elect exactly one deputy in Paris and only thirty-nine deputies in all France, since an absolute majority of the votes was necessary in order to win. So four hundred and twenty-six seats will have to be disputed again in the second-round runoff this Sunday, when a mere plurality will suffice. These seats will be fought for by far fewer than the nearly three thousand candidates of last weekend, of whom an enormous slice, including some of France's most famous politicians, was removed by unequivocal defeat. Political experts and prophets believe that the over-all picture of last Sunday's winning and losing parties will be repeated in this Sunday's election, with the week-long interparty horse trading of candidates judged likeliest to succeed only swelling the Rightist victory.

It must be understood that this election, in which twenty and a half million votes were cast, really had no issue but de Gaulle. It was an election held utterly and entirely in terms of

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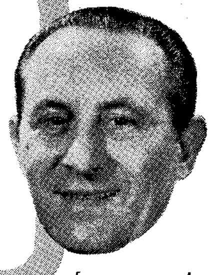

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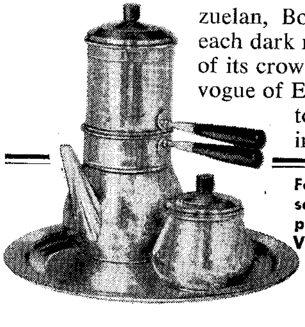

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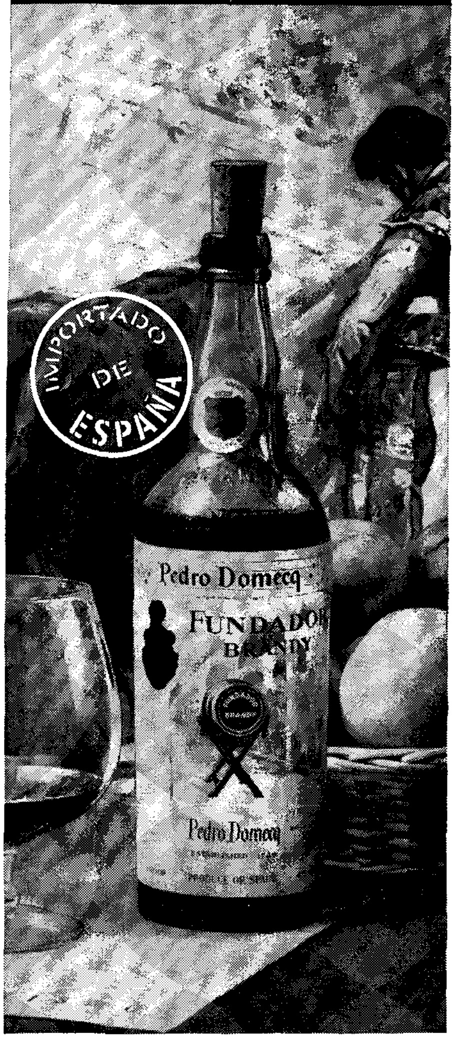

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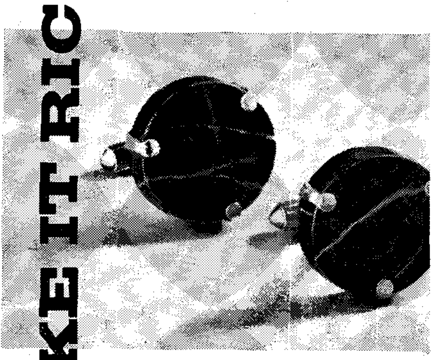
him, of this one Frenchman who was not even running for office. During the campaign, people turned up literally in twos or threes in the villages to hear the candidates speak; even in the cities, the bigger crowds cared little what was said, nobody really wanting to know one more professional politician's opinions on the vital topics for France today—such as the quarrel with England over the common market and with the French Minister of Finance for shortening the Sorbonne's educational budget—let alone wanting to hear any politician's notions on how to end the Algerian war. What the voters wanted to know was how the candidates stood on de Gaulle—whether they would back him, and whether they were running for an annual privilege of a very few months in Parliament on the truthful understanding that Parliament had failed to know how to govern and that only de Gaulle, by fiat and miracles, could now be trusted to direct the destinies and problems of France.

Some voters voted for de Gaulle through the new Gaullist parties' candidates. Others aimed votes at him through the screen of certain of the regular old-line parties, or combinations of little parties, or through isolated candidates from regular parties who had dropped their old party nomenclature and come out with new monikers to show their new Gaullist sentiments. Even in the votes against him, de Gaulle was still the dominant issue, as in the votes given to the Communist candidates. The only major party to campaign on a platform that decried de Gaulle and his constitution, the Communists got a million and a half fewer votes, all over France, than they did in the 1956 Fourth Republic elections, when, with over twenty-five per cent of the national vote, they had a hundred and fifty seats—the largest block. As a result of the interparty horse trades for next Sunday—which, now that the Communists are on the run, will be wilier than ever in making eliminatory combinations against the Muscovites—the Communists may be reduced to thirty deputies. Their vote last Sunday was not quite nineteen per cent, which, by a tiny margin, still gives them the biggest cut of the nation's ballot, though the Communist Party itself was the election's biggest loser. The Poujadists, also anti-de Gaulle, were practically extinguished on Sunday; they received less than one per cent of the nation's vote, enough maybe to elect half a deputy.

Even ex-Premier Pierre Mendès-

STRIKE IT RICH



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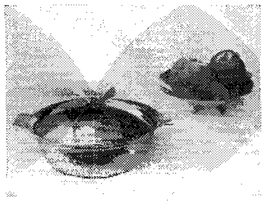

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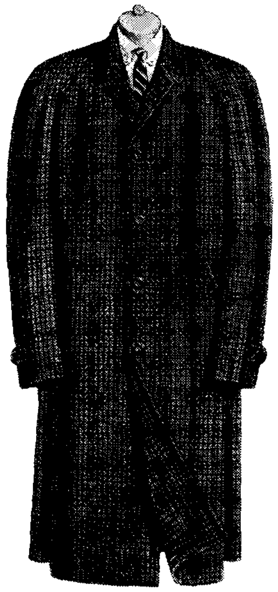
France, the single great political figure who, ever since last May, had been conducting an intellectual counter-offensive against the General, was defeated spectacularly on Sunday in his normal fief of Louviers, in the Eure, held by him since 1932. (Oddly enough—or so it is said—de Gaulle had hoped that he would be elected, so there would be one excellent intelligence in the parliamentary opposition.) The old Center and Left-of-Center parties and the Radical Socialists all lost their identities in the Gaullist gold rush and were reduced to skeletons; only the Independents, who in France are really the conservatives, roughly maintained their 1956 voting strength. To capitalize on and share in the General's popularity, parties splintered even more than is usual for the schismatic French political mind. Both Guy Mollet's Socialists and Georges Bidault's M.R.P.-Christian Democrats split, with Mollet handing over his personal, dominant Socialist section to de Gaulle. But both Mollet and Bidault themselves, though old hands at the game, failed to get their majorities Sunday, being now on the *ballottage-favorable* list (meaning that they have hope) for next Sunday, as is elderly ex-Premier Paul Reynaud. Ex-Premier Edgar Faure is on the *ballottage-incertain* list, meaning that he did not win too many votes. And in *ballottage difficile* are notables like old-timer ex-Premier Edouard Daladier, of the Munich decision, and little André Le Troquer, President and Speaker of the Fourth Republic's Parliament. This has been a devastating election, part of it like housecleaning, and therefore healthy.

The special Gaullist parties that were created at the last minute were, of course, a new phenomenon. The Gaullists *de gauche*, or Leftist intellectuals who called themselves the Centre de Réforme Républicaine, did poorly, as did their extreme opposites, the Renouveau et Fidélité Gaullists, who represented the ultras of the May 13th Algiers group. The winning mixture was the Union pour la Nouvelle République, or U.N.R.—initials that it might be well to learn now, since the party won close to eighteen per cent of the national vote and will figure predominantly in the coming Parliament, although nobody yet knows exactly how. French liberals and even conservatives are already worried. It is calculated that this Sunday may give the U.N.R. a hundred and twenty, a hundred and thirty, or even a hundred and fifty deputies' seats in the new Chamber, or the largest



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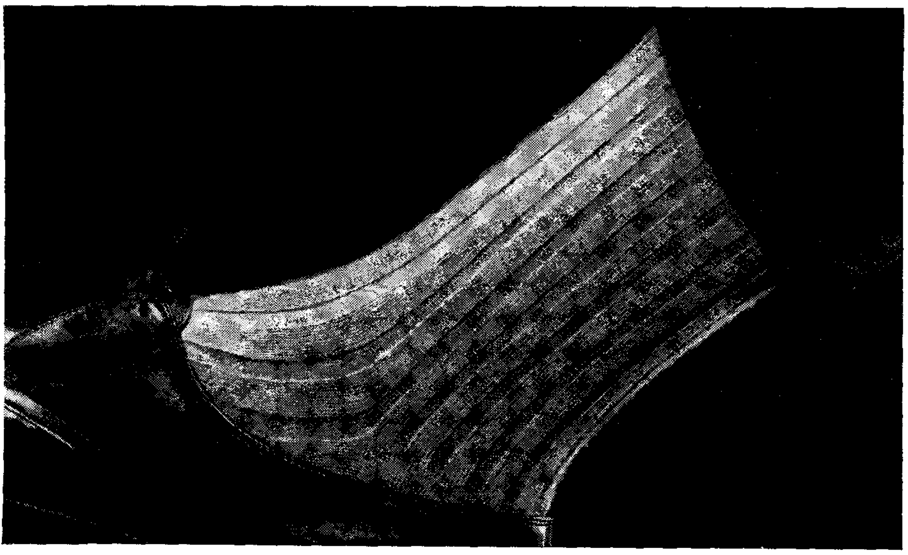

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What many men don't know about women...

. . . is what perfume they want for Christmas. December Vogue's "Perfume Investment Guide For Men" atomizes that particular problem by supplying inside tips on the perfume market and canny gambits for the perfume counter. December Vogue is on your newsstand now, and you'll find the "Perfume Investment Guide For Men" on pages 94 through 97. A quick look is guaranteed to put even the most bemused man in on the ground floor. (Which is, incidentally, where perfume is generally purveyed.)

VOGUE

block. Because of the U.N.R.'s authoritarian attitudes and its nationalistic views on the colonies and Algeria, it is mostly classed here as the focal point of France's new extreme Right, though the party itself claims its social policies to be Left of Center. This ambidextrous angle is so insisted on by its well-known energetic leader, M. Jacques Soustelle, former ethnological expert on Aztec civilization at the Musée de l'Homme, that during the campaign, as de Gaulle's Minister of Information, he held up local distribution of the latest issue of the American magazine *Look* because he felt that an article in it dealing with him did not sufficiently accent his liberal social side. Soustelle was a brilliant, courageous Gaullist fighter in the Resistance, was an obstinately devoted Gaullist, rather like a self-appointed apostle, all through the ill-fated career of de Gaulle's old political party, the Rassemblement du Peuple Français, and, as liaison officer, had a great deal to do with the Algiers military coup that brought the General to power. It may be recalled that de Gaulle, in his first statement as the new head of France after the referendum, declared that there was to be no more suppression of newspapers or magazines by the police. Yet Soustelle suppressed *Look*, which naturally made a painful impression on the American colony here. Characteristically, no comment on his irregular act came from Premier de Gaulle at his desk in the Hôtel Matignon, his elegant, seventeenth-century fits of tact being famous.

With seventy-one more Right Wing deputies scheduled to be elected next week in Algeria and the Sahara—where the election can hardly be called a contest—the new Chamber will add up to an absolute Rightist majority and a possible perplexity for de Gaulle in solving France's most vital unsolved problem, which is the Moslem rebellion for Algerian independence, just now entered into its fifth year. Much of the French Right—and, precisely, the U.N.R. leadership—stands for what is called the *intégration* policy in Algeria, which regards the country as a province of France and part of France's soil, without autonomy. The General has made it known that he favors a more moderate evolution, which could develop internal self-government for Algeria within the new French community.

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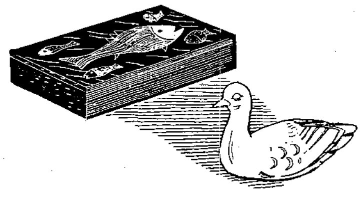

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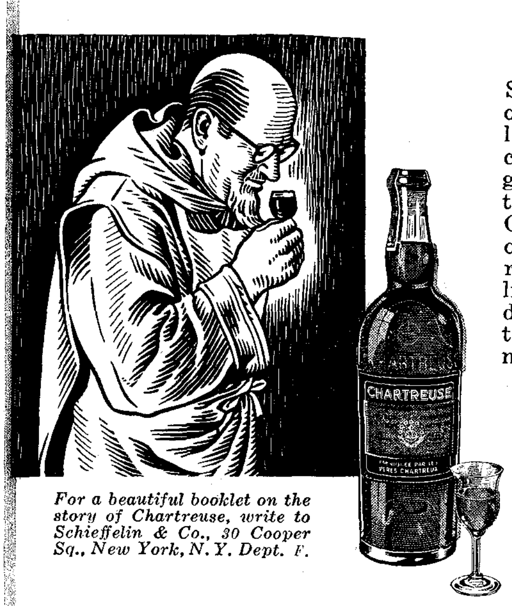
U.N.R., it would be wrong for a foreign commentator not to quote some of the considerations expressed on the front page of *Le Monde*, to which, after all, the French, too, who wish to learn and think apply themselves. On Monday night, *Le Monde* said, in part, of the U.N.R., "One can perceive only one counterweight to it, and that is General de Gaulle himself. Decidedly, his destiny is to judge. And that is why it is indispensable—a fact that he is well aware of and that one could even say he saw in advance—that the President of the Republic should have the veritable moral and political power of an arbiter. It is in the very heart of his own majority . . . that he must arbitrate, in the U.N.R. group itself, which takes cover under his ideas. . . . Otherwise, France will risk seeing herself carried along, with the best intentions in the world, into a crisis of nationalistic sentiment such as she has not known. . . since the last century."

PARIS has just emerged from a five-week deluge of thirty-five concerts by fifteen nations, called Les Semaines Musicales de Paris and created by the UNESCO-sponsored International Music Council to honor the opening of the controversial new modernist UNESCO building behind the Tour Eiffel. The music lover's only problem was to figure out which dozen or more concerts he had the taste, the time, and the ticket money for. The city has probably never known such a daily variety of star players, orchestras, and conductors, of foreign musicians and foreign music, or such combinations of all of these. On one Salle Pleyel program, Ravi Shankar played the sitar, Shinichi Yuize played the Japanese koto, and then Menuhin and Oistrakh played their Strads in Bach's D-Minor Concerto for Two Violins, but did not hit it off well together. The other outstanding disappointment was Stravinsky's new opus "Thréni," inspired by the Biblical prophet Jeremiah, which Stravinsky conducted. It was like a stony labyrinth, through which the listener wandered, pathless, without echoes, without pleasure. Before the performance, Stravinsky confided to an American musician that it was "*très ennuyeux et très savant*"—"very boring and very scholarly." True. At the Salle Gaveau concert by the excellent small orchestra that Queen Elizabeth of Belgium founded for its leader, Franz André—it was vainly hoped that Her Majesty would attend—the virtuosities of the violinist Arthur Grumiaux were a revelation in



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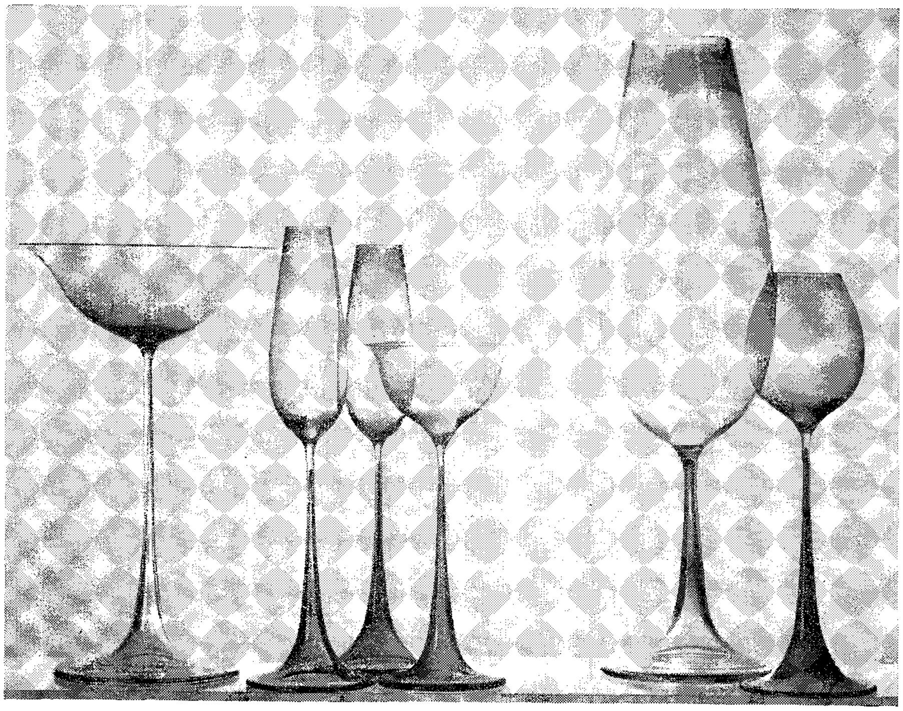

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a Mozart concerto. Von Karajan, with the Berlin Philharmonic, packed the vast Salle de Chaillot, where he had played during the Nazi Occupation as junior replacement for Wilhelm Furtwängler, who refused to conduct in Paris because he had loved the city. The tonal perfection of the Berlin orchestra seemed greater than the interpretive mind of the conductor, especially in Brahms' First Symphony. However, the great old Hans Knappertsbusch, conducting the Vienna Philharmonic in Brahms' Third, displayed a discretion, coming from complete authority, that united his poetry and the instruments' sounds so that they all became one with Brahms himself. There were concerts by the Frankfurter Singakademie; a miners' chorus from Ostricourt; the Juilliard Quartet; an organ recital at St. Sulpice by Marcel Dupré; the Czech Philharmonic; at least one piece of modern music included in each concert, so there was enough Webern and Berg; and one concert featuring "micro-interval music on sixteenth tones"—absolute bedlam.

The American Leonard Bernstein was the comet among all the stars. Heard of as a prodigy but not yet heard as a conductor, he accomplished the impossible at the second of his three concerts here when he played and directed the Lamoureux Orchestra in four piano concertos—a Bach "Brandenburg," a Mozart, a Ravel, and Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." The appreciation that Bernstein aroused among music lovers and critics here was astonishing. Even Clarendon, the most trenchant of Paris critics, said, in *Figaro*, "Bernstein triumphed with an incredible ease over the multiple difficulties presented. To my mind, this session offered, like a mountain, two slopes. With the Bach and Mozart we were elevated to the summit of precision and poetry. With the Ravel we lost a little altitude, but with the Gershwin we were stabilized on a reassuring level. *Ne persiflons pas*—a success of this quality goes far beyond being a merely *sportive* performance. I regard Leonard Bernstein as a prodigiously gifted musician." At Bernstein's third concert, his deep and instinctive reading of Mahler's Second—without a score, and conducting an orchestra, vocal soloists, and a choir he had barely met—gave his listeners the impression of having heard an extraordinary local event in musicianship and pleasure. To his compatriots here, it oddly seemed that Bernstein, by his youthful generosity of gifts, momentarily restored among Parisians the popularity of certain American qualities. —GENÊT

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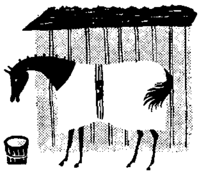
THE RACE TRACK

Windup at Jamaica



IT would be hard to imagine a livelier day's racing to end a season than the one at Jamaica last Saturday. I'm thinking not only of the topsy-turvy doings of the horses—after the first race, not a favorite won—but of the efforts of the crowd to keep warm. Practically everybody jammed into the betting ring, which at least kept one out of the icy wind. Although the favorites did poorly, the cherished superstition that only long shots win on the last day of a meeting also went by the board; actually, there were no more than three, and the longest, a two-year-old named Amber Morn, paid a middling $44 mutuel. The closest finish—it looked like a triple dead heat until the photo was posted—came off early in the afternoon, when Poor Ed, Fickle Nick, and a beast called Sword and Flag passed the winning post inches apart. The fifty-thousand-dollar Display Handicap, which is at the unusual distance of two miles and a sixteenth, followed the pattern of nearly all the other long races you've seen recently, with the winner coming up fast in the last quarter and rolling home. After a good start, Admiral Vee led for nearly a mile, and then Mr. Turf took over. As Mr. Turf galloped along, lengths in front, I began to wonder if he was really going to do it, but halfway around the home turn he weakened, and Civet swept past everything. Casual Friend was second and Jocko's Walk third. There was an objection after the finish, and stoopers scurried to pick up any tickets on Casual Friend they could find, but the claim was dismissed, and all they got was exercise.

I have not asked the average racegoer how he made out over the season. There's no need to. I can report, however, that the New York Association didn't do badly. Although the total betting at Jamaica, Belmont, and Saratoga, which came to $415,471,574, was a shade smaller than it was in 1957, this year's attendance—4,732,118—was slightly larger, which is a good sign.

THERE'S no denying that the Pimlico Special at Baltimore last weekend was something less than spe-

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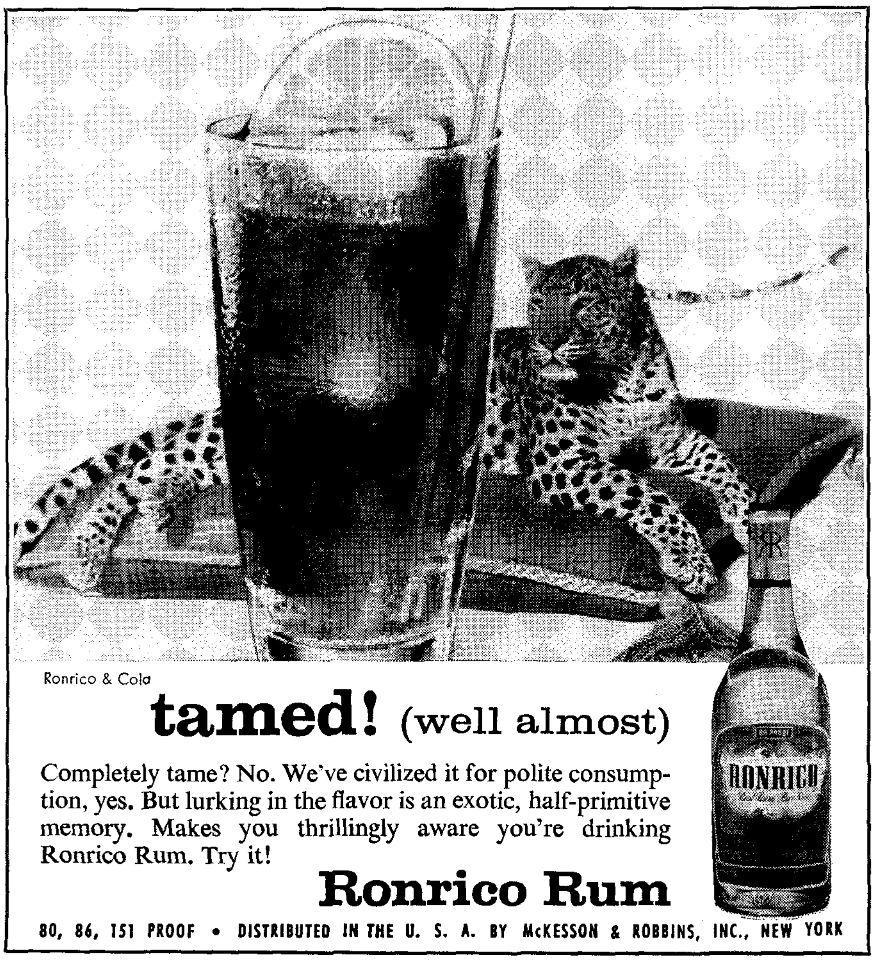

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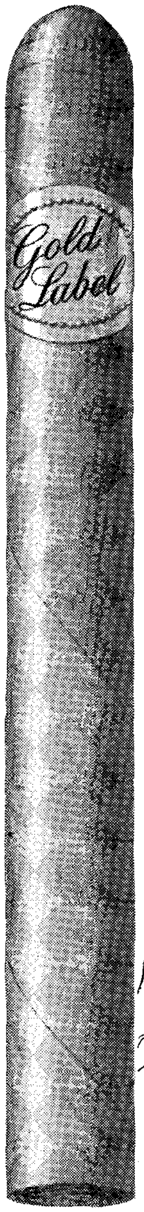

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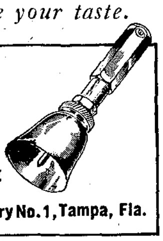

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cial. More than a dozen top-drawer racers were invited to run, but only Vertex, Sharpsburg, Better Bee, and Tick Tock went to the post for the fifty-thousand-dollar event, and they finished in the order named. Nor is there much need for extended comment on the Pimlico Futurity a fortnight ago. As you've heard, Intentionally won it easily after leading most of the way. It was his second Futurity, the other, of course, being the blue ribbon at Belmont in September. No doubt he'll be rated second to First Landing in the Experimental Free Handicap for 1959.

I SUPPOSE the reason Round Table was voted the Horse of the Year by almost everybody was that during the past twelvemonth he amassed $662,780 in purses and increased his total earnings to $1,336,364, which is an all-time high for a race horse. A year ago, his owner, the Kerr Stables, announced that his objective in 1958 would be to pass Nashua's $1,288,565. This took some gadding about, but he did it. He went to the post twenty times (winning fourteen), raced at nine tracks in five states (California, Florida, Illinois, New Jersey, and New York), and once in Mexico, and broke or equalled seven course records. For those who care to go further into statistics, in piling up his $1,336,364 in fifty-two starts he ran 52.32 miles in about eighty-six minutes, thus earning $25,699.33 per start, $25,542.14 per mile, $15,539.13 per minute, and $258.99 per second. At present, Round Table is at Santa Anita training for the meeting, which begins on December 26th. Money makes the horse go.

TIME was when the Fair Grounds at New Orleans opened the winter season with its Thanksgiving Handicap. Bowie used to have a Thanksgiving Handicap, too, to wind up its meeting, and it was fun. Last week, half a dozen tracks in the East were running full blast—Jamaica, Pimlico, Fair Grounds, Tropical Park, and Narragansett, not to mention Wheeling Downs, where they had twilight racing. Horses have to be spread pretty thin these days.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

This is the year Detroit pulled out all stops, good and bad, to throw up a levee against the continuation of the auto slump that hit the 1958 crop so hard.—*Tom McCahill in True's Automobile Yearbook.*

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Tease Without Strip

SOME splendid people have done their damnedest to make "The Tunnel of Love" a tolerable movie. Joseph Fields has adapted the screenplay from the Broadway comedy that he wrote in collaboration with Peter De Vries, Gene Kelly has directed the film, and Richard Widmark has become the protagonist, once portrayed by Tom Ewell. With such reputable talents in action, it might be fairly assumed that almost any enterprise would amount to something skillful and jolly. But in this case, I'm afraid, anticipation goes awry. The film has to do with life in a genteel Connecticut suburb, where Mr. Widmark lives loquaciously but childlessly with a wife (Doris Day) as aurally receptive as a wire-tap. Miss Day, a young lady I have always identified with popular ballads, rests her pipes during most of this effort (she sings only one song), but as I watched her go about representing Mr. Widmark's helpmate, I had a haunting feeling that she might any minute line out something additional, like "His Eyes Are the Eyes of a Tunnel in Love." However, she keeps her peace, and, as a matter of fact, bears up quite well in a scene in which Mr. Widmark explains the circumstances of pregnancy to her.

As you may know, the plot of the picture is based on the frolicsome notion that Mr. Widmark, unable to sire a child, agrees to become an adoptive father; in the course of the adoption proceedings, while up to the eyeballs in Miltowns, he demonstrates a remarkable—and, one is led to believe, even fruitful—charm over a social worker (Gia Scala) who is investigating his *bona fides* as a foster parent. And when the little stranger arrives, whom does it resemble but Mr. Widmark? So whose baby is it? Ah, now we've reached the crux of the hilarity. In contrast to the unfertile hero of our comedy, there is a neighbor (Gig Young) who has a houseful of children and whose philandering is exploited for all kinds of chuckles. As a demonstration of Hollywood brinkmanship—give them the leer but abide by the code—"Tunnel of Love" has a certain melancholy value

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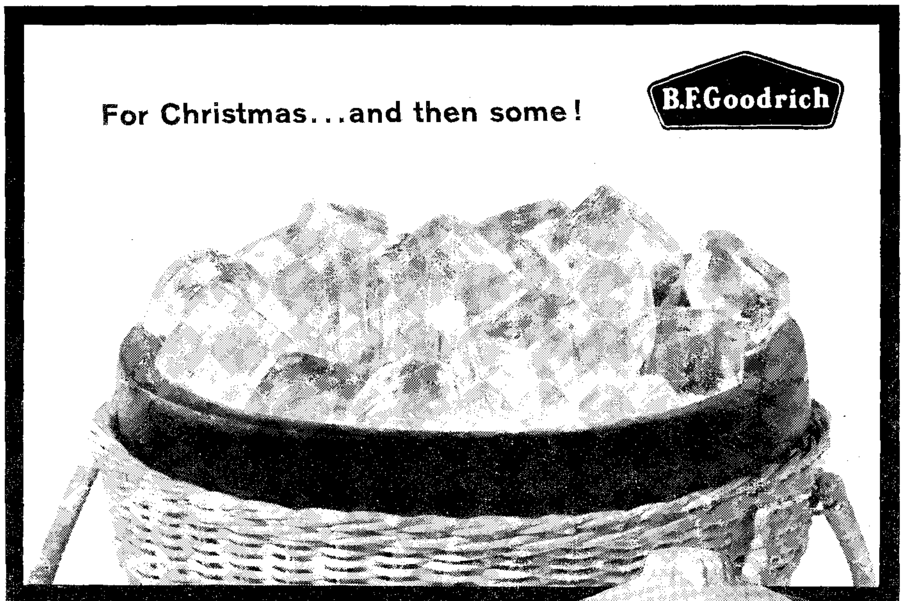
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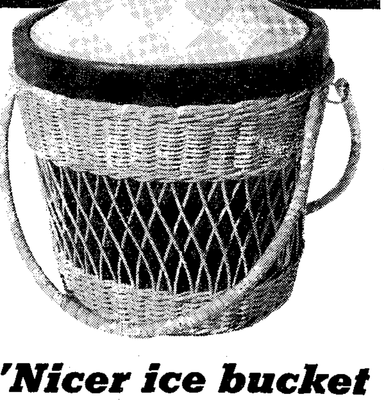

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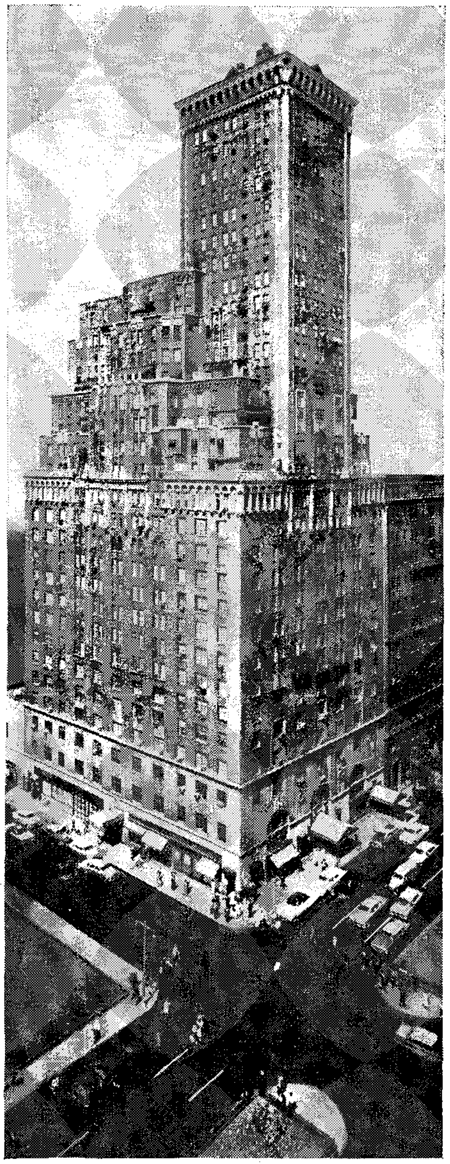

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for a movie historian. Personally, I liked it better in the old days when Nita Naldi got down practically to her pelt and had the house piano player at a loss for notes.

JOSEPH COTTEN, George Sanders, Debra Paget, and Don Dubbins are all aboard the movie called "From the Earth to the Moon," an adaptation of a Jules Verne story. It turns out that Verne's contraption wasn't much better than the devices that keep splashing around Cape Canaveral, and all hands would have been better off obeying the law of gravity.

IN "Flesh and Desire," a French film, Rossano Brazzi plays a low-life Italian worker who is crazy for girls. One of the objects of his desire (Viviane Romance) lives fairly happily on a French farm with her husband (Peter Van Eyck). But then our Italian comes along and grapples with her unsuccessfully. Presently, Mr. Van Eyck beats the tar out of Mr. Brazzi, and that's that. One of the worst.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15 (UPI)—If any enemy ever bombed Washington, the priceless original copies of the Declaration of Independence, Constitution and Bill of Rights would be safe from anything except a direct hit.

As soon as hostile planes were spotted, a signal would be flashed to the national archives near the foot of Capitol Hill. A guard would unlock a small bronze door in the side of the marble display case holding the documents and would press a large plastic button.

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Ninety seconds after the guard received the warning, the 15-inch thick double doors of the dull gray vault would clamp shut. Archives officials say the precious documents would be safe unless the enemy scored a bulls eye on the vault with an atomic bomb.

Even if the block-square archives building collapsed, they said, the vault would not be crushed.—*Las Vegas Sun.*

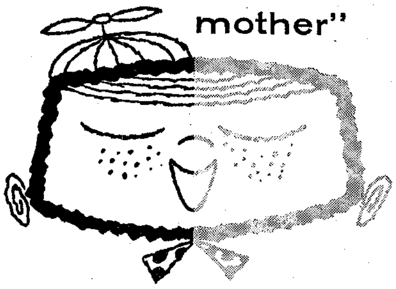
Our spirits would be, though.

•

THE NEWS and WNEW announced simultaneously yesterday that the joint operation under which "News Around the Clock" has been broadcast by the station at half-past every hour since Feb. 15, 1942, is coming to an end.

The separation, according to Richard W. Clarke, executive editor of THE NEWS, will take place at or near Jan. 1, 1958.—*The News.*

And now for the late news.



Well, probably, but it's easier to look at it like this:

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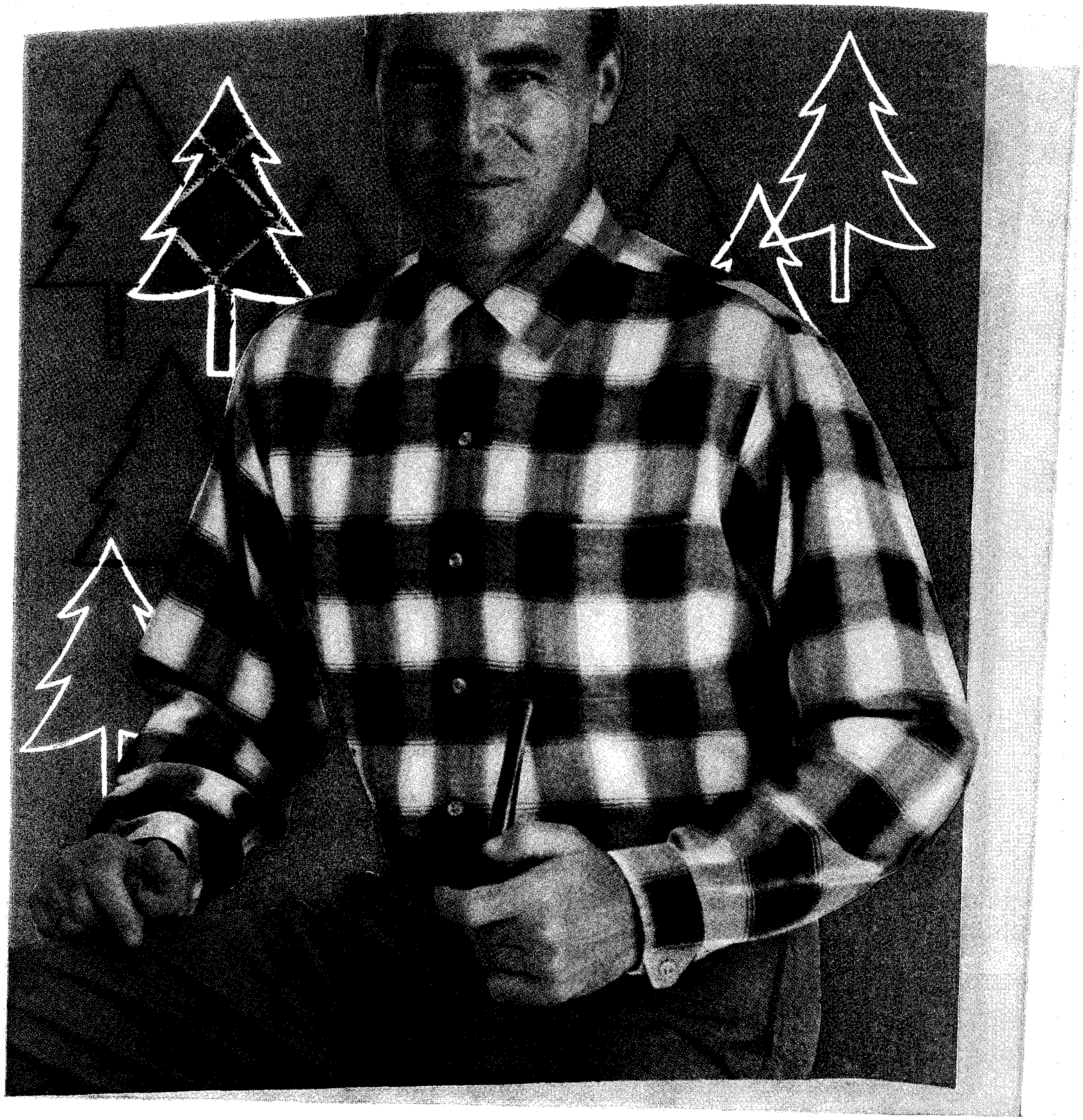

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SAWBWA FANG'S SENSE OF JUSTICE

IN 1942, when I was serving as a secretary to Sawbwa Fang Yu-chi, the ruler of Mangshih, I came to the conclusion that the Shans are among the most fortunate people on earth. The Shans are members of the simple and delightfully relaxed Mongoloid tribe that makes up the greater part of the population of the Chinese Shan States, of which Mangshih, on the Burma border, is the largest, and they can afford to be relaxed. The climate of Mangshih is so mild and the green and mountainous countryside is so fertile that rice and fruits grow in abundance without much care. Cattle and hogs, roaming the fields at will, enrich the soil, and many rivulets, tumbling down the hills, turn small paddles attached to primitive wooden buffing machines, and thus spare the inhabitants even the small labor of polishing their own rice. All this bounty of nature not only makes the Shans leisurely but also accounts for their reputation as the most law-abiding people in that part of the world; crime, in such a sleepy, providential land, would strike most people as unnecessarily hard work. I had been among the Shans for about six months when I became involved in a truly rare event—Mangshih's first criminal case in more than thirty years.

One afternoon in early autumn, the Sawbwa's chauffeur came to find me in the yamen, a rambling, many-chambered structure in the village of Mangshih, which served as a combination palace, office building, courthouse, dormitory, and dining hall. The chauffeur told me that the Sawbwa was suffering from a cold and would not be coming to the yamen that afternoon but that he wanted to see me at his house on business. I thought perhaps he was going to send me to Lashio, the little Burmese town just down the new Burma Road, to invite a British doctor to come over and treat his cold. But when we arrived at Ida House, the Sawbwa's modern two-story white residence, named for his new, nineteen-year-old, half-Chinese, half-Irish wife, I realized that there was something much more serious going on. Six policemen—the entire Mangshih force—armed with swords and old rifles, were guarding the entrance of the building, and some two dozen servants were milling about in the garden, gesticulating and talking excitedly.

I went in quickly and found Sawbwa Fang sitting on a sofa in the living room, his knees wrapped in a blanket and his bare feet soaking in a basin of hot water. The Sawbwa, who was not a Shan himself but a Chinese, was in his early forties, but on this occasion, as he rested his head on one hand and sniffed miserably at an inhaler, he looked older. The Chief of Police, a large man with a rugged face, was sitting rigidly in a chair at the opposite side of the room as he questioned five natives, who were squatting on the floor. The Sawbwa motioned to me to sit down.

"You," the Chief of Police said, pointing a finger at an old Shan. "What is your name?"

"Ah Kan," the old man said.

"How much of your rice was stolen?"

"About four pounds."

"Whom do you suspect as the thief?"

Ah Kan waved a dried-up hand at the other Shans. "The same thief who has stolen their rice. We are neighbors, so it must be the same thief, the man called Ba Mo."

"You," the Police Chief said, pointing at a younger man. "How do you know it is Ba Mo who has stolen your rice?"

The younger man cleared his throat and answered earnestly. "Heaven has eyes, Chief. He must be the thief. He steals people's wives, too. When a man starts stealing, he steals everything, for he has lost his feeling of shame, and no longer fears the Buddha." The other men nodded and grunted in approval.

The Chief turned to the Sawbwa and said, "They have all accused the same man, Sawbwa. Shall I make the arrest?"

Sawbwa Fang sniffed at his inhaler a couple of times, and then said quietly, "Go make the arrest. Put him in jail in the yamen for one night. I shall give him a trial tomorrow."

"The jail has no locks, Sawbwa," the Chief said.

"He is a Shan," the Sawbwa said. "Until he is proved guilty, I shall treat him like an honorable man. Besides, this will be good for the jail; at least

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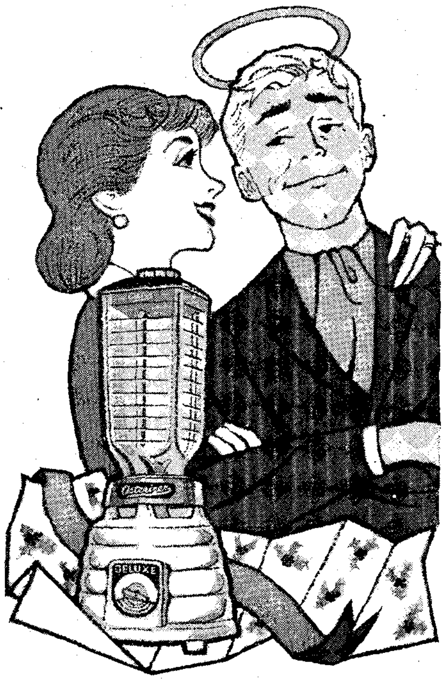

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the birds' nests will be cleared out of the rafters."

"Yes, Sawbwa," the Chief said, rising.

The other men got up, bowed to the Sawbwa, and filed out. When they had gone, the Sawbwa shook his head and said sadly, "The first thief in thirty years. A Shan *never* steals, but this Ba Mo seems to have acquired the shocking habit."

"Is there any real evidence against him, Sawbwa?" I asked.

"Nobody has any evidence," the Sawbwa said, sniffing at the inhaler. "But recently I have received several complaints from other Shans, who said Ba Mo had seduced their wives."

"I think a wife stealer is not necessarily a rice stealer, Sawbwa," I said. "There should be some concrete evidence against this man."

The Sawbwa thought for a moment. "I know," he said. "But when a man has acquired *the habit* of stealing, he always steals. Like a dog that starts eating garbage and soon will eat nothing but garbage. This is a bad Shan."

I had expected better logic than this from the Sawbwa, who prided himself on being Westernized and up to date, but I was his subordinate and still rather new in Mangshih, so I felt I couldn't argue with him.

He blew his nose into a silk handkerchief, and went on, "Well, we shall know by tomorrow. If he escapes, he is undoubtedly the thief."

"But if he escapes, it might be hard to catch him," I said. "The Burma Road is long."

The Sawbwa chuckled. "I guess they do things differently in your part of China, Secretary Lee. Whenever we have a crime here, all we want to do is get rid of the culprit. That is why we do not have locks on the jail cell. When a guilty Shan escapes, he never returns. Ba Mo will escape to Burma and become a Burmese thief."

"What if he doesn't escape?" I asked.

"Then we shall give him a fair trial," the Sawbwa said. "If he is found guilty, he will be fined, chained, and locked up. If he doesn't wish to escape, he will have to be punished." He sneezed, blew his nose, and sniffed at his inhaler. "That is why I have sent for you, Secretary Lee," he said. "Usually, the trial is conducted by the Sawbwa. If the Sawbwa is ill or out of town, it is conducted by the senior secretary. My father never liked trials, and his were always run by Secretary Yang—the same old Secretary Yang who still lives in the yamen. But Secretary Yang is too

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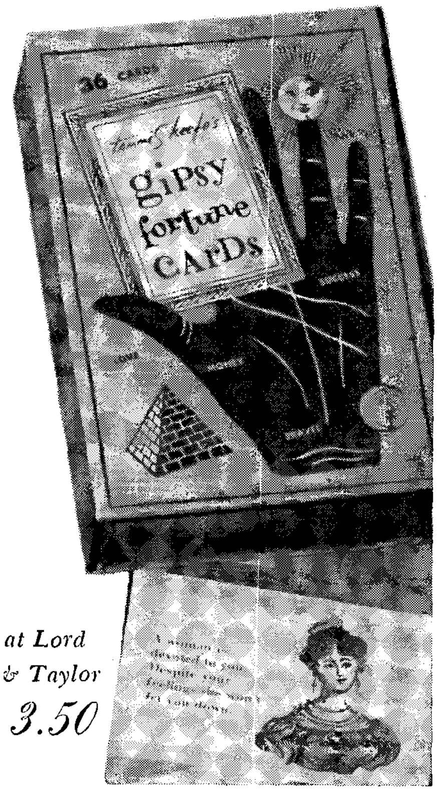

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old-fashioned for these times. If I ask him to try a criminal, he will surely use the ancient method practiced during the Manchu dynasty. Since the Burma Road has been built, modern people are passing through this state every day, and I don't want them to think we are primitives. I want you to conduct the trial."

I was startled. I didn't know anything about the law, and I had never in my life watched a criminal trial. But I hated to say no to my employer, and after a moment of hesitation I nodded.

"Good!" the Sawbwa said. "You can try the suspect in the courtroom, in the third court of the yamen. But tell the servants to clear the cobwebs out of it first. The room hasn't been used for thirty years."

"But *how* shall I try him?" I asked. "Does he have a lawyer?"

"Lawyer?" the Sawbwa asked, scowling. "What is that?"

Then I realized that there was no such profession on the border. I tried to explain the function of a lawyer to the Sawbwa, but he shook his head impatiently. "No, there is nothing complicated about this," he said. "Just find out if the suspect is guilty. Nothing complicated at all."

I COULDN'T sleep that night. Tossing in my bed, in the yamen, I kept thinking of what a fool I would certainly make of myself if I had to act as judge, jury, district attorney, and defense counsel, and still see that justice was done. Finally, around midnight, I decided to get up and pay Secretary Yang a visit. I needed his help and advice. He might be old-fashioned, but at least he had conducted trials before.

I had no compunctions about visiting Secretary Yang at this hour, for he never went to bed until three or four in the morning, and midnight was his most active time of day—the hour for him to receive guests and eat an evening snack. He lived in a large room in the somewhat dilapidated and otherwise empty third court of the yamen. When I entered his room, I first noticed the stale air, which was so heavy with incense and tobacco fumes that it made me dizzy. It was said in the yamen that Secretary Yang hadn't opened his window for fifty years, for fear the night fog would drift in and poison him. The room was crowded with uncomfortable antique furniture and cluttered with Chinese books and letters. It was dominated by a huge bed, almost a miniature house, its elaborate lacquered frame carved with birds and flowers. A large

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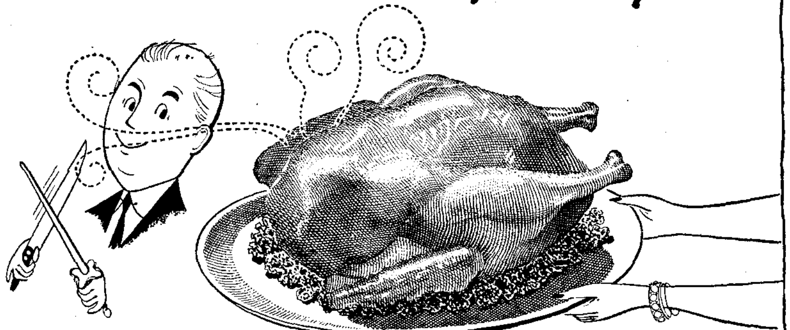

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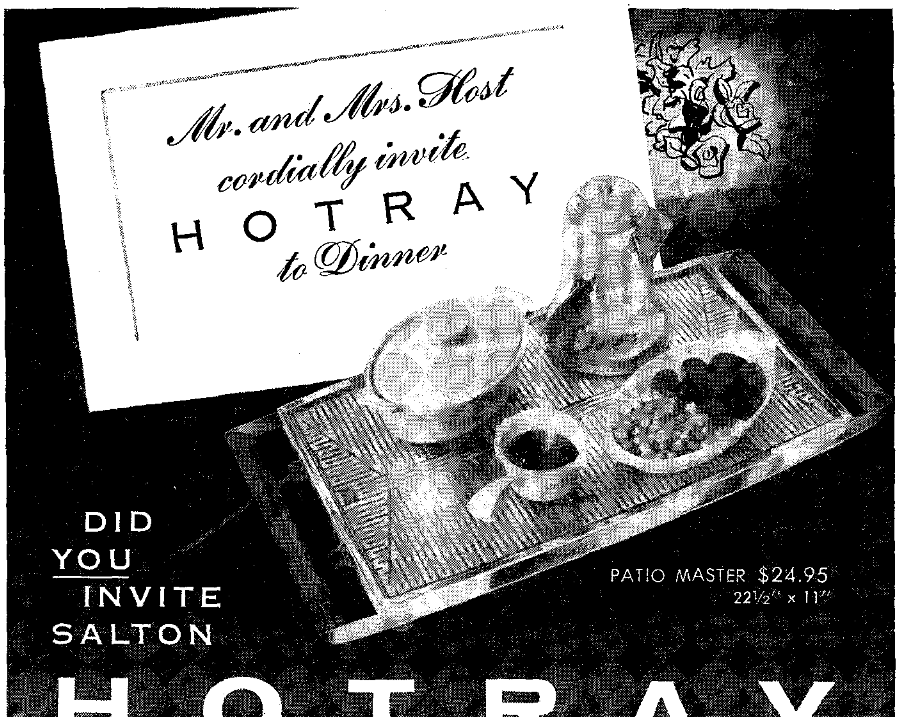

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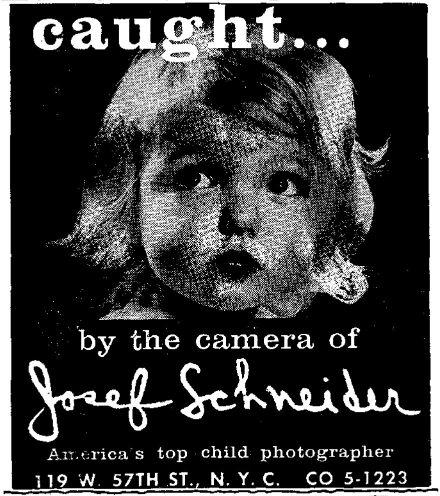

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mosquito net, dark with age, hung inside. Secretary Yang, seated at his huge teakwood desk, had just finished a dish of pork-lung noodles, and a tea server was clearing the bowls away. The secretary was a dried-up old man, well into his eighties, with thin gray whiskers. He wore a threadbare satin gown of faded blue and a dark-blue satin cap with a little red button at the top. He was badly stooped, but he always moved briskly, and his eyesight and hearing were still amazingly good.

The old man asked me to sit down, and then lighted his long bamboo pipe. I sat in an ancestral chair, across the desk from him, and told him my problem. For a moment, he seemed displeased. He grunted and puffed on his pipe. "Trying a criminal is a serious matter," he said gravely. "I am surprised that the Sawbwa entrusted such a matter to somebody of your age. It will be a great offense to the ancestors if injustice is done in the yamen and some innocent man is wronged."

"That is exactly what I am afraid of, Secretary Yang," I said quickly. "That is why I am here to ask for your help and—"

"*I* shall try the case," he said firmly. "The suspect shall be tried properly, with the correct procedure."

"But the Sawbwa asked me," I said. "He said specifically—" The old man's stern look stopped me. Further protests seemed useless, and besides I was glad to get rid of the case, now that I could tell the Sawbwa that I hadn't purposely evaded it.

"To try a criminal is not a simple matter," Secretary Yang went on. "Everything should be prepared ahead of time. The courtroom must be dusted, and incense burned, and all the necessary equipment made ready." He turned to the door and called his tea server, who came in and bowed. Secretary Yang told him to tell the *ta yeh*, the chief servant in the yamen, to prepare the courtroom for the trial. "Tell him I want it prepared before tomorrow noon," he said. "I want six court braves in uniform. Also the wood block and the incense. The *ta yeh* knows all about it. He prepared the courtroom for me thirty years ago."

After the tea server had left, Secretary Yang started asking me questions about the suspect and the crime. I told him what I knew, and though that was not much, he seemed to be satisfied. "We shall have his confession," he said grimly. "If he is found guilty, he shall be properly punished, so that our conscience will be clear." Then he knocked

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his pipe against a chair leg, and quoted some lines from Confucius about morals and justice. I thanked him and left. I knew that I should tell Sawbwa Fang that the trial had been taken out of my hands, but Secretary Yang's age and authority had cowed me to the point where I didn't dare make trouble at this stage. My real hope was that Ba Mo might still escape.

UNFORTUNATELY, Ba Mo didn't try to escape. The next day, the courtroom was prepared as Secretary Yang had ordered. It was a medium-sized room with a high ceiling, red walls, and two red pillars. On a dais facing the door was the judge's large red-lacquered desk, with a heavy straight-backed chair behind it. This was the only chair in the room; apparently no one except the judge was permitted to sit down. But there were a few benches behind a yellow curtain in the back of the room, and the *ta yeh* told me that anyone who wanted to listen could do so from behind the drawn curtain. Since I had been originally appointed to conduct the trial, I thought it only proper for me to sit in front of the curtain, so I told a tea server to put another chair on the dais.

Secretary Yang had set the trial for two o'clock in the afternoon. Shortly before the hour, six men in blue cotton uniforms bearing the Chinese character for "brave" on their chests marched in and lined up below the dais, three on each side, facing each other. One of the pair nearest the dais was holding a flat stick about six feet long and three inches wide. I found out that he was the "bottom-beater," or official torturer. On the judge's desk there was some stationery, an incense bowl, with a few sticks of incense burning in it, and a block of black-lacquered wood the size of a small brick. This was the gavel—literally, in Chinese, the "court-shocking wood."

At two o'clock, a policeman brought in the prisoner. Ba Mo was a short, brawny Shan in his late twenties, wearing a white shirt and a pair of wrinkled khaki trousers; his hair was parted in the middle and slicked down. Evidently, he was one of the young Shans who had recently adopted the dress and manner of the Chinese truck drivers on the Burma Road. He squatted on the ground between the braves, his small almond eyes shifting to left and right. When he spotted me on the dais, he grinned cheerfully, and I realized that he had been told I was to try him.

Secretary Yang entered the court-

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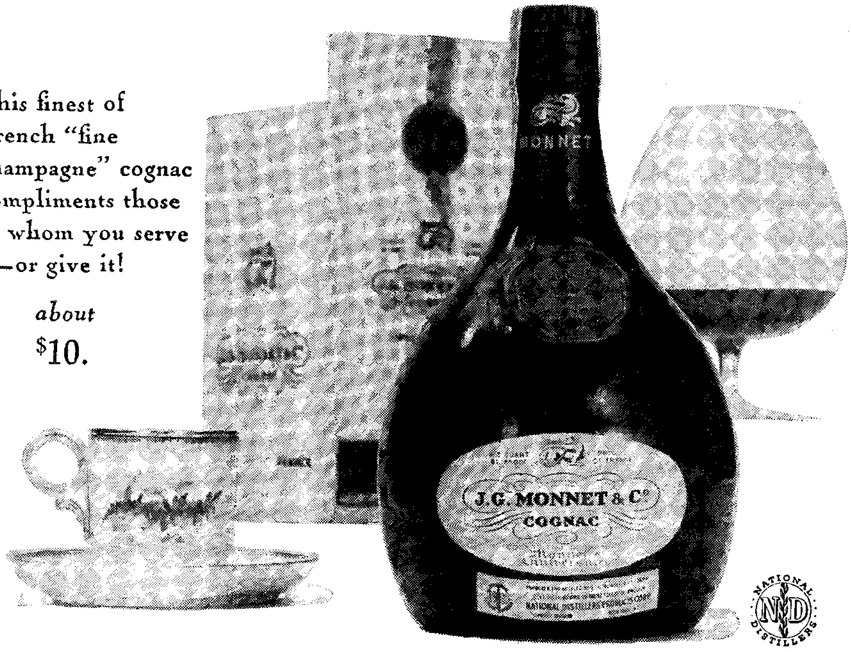

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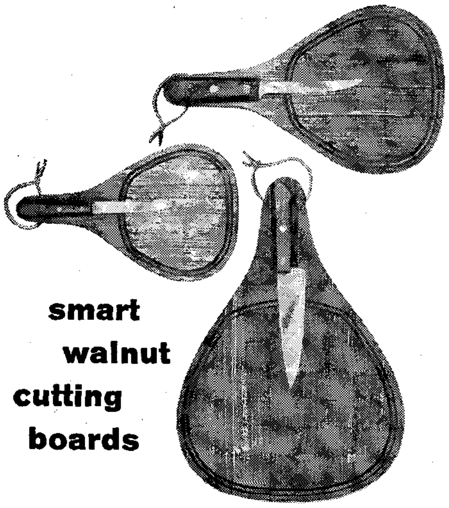

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room at two-thirty—the proper degree of lateness for an important official at a formal function. As he mounted the dais and discovered me sitting in a chair beside his, he scowled slightly. But he said nothing and sat down, his face stern. He cleared his throat loudly—in order, I presumed, to boost his dignity and set the proper mood in the court—and then he put his right hand on the court-shocking wood and scanned the whole room. Finally, he fixed his eyes on Ba Mo, who quickly stopped grinning and bowed his head.

There was a moment of silence. "Prisoner," Secretary Yang said severely, "raise your head!" Ba Mo did so, displaying a ham actor's expression of sadness.

"Your name?" Secretary Yang asked.

"Ba Mo."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-eight."

"Are you a Shan?"

"Yes."

"What do you do for a living?"

"I am a farmer for hire."

"You are accused of stealing your neighbors' rice," Secretary Yang said, his voice louder and tinged with anger. "Do you admit it?"

"No, it is not true," Ba Mo said. "I never touch anything that is not mine."

"You have stolen rice from five of your neighbors. They have all agreed that you are the thief. How dare you not to admit it!"

"No, I am not a thief. I swear by the blue heaven above."

"All five of your neighbors have accused you of stealing. You are the thief!"

"Blue heaven above has eyes, Secretary Yang," Ba Mo said, pointing a hand at the ceiling. "If I have touched anything that is not mine, may five thunderbolts strike me to ashes!"

Secretary Yang banged the court-shocking wood on the desk and shouted, "Nonsense! You lie!" Then he turned to the court brave who held the stick and said "*Da!*," meaning "Beat him!" Two of the braves grabbed Ba Mo, pushed him down, and made him lie flat on his stomach. "How many, Secretary Yang?" the bottom-beater asked.

"Twenty," Secretary Yang said.

The man hit Ba Mo's behind twenty times with the long, flat stick. The wood, which was apparently a slapstick made of two slats, made a great deal of noise. At each stroke, Ba Mo twisted his head up and winced. The punishment seemed more noisy than painful, and it occurred to me that it was prob-

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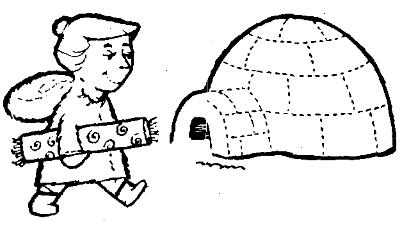

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ably meant to shame the prisoner rather than torture him. When the beating was over, Ba Mo was pulled upright by the two braves, and Secretary Yang shouted, "Do you confess, or don't you?"

"I have nothing to confess!" Ba Mo cried. "Blue heaven above has eyes! I have never—"

"*Da!*" Secretary Yang shouted.

The two braves once more pushed Ba Mo down. "How many, Secretary Yang?" the bottom-beater asked.

"Thirty!" Secretary Yang said, slamming the court-shocking wood on the desk. The bottom-beater continued the punishment. Watching the procedure, I began to feel terribly uncomfortable, not because it looked barbarous but because I wanted to laugh out loud at the foolishness of the whole trial.

After the second beating, Ba Mo was whining and spitting, but he still pleaded his innocence. "Blue heaven above has eyes!" he cried, in a faltering voice. "I never—"

"*Da!*" yelled Secretary Yang. "Fifty!"

As the bottom-beater slashed with the long stick, his victim began to cry "*Aiyoo! Aiyoo!*" After twenty strokes, Ba Mo suddenly cried, "I confess! I confess!"

The beater stopped, and the braves pulled Ba Mo to his knees. He continued to cry "*Aiyoo!*" until Secretary Yang banged his court-shocking wood. "Confess!" Secretary Yang shouted.

"Yes, yes, I— I stole their rice," Ba Mo whined. "*Aiyoo*, I stole their rice to pay a debt, all because of a bad woman! She ruined me. She took all my money and ran off with a truck driver. I am in debt. *Aiyoo!* Have mercy on me!"

Secretary Yang banged the block of wood again, and said, "Stealing is done only by men who defy the moral codes of Confucius. Stealing for a bad woman is even worse. I would have mercy if you had stolen because of poverty, or to help a sick relative, or to feed an old

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parent. As a shameless, immoral thief stealing for a bad woman, you are not to be shown any mercy. You are hereby sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the jail of the yamen, plus a fine of sixty-five pounds of rice, which will be distributed among the neighbors whose rice you have stolen." He banged his court-shocking wood. "Take the prisoner away. Court dismissed."

Two braves grabbed Ba Mo's arms and pulled him up to his feet. Still whining, he was quickly hauled out of the room. Secretary Yang sat in his chair for a moment, and then he turned to me and said, "There has been no crime in Mangshih for more than three decades. The evil influence has been brought in by the truck drivers, who have poisoned the minds of the Shan women, who have in turn poisoned the minds of their men. Women, therefore, are the source of all crime." He quoted some lines from Confucius that seemed rather irrelevant, and got up and left the courtroom, sighing unhappily.

EARLY the next day, I learned that the Sawbwa was much disturbed about the trial. I spent the whole morning worrying about how I had failed him. In the afternoon, as I had expected, he sent word for me to come to Ida House. When I arrived, I saw that his cold was worse. Sunk deep in his sofa and wrapped up in many blankets, he kept sniffing at his inhaler and sneezing noisily into a silk handkerchief. Ida fussed over him, bringing him lemon juice and dabbing his forehead with a hot towel smelling of menthol. "Sit down, sit down," the Sawbwa said to me. I sat on a sofa across the room and inquired about his cold, but he ignored my question and asked me, in an irritated voice, why I had not conducted the trial. I told him that Secretary Yang had insisted on trying the suspect himself, and that, being his junior, I had been forced to respect his wishes.

"You should have told me sooner," he said. "I could have stopped him."

"I am sorry, Sawbwa," I said. "I did not know he was quite so old-fashioned."

"The old goat is a hopeless antique," he said angrily. "I told you that. That is why I asked *you* to conduct the trial. Now the prisoner is sure to spread the news of how he was tried, and the truck drivers will spread it to Kunming, and perhaps even to Chungking, and I shall become a laughingstock."

"I am sorry, Sawbwa," I said again. "I did not realize it was so serious."

"You should have," the Sawbwa

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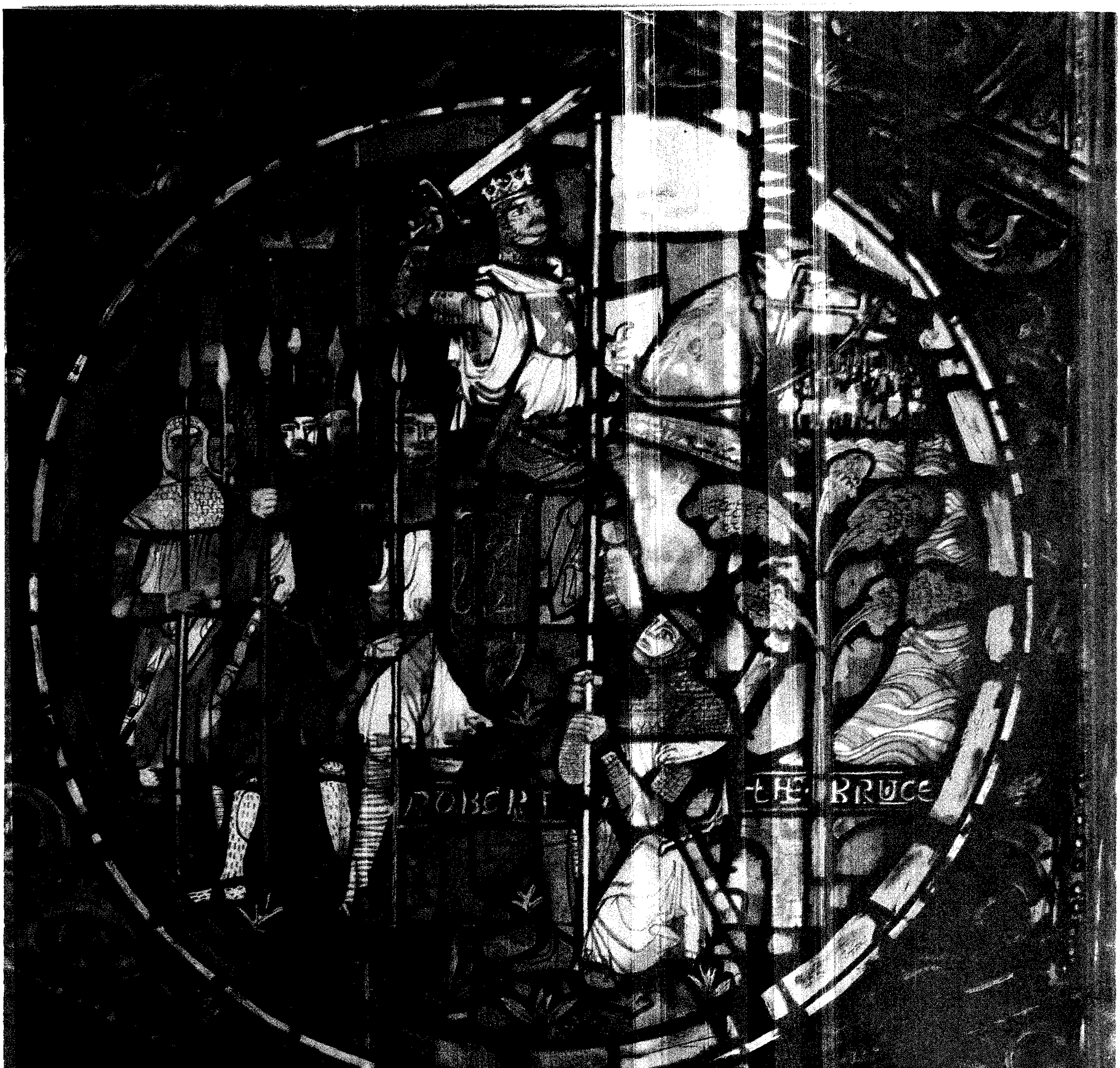
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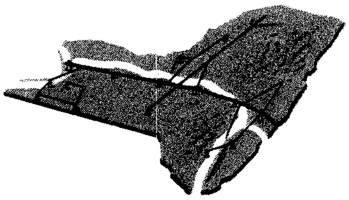

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said bluntly. "Now the harm is done."

The Sawbwa had never been cross with me before, and his harsh words really upset me. I asked him if there was anything I could do to save the situation. He said there was nothing. The only remedy he could think of now was to see to it that Ba Mo escaped to Burma at once.

"I shall talk to the Police Chief about it right away, Sawbwa," I said eagerly. "We shall guarantee that he escapes as quickly as possible."

I knew that the Chief of Police was almost never in his office, but on my way back to the yamen I spotted one of the policemen cracking his knuckles in the shade of a huge banyan tree, and I asked him to find his boss and have him come and see me at once. The Chief arrived at my office an hour later, and I told him what the Sawbwa had in mind. "It can't be done," the Chief said. "Do you think *I* want all the trouble of keeping a prisoner in jail? I told this Ba Mo to escape after the trial, but that turtle's egg wants to enjoy three months of laziness in jail. He's just lying there in bed with his legs crossed. He wouldn't escape now even if I kicked him out."

"We *have* to get him out of Mangshih," I said. "The Sawbwa insists."

"It can't be done, Secretary Lee," the Chief repeated. "He is happy to live in the yamen for a while, with two free meals a day and no rent to pay. I suggest we behead him and bury him in the hills."

The next day, I returned to Ida House and told Sawbwa Fang what I had learned from the Police Chief. I made a suggestion of my own—that we give Ba Mo some money and see him to the Burma border. The Sawbwa looked at me with considerable disgust, and said, "What? Bribe a thief? Is that all you can think of?" He stared at me with such evident disappointment that I felt my back prickling with embarrassment. Then he blew his nose loudly, stood up, and said, "Very well. The time has come to act. Get the Chief of Police and bring him back here. And bring the prisoner with you."

This time, I found the Chief at the yamen. He sent for his policemen, and then led me to the jail. The single cell was a shabby but airy room with a barred window and a barred door, which stood wide open. Inside, Ba Mo was lying comfortably on the bed. Apparently he had just finished his lunch, for he was smacking his lips and contentedly picking his teeth. He grinned sleepily when the Chief told him that he

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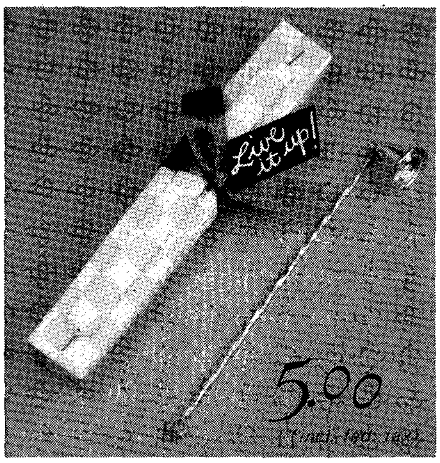

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was wanted at the Sawbwa's house, and was quite indignant when one of the policemen yanked him off the bed and pushed him out of the jail.

We walked to the Sawbwa's house in a procession, the prisoner in front, surrounded by the six policemen, and the Chief and I at an appropriate distance. When we got to Ida House, Ba Mo suddenly started limping, as though it hurt him very much to walk. We filed into the Sawbwa's living room, with Ba Mo groaning and waddling.

The Sawbwa was drinking some concoction from a teacup as we came in. He scowled at us as he swallowed the last mouthful and then quickly tossed a little green tablet into his mouth. When he had rolled the tablet in his mouth and sniffed at his inhaler, he said, "Sit down." The Chief and I sat down on the sofa. The policemen bowed, and squatted on the floor, their knees cracking noisily. "Down!" the Chief said to Ba Mo, who then bowed to the Sawbwa and squatted down gingerly.

"The prisoner received fifty strokes on the bottom," the Chief reported.

"Seventy," Ba Mo said at once.

"How is he going to pay the fine?" Sawbwa Fang asked.

"He cannot," the Chief said. "All he has is the clothes on his back."

"A bad woman has stolen everything from me," Ba Mo said, in his whining tone. "She ran off with a truck driver—"

"And he is also in debt," the Chief said, without waiting for Ba Mo to finish. "He has borrowed money from three merchants in the market place. They all demand payment."

"I bought things from them for that bad woman," Ba Mo said. "Then she ran off with a truck driver."

"Prisoner," the Sawbwa said quietly, "your crime is the first in thirty years in Mangshih. I am going to change the sentence to five years of hard labor. You will build a new road between the East Village and the West Village."

Ba Mo leaped to his feet. "Sawbwa! Sawbwa!" he protested. "I have only stolen a little rice. Do I deserve such severe punishment? It was only a little rice—not much more than what might be stolen by mice."

"Down!" the Chief shouted angrily.

Ba Mo squatted again, and then remembered that he was meant to be in pain. He groaned pathetically. "Heaven has eyes, Sawbwa," he said. "I did not commit a murder."

"I have made up my mind," the Sawbwa said. "The police will see to it

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that the prisoner builds the new road in five years. He will build it alone, with the necessary tools supplied by the yamen. No outside help will be permitted." He turned to the Chief. "Put chains on his legs tomorrow, so that he will not escape."

"Yes, Sawbwa," the Chief said.

"Sawbwa! Sawbwa!" Ba Mo cried, falling on his knees and kowtowing. "Have mercy, oh, have mercy! I shall pay the fine! I shall work hard and pay back every grain of rice I have stolen."

"Take the prisoner away," the Sawbwa said.

The next morning, my tea server awoke me with the news that Ba Mo had broken out of the jail. He had been seen at dawn on the Burma Road, quite near the border, but it was not expected that the police would catch him. Later that day, Sawbwa Fang, looking much better, arrived at his office in the yamen. He told me that he had heard of the escape, and added that he had already arranged to pay Ba Mo's fine himself and that the rice would be distributed among the thief's victims. I was expecting a lecture from the Sawbwa, but he said nothing until I was about to leave his office. "Perhaps thirty years between crimes is too long," he said quietly. "I think we were all a little out of practice."

—C. Y. LEE

•

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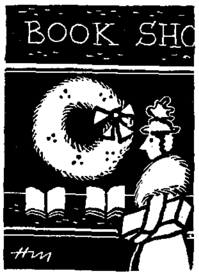
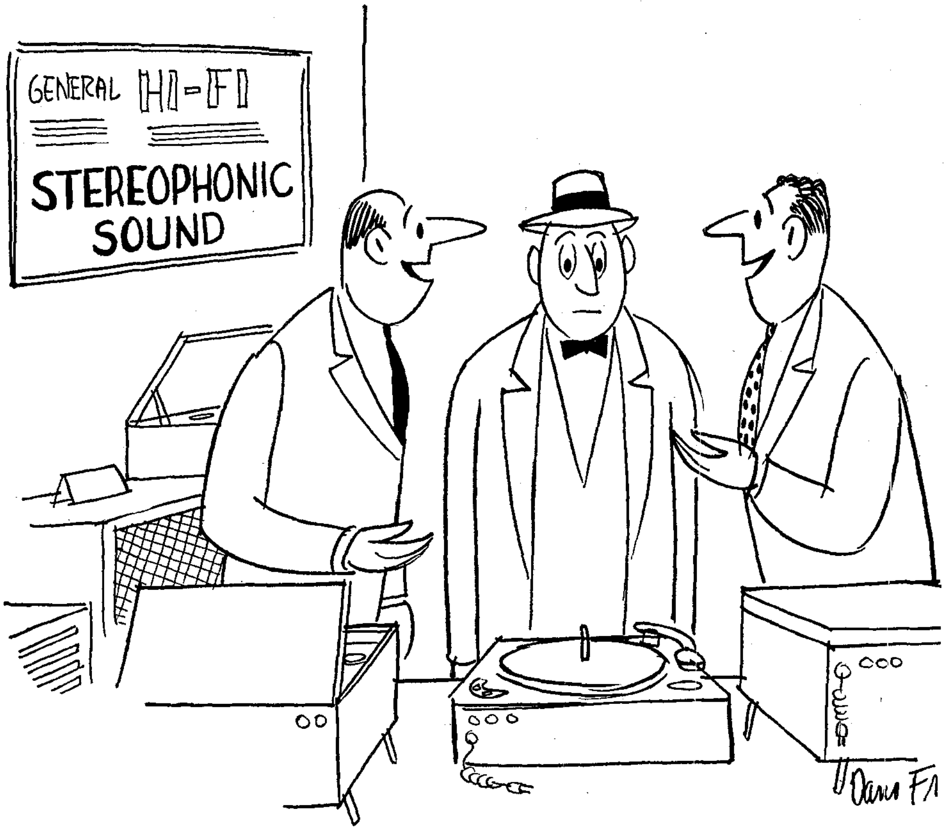


ON page 352 of his biography of Mme. de Staël, "Mistress to an Age" (Bobbs-Merrill), Mr. J. Christopher Herold comes at last to the episode of the amateur theatricals so dearly beloved by all the biographers who have told the story of this formidable Swiss original of Proust's Mme. Verdurin. Writers in the great comic tradition to which Proust belongs generally enlarge and exaggerate the traits they observe in the models on which they base their characters, heightening their reality with a touch of caricature, but, as Mr. Herold and every other biographer of Mme. de Staël show, she had to be diminished before she could figure in serious fiction. Such scenes as that in Proust in which Mme. Verdurin denounces Charlus to the musician Morel at the close of the socially disastrous drawing-room concert, touching on outrageously broad farce, are no more than pale shadows of those carnivals of exhibitionist folly that Mme. de Staël could stage not once in a while but in series lasting for weeks. The episode of her theatricals began in July, 1807. They continued with steadily mounting intensity through August and reached their climax in mid-September. Even then the conclusion was one that settled nothing and merely opened the way to more scenes later on. As with most of Mme. Verdurin's outbursts, the basis of the trouble on this occasion was a threat—a threat to Mme. de Staël's absolute authority over her immediate circle, the band of sycophants and spongers she kept about her to provide her with an audience and with physical and intellectual amusement.

The crisis arose when Benjamin Constant, a member of her bizarre household who had been scheming to get his hands on her immense fortune and who had been living off her for years, found another woman of property, though not nearly so rich, who was ready to marry him. Constant had exhausted every device at his command to persuade Mme. de Staël to become his wife, but despite the fact that he had been her lover and was the father of her daughter Albertine, and that she often spoke of marriage, she was evasive about a definite commitment. He decided to cut his losses and accept the lesser fortune, on which he would at least be sure of getting a firm hold. Mme. de Staël had winded his project just after she had discovered the many possibilities for exhibitionism inherent in private theatricals. She had already written novels and a play about herself and her private affairs. It had lately occurred to her that she could not only write plays about herself and act herself in them; she could also, she discovered, steal any play in the classic repertory from the author by taking a leading part in it and giving her own reading to the role. As soon as she realized that Constant had reached an understanding with another woman and was about to escape from her clutches, she saw an extraordinary opportunity for her self-exposure and his public humiliation. She ordered Racine's "Andromaque" into production, assigning to herself the role of Hermione, the Greek woman who in the play is jilted in favor of a Trojan captive by Pyrrhus, whose part was, naturally, taken by Constant. The big scenes are those in which Hermione rebukes Pyrrhus to his face for his faithlessness and cruelty to her and denounces him to other characters. Mme. de Staël got endless pleasure from watching Constant flinch under the impact of Racine's alexandrines during the rehearsals, which went on through July, and in the public performances, which took place before audiences of the local gentry in Ouchy in August and at Coppet, her country house, not far from Geneva, in September. As it was one of the principal amusements of the local gentry to keep abreast of the gossip about Mme. de Staël and her circle, the audience could thoroughly appreciate the fun she was having at Constant's expense. A prouder man might have turned his back on Coppet and its owner forever, but Constant was before anything else a gambler, and he recognized that Mme. de Staël had reached a state of exaltation in the performance of "Andromaque" that must inevitably produce a violent reaction.

He allowed five days for it to progress, and then burst in on her at Coppet to order her to marry him without further delay. He had miscalculated. Mme. de Staël, who was in bed, created an uproar that brought not only her children but Wilhelm Schlegel, another of her kept intellectuals, and a number of servants pouring into the room. When a large enough audience had assembled, she launched into a tirade, beginning with an address to her chil-



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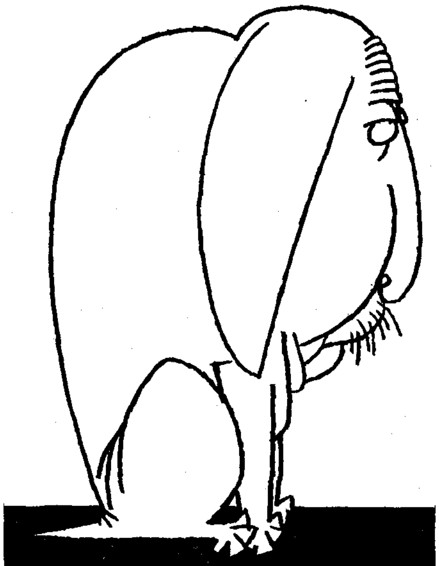

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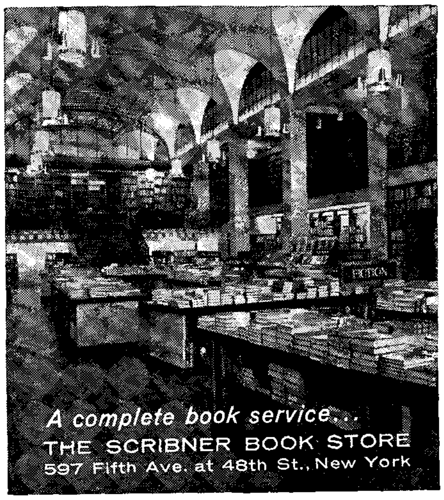
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dren. "There," she screamed, pointing at Constant, "is the man who wishes to rob you of your name and your fortune!" She paused to draw breath, and Constant seized his opportunity to land a counterblow. Stepping up to the boy who was the fruit of Mme. de Staël's adultery with a M. de Narbonne, and smiling at his own daughter, he said, "Count me as the vilest of men if I ever marry your mother." Mme. de Staël apparently despaired of topping this indecency with mere words, so she flung herself out of bed and onto the floor, where she pretended to attempt to strangle herself with a large kerchief.

After assisting in the long-drawn-out business of calming her down, Constant spent a sleepless night at Coppet before taking flight at seven the next morning. The flight was as genuine as her attempt at suicide, and, with all Europe to vanish into, Constant got no farther than La Chaumière, the house of his relative Mme. de Bavois, which was only two and a half hours away and where Mme. de Staël was bound to find him before long. During the day, his aunt Mme. de Nassau and his cousin Rosalie de Constant rallied to lend him moral support and to provide the necessary audience for what was to follow. Scene 1 took place in the hall and on the staircase of La Chaumière. Constant was upstairs, locked in the drawing room by his cousin, and the three ladies attempted to interpose themselves between him and his pursuer. She had a happy time writhing about on the floor, her bosom popping out of her low dress and her hair flying all over the place as she shrieked and yelled. This stage of the proceedings came to an end when Constant banged on the door and roared to be let out. Scene 2 took place in the drawing room: Mme. de Staël, after a quick dash up the stairs, hit the floor again, and, clinging to Constant's feet, began to utter what he described as "ghastly cries of anguish and desolation." These continued until Rosalie gallantly attempted to shout her down to tell her that she had no right to ruin Constant's life. Cries of pain were then rapidly replaced by screams of the vulgarest abuse, directed at Rosalie, Mme. de Nassau, and Mme. de Bavois. Constant made not the slightest attempt to defend them, and submitted to being carried back to Coppet to renew his servitude.

When it is added that the male principal in these scenes was syphilitic, the impression of squalor is complete, and the question of what philosophy of his-

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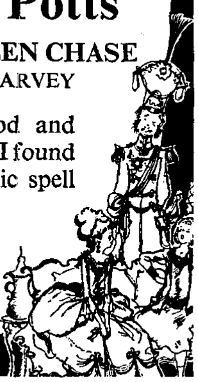

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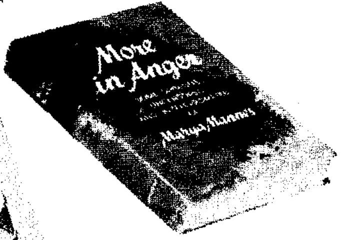

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tory, or what system of values, justifies yet another full-dress biography of a woman in whose life such incidents were typical poses itself with considerable force. Mr. Herold does his best to say what can be said in her favor, but in spite of his efforts the mystery only deepens. Her copious letters, preserved in staggering numbers, are as dull as any ever written, and the sole claim to interest of Mme. de Staël's other writings is that they throw light on the working of her mind. Her political interventions never rose above the level of meddling; they were not only marginal and inept, they were also ineffective. The people who surrounded her were even more mediocre than the little clan surrounding Mme. Verdurin, for she at least allowed her devotees their professional lives, whereas Mme. de Staël extinguished her dependents. Once they were at Coppet, or under any roof of which she was mistress, they were involved in an appalling, flowing chaos. Meals were served at irregular hours, and there was no possibility of privacy, for the company drifted endlessly round the house without bothering to distinguish between day rooms and bedrooms. No one was allowed to go to bed before Mme. de Staël, and her great hours for talking were between eleven at night and four in the morning. Relief came for her entourage only when she was under opium. Then she would spend three or four days in a stupor, barely conscious of where she was, what she was doing, and who was with her. No man with serious work to do could support the life she imposed, and no one with integrity could submit to her demands for adulation. As the necessary result, her circle consisted entirely of men without principle, like Constant, and of talented second-raters, like Sismondi, and of gifted men who were willing to sell out, like Schlegel, the brilliant translator who made Shakespeare part of German literature and was transformed into an insignificant private tutor by Mme. de Staël. Her name is, with the possible exception of Constant's highly debatable novel "Adolphe," not associated with any work of importance. As for "Adolphe," its importance resides entirely in its being a *roman à clef* largely concerned with Mme. de Staël and Constant. The critic who doubts the value of this far from objective account of that relationship has great difficulty in discovering any merit in it whatever. She was indeed a sterile muse who inflicted a paralysis of the creative powers on her devotees and who could

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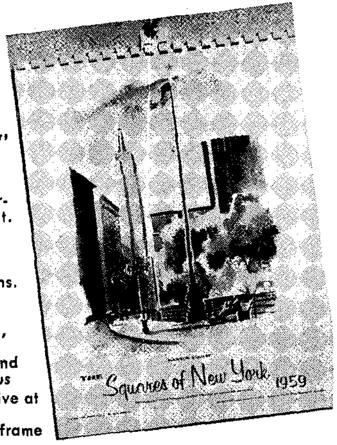

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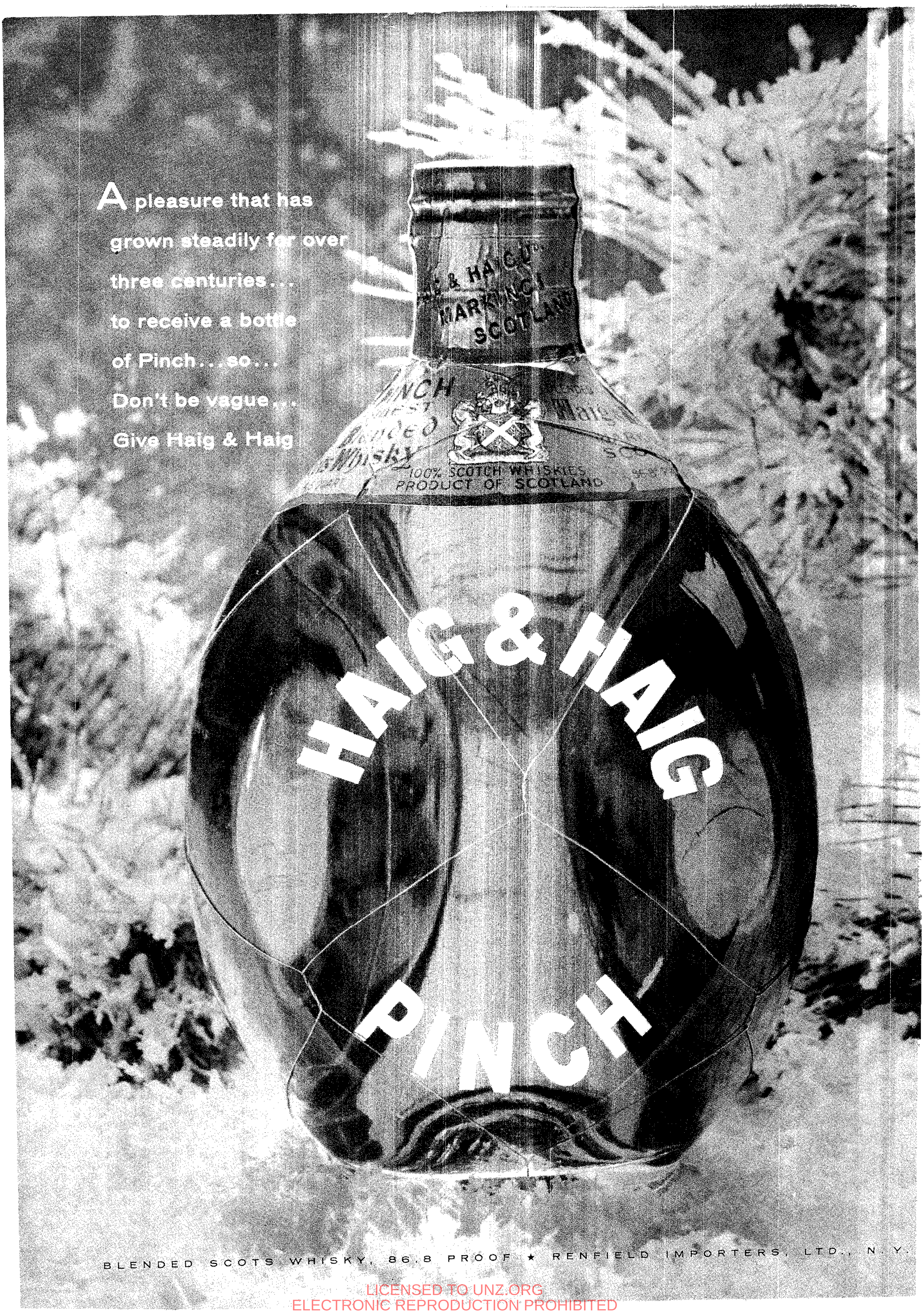
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The mystery cannot be explained, either, by Mme. de Staël's beauty or charm. Her carriage and manner were so masculine that she was widely known as the "man-woman." Her eyes, though dark and lustrous, were slightly protuberant, her features were coarse, and she never learned to control her grimaces or to shut her mouth when she was not talking. Almost the only recorded instance of an exercise of self-control on her part relates to her abandonment of a technique she had adopted as a child of silencing people who threatened her position as the center of attention. While they talked, she would sit at their feet, staring at them and silently mouthing, with elaborate lip movements, every word they uttered. In later life, she contented herself with rolling her eyes and fidgeting with a twist of paper or a small spray of evergreen shrub while other people talked. Her arms, bust, and shoulders were meaty, and her legs and hips heavy. She endeavored to conceal the latter defect by draping a long shawl or scarf round the lower part of her body, and she made a virtue of the former defect by wearing extremely low off-the-shoulder dresses in and out of season. She also wore a huge, garish turban whose size and grotesqueness helped divert attention from the unwanted opulence of her person. With all this was joined a restlessness that expressed itself, when she was not actually in motion, by incessant movements of her head and exaggerated gestures of her hands and arms. As for her personality, Mme. de Boufflers, who had been of great help in the elaborate negotiations leading up to her marriage with Baron de Staël at the age of nineteen, reported:

> There is no doubt that she has absolutely no idea of social behavior and conventions, and that she is so spoiled by admiration for her wit that it will be hard to make her realize her shortcomings. She

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is imperious and strong-willed to excess, and she has a self-assurance that I have never seen matched by any person of her age, no matter of what rank.

This condemnation was also a forecast. Later, an intimate friend was to say of her:

> She has more imagination than intelligence, and more intelligence than learning. . . . She makes pronouncements, decides everything, accumulates error upon error, and ends up by not knowing what she is saying when she talks about the arts, of which she is ignorant, and of religious feeling, which she sees in everything. Her Christianity makes one wish to be a pagan, her mysticism makes one prefer matter-of-factness, and her love for the extraordinary makes one appreciate everything that is common and vulgar.

To the mystery of why Mme. de Staël has been almost universally considered an important figure there must be added another: Why was that colossal self-assurance never punctured and why was the stream of extravagant and arrogantly expressed nonsense that poured from her lips received as wit that entitled her to be called a genius? The answer to the second problem provides the solution to the first. Mme. de Staël's father was among the first self-made men of the breed that was to become comparatively common in the nineteenth century. His great interest in life was making money, and his specialty was speculating in grain futures in the international market. Operating through a Swiss banking house (in which he started as a clerk at the age of fifteen and became a partner soon after he was thirty) with branches in London and Paris, he based his deals on leakages of official information bought from government employees. He made such a fortune that he became convinced that he had a real grasp of the fundamentals of finance and must be a genius. In this conviction, he bought several newspapers and hired pamphleteers to launch a campaign that finally persuaded Louis XVI to make him Director-General of Finance of France. Although his handling of this office ultimately revealed that he had no understanding of economics whatever, it gave him for a number of years the tremendous influence that went with the position of the absolute monarch's closest adviser, and it gave him almost unlimited opportunities to increase his fortune. He did not neglect them, and he became one of the most powerful and richest commoners in Europe.

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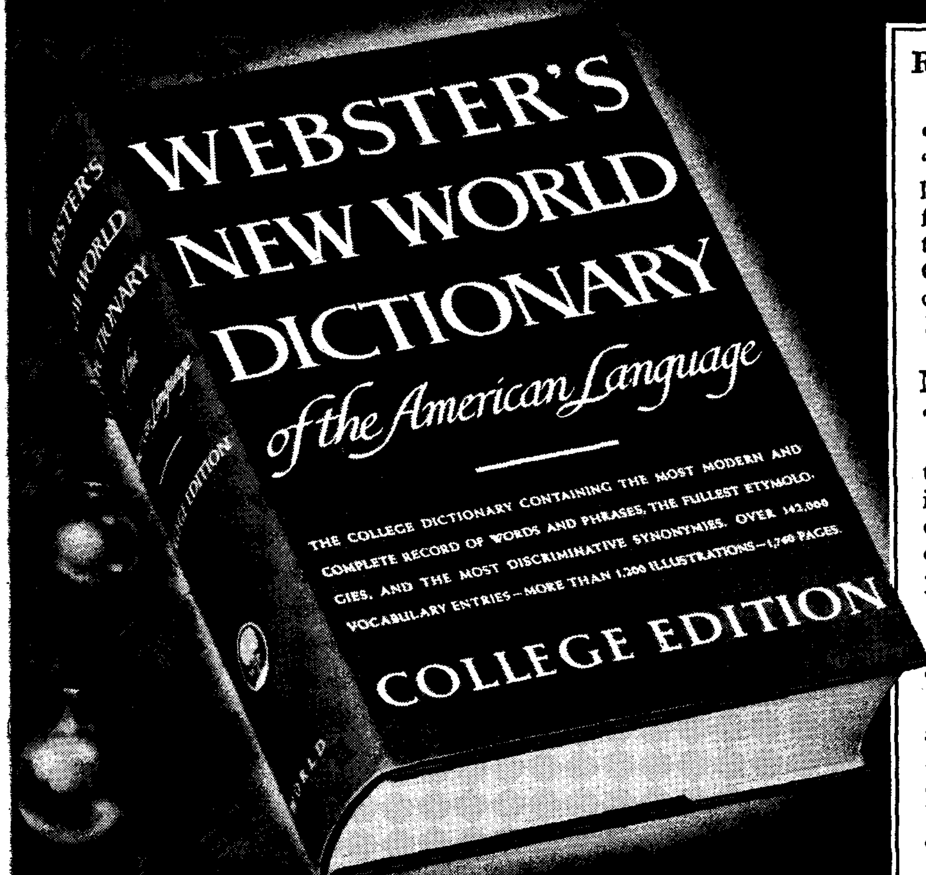
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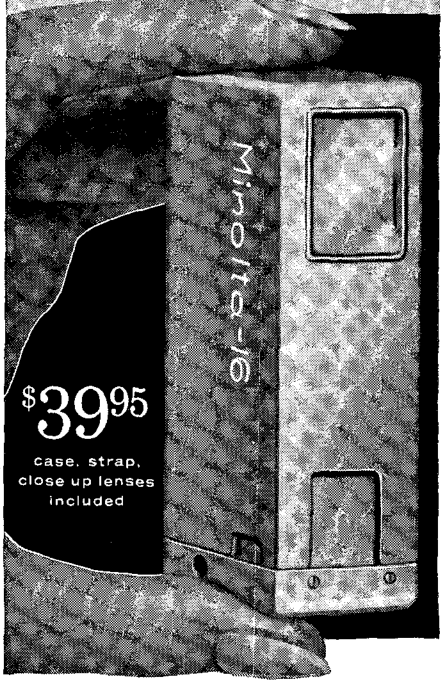
favorite, and in her adolescence she was courted as an extremely desirable catch who would bring her husband an enormous dowry. The unlucky man who got her, the Swedish nobleman de Staël, started his campaign when she was twelve and landed her seven years later, after maneuvers that involved two royal courts and a gift from France to Sweden of a West Indian island. Her marriage contract was signed by the French king, by Marie Antoinette, and by the princes of the blood royal. The honors that were paid by the ancient regime to this nonentity because of her wealth were not withdrawn when the revolution swept it away. Mme. de Staël's father had hedged against the disaster his incompetence did a good deal to precipitate and had invested the bulk of his fortune in Switzerland, England, and the United States, so he suffered a minor loss as a result of the revolution. Mme. de Staël's prospects were as great after the collapse of the old order as they were before its fall. She was one of the first princesses of the new order established by the materialist counter-revolution on the ruins of the old. In the succeeding century, freakish inequities in the distribution of wealth endowed numbers of such women, genetically and intellectually gifted with every qualification for a life of tranquil obscurity as members of the numberless flock, with huge incomes derived from invisible sources that they never recognized or understood, incomes that they accepted unquestioningly as the just reward of their innate superiority and as licenses for every vulgar folly. If Mme. de Staël has any importance, it is because she, the daughter of a former bank clerk and a former governess, received from the hands of Marie Antoinette herself the torch that was to be passed on to the wives and daughters of the millionaires of industrialized society. It is a measure of the lasting success of the materialist counter-revolution and its drawing-room culture that Mme. de Staël is still treated not as though she were a social phenomenon but as if her life and thoughts were worthy of respect.

Mr. Herold's approach to her is bewildering. With tireless industry, he has assembled all the available anecdotage that proves the worthlessness of the woman and of her associates, and from it he concludes that she was the embodiment of the new liberal spirit and the core of European resistance to Napoleon Bonaparte:

> While all Europe cringed before him, Coppet remained one of the few places where uncompromising resistance was



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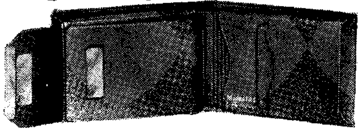

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kept alive, and it probably was the only place where resistance was grounded not in national or dynastic pride but in moral principles. This resistance could be no more than a state of mind; action was impossible; but the state of mind of the guests of Coppet determined public opinion in Europe.

This fantasy brings to mind Mme. Verdurin's conviction that the meetings of her little clan played a vital part in maintaining the French will to resist during the darker days of the First World War. But Mr. Herold's enormous overrating of the influence of Coppet is not as grotesque as his suggestion that the Coppet circle could not reconcile itself to Napoleon because moral principles were involved. The political morality of Coppet is illustrated by the two speeches Benjamin Constant, then Mme. de Staël's closest friend, is said to have made, within half an hour of one another, to Napoleon and the Abbé Sieyès in 1799. To Napoleon, Constant said, "You must know, Citizen Consul, that I am your man. I am not one of those ideologues who believe that everything can be accomplished by theories. What I admire is practical activity; if you nominate me you can count on my support." He then crossed the street and said to Sieyès, "You know how much I abominate the use of force. I am not on the side of the sword; what I look to are principles, justice, ideas. If you give me your support, you can count on my assistance; I am perfectly hostile to Bonaparte." Although Sieyès warned Bonaparte that Constant was an intriguer, he was appointed one of the Tribunes in the strange legislative apparatus set up by the Constitution of the year VIII. Bonaparte discovered that Sieyès was right when Constant came out in opposition to him on January 5, 1800, little more than a month after he had promised him his support in return for the nomination.

Mme. de Staël had revealed herself to Napoleon a little earlier, when she persuaded her former lover Talleyrand to give her an opportunity to seduce the Emperor. He had not been attracted by her or by her persistence in offering herself to him. When she finally realized, after being publicly snubbed, that she was not going to replace Josephine (it is clear from her letters to the First Consul that she planned to marry him), she rapidly changed front. As soon as she saw that there was no chance of carrying out her design, she became his detractor and his political opponent. Napoleon had good grounds to suspect that her plan to seduce him had as its

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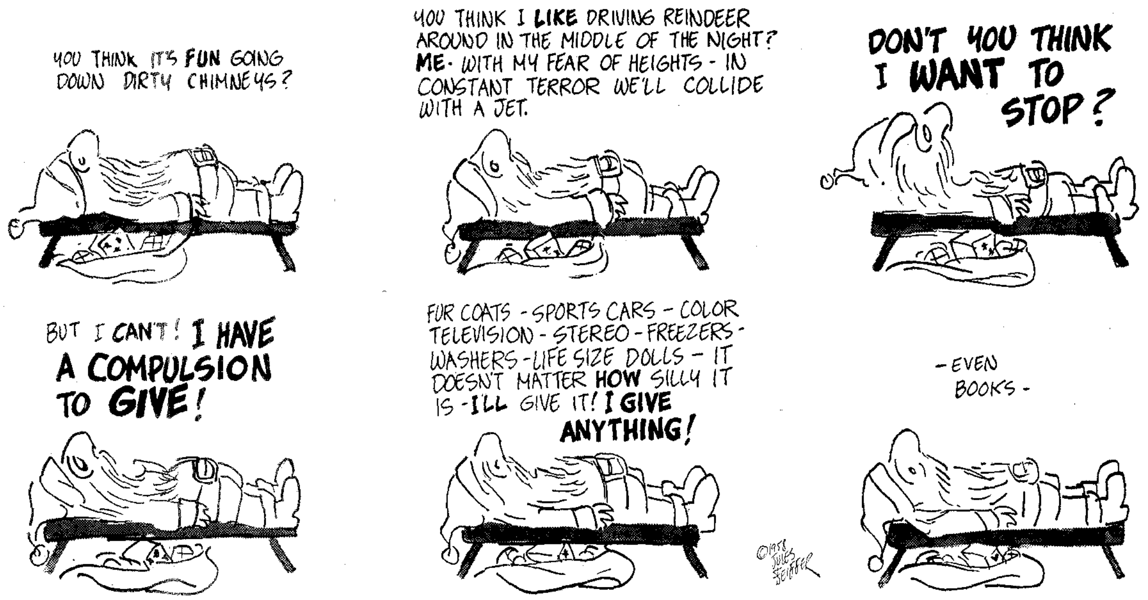
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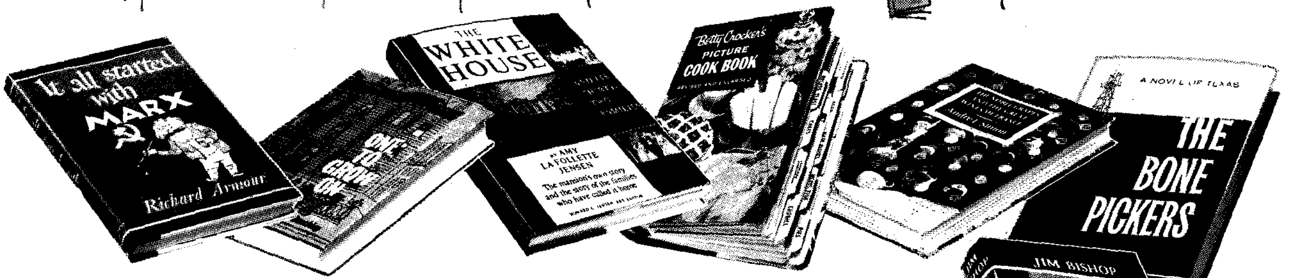
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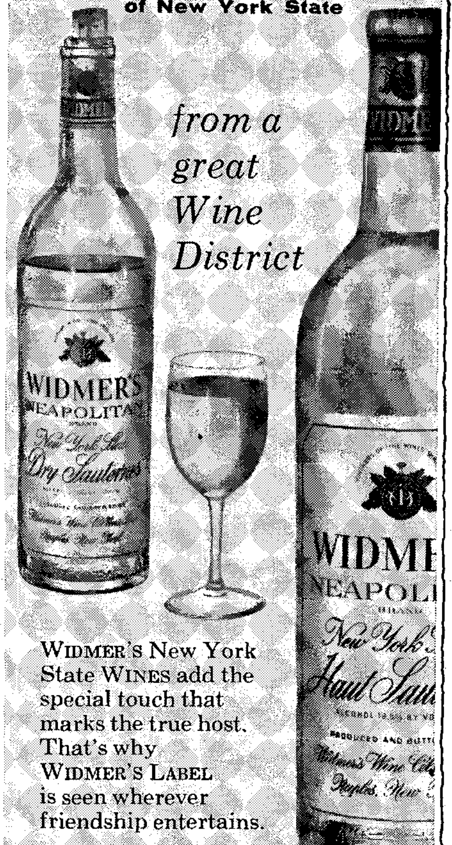

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real aim the recovery of two million francs deposited with the French Treasury by her father just before the revolution. It was the naïveté with which she exposed her self-interest that ultimately left her in almost complete isolation at Coppet; she felt she could use everybody for her own purposes because she was better than everybody in every way. The real basis for her resistance to Napoleon was that she had tried to use him and had failed. In her encounter with him, she had for a moment to face someone who had looked her over, assessed her value to him, and decided she was worthless. To submit to him she would have been forced to give up the central position in the universe that she felt sure belonged only to her.

—ANTHONY WEST

VERSE

AT the moment, after a resetting of poetic conventions that has taken twenty years, gifted young poets, almost without exception, write in form. It is a pity that most of them turn out to be dull. Somewhere along the line of this revival of tradition, certain main facts seem to have been overlooked. The young formalist has every device of prosody to hand; he should be able to condense, mold, heighten, bind together, and project his material with ease, and produce, if not absolute pleasure, at least a poem that excites our curiosity and holds our interest. "*En art il s'agit d'être intéressant*," Jules Laforgue wrote in the eighties, and Eliot, in recent years, has restated this principle: "The worst fault of a writer is to be uninteresting." What Eliot and Laforgue are saying is that no mastery of technique can make up for triviality and emptiness of subject, for the absence of those swift connections made by imagination and intuition between outer experience and inner meaning, or (most important) for a total lack of emotion.

A few recently published books have the power of drawing the reader on from page to page, in spite of irritating moments when the central impulse wavers and breaks off while the well-made stanzas march boringly on. "A Crackling of Thorns," by John Hollander, chosen this year for publication in the Yale Series of Younger Poets, carries one's attention again and again up to the verge of interest, only to disappoint it, very often, in a greater or less degree. Hollander has brought together a good many poems that must originally have been answers to technical problems; W. H. Auden, in his preface to the book, states that here is

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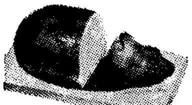

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a "literary" poet, but asks "Why not?" There is no harm, for example, in writing a completely unemotional set of sapphics, or skillful imitations of Marvell and the madrigalists. Hollander has also written villanelles (now an utter technical cliché), a sestina (that dullest of forms when not written with wit and dramatized up to the hilt), and a *canzone*, which goes Eliot (in "The Dry Salvages") one better by having seven difficult rhymes in seven stanzas instead of six in six. He has parodied Shakespeare's "The Phoenix and the Turtle" (this took courage). His songs, with a light-verse touch, might easily be singable. But dullness keeps creeping in because the form and the language, with only the slightest emotional ballast, tend to float in and out of the reader's ear or to dissolve before his eyes. Hollander's poetry, in spite of his talent, just now is the poetry of the library and the seminar room. Of course, it may not stay there.

"Selected Poems: 1928-1958," by Stanley Kunitz (Atlantic-Little, Brown) is the work of an older man who has proved himself an accomplished formalist over the years. Kunitz was writing in form before the newest generation of well-taught young men were able to hold pen in hand. He is also a dramatic lyricist, having learned an important modern lesson: that the short poem can be made to bear remarkably heavy weights. Kunitz has a fearsome edge to his imagination. Many of his poems are shocking; in the space of a given page, nightmare, disease, disaster, madness, or crime gets into action and leaps into forceful being. His wit, on the other hand, is oblique; we are not struck by it directly, and the result is a slight sameness of tone. And the dark side of existence consistently turns uppermost—as Kunitz remarks, with good reason in our day. But although the poet is allowed melancholy, dejection, and grief, he is expected to turn away from ultimate despair, and at times Kunitz seems to be trapped in or blocked into an area of almost unrelieved shadow. We read him with interest, nevertheless.

Recent books by two women reopen vistas of feminine poetic talent that have narrowed of late years. May Swenson, in her second book, "A Cage of Spines" (Rinehart), is lively, ingenious, and fanciful. She enters the world of things, animate and inanimate, without self-consciousness and with a rare sense of play. She tells riddles, observes the weather, and turns her mind toward pebbles, birds, and small animals as

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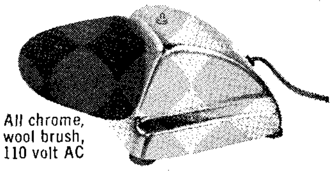

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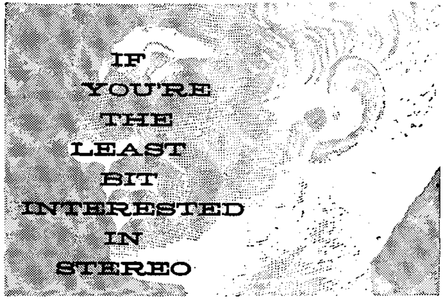

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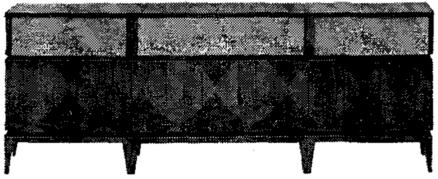

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readily as toward people. Her faults, by no means extensive, are perhaps too continuous a sparkle and an occasional lapse in the sense of scale, for some things *are* larger than others. She is an accurate naturalist, however, and an imaginative one. The second woman, Mary Phelps, belongs to that ancient and nowadays rather unvalued category, the pure feminine lyricist. Her first book, "A Bed of Strawberries" (Voyages Press), announces a talent whose originality in form and substance is evident from beginning to end. Her mind and senses are seriously involved in everything she puts down; she has a range of symbols that are her own; she has vision and strength and tenderness. Many of the poems in this first collection will stand out against dullness and boredom for some time to come.

—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE VISITORS, by Mary McMinnies (Harcourt, Brace). Milly Purdoe, thirty-three, the wife of a British Foreign Service official, arrives with her husband and their two children at their new post, in an obscure town somewhere behind the Iron Curtain. Milly—pretty, spoiled, and selfish, with a willful, childish charm—believes that her beauty and her diplomatic position make her invulnerable to reproach or to humiliation or to any of the other punishments that harass the daily lives of ordinary people. She has a habit of playing with fire. She plays with fire emotionally in her frequent flirtations, and officially by dabbling in the black market and by talking indiscreetly, but she has always been careful not to go too far, since her nature is more vain and greedy than reckless, passionate, or malignant. All at once, however, in this strange and hostile town, Milly finds that things are out of control and that her tricks are of no help to her. A flirtation turns into a serious love affair, her lies rebound against her, and her little fling in the black market develops into a scandal that threatens to wreck her husband's career and her own security. Twice frightened, and suffering from a severe shock to her conceit, Milly feels that she has been through a great and revealing experience—that she has been revealed to herself. Actually, all that has happened is that she has found that the privileges of beauty diminish with the years, and

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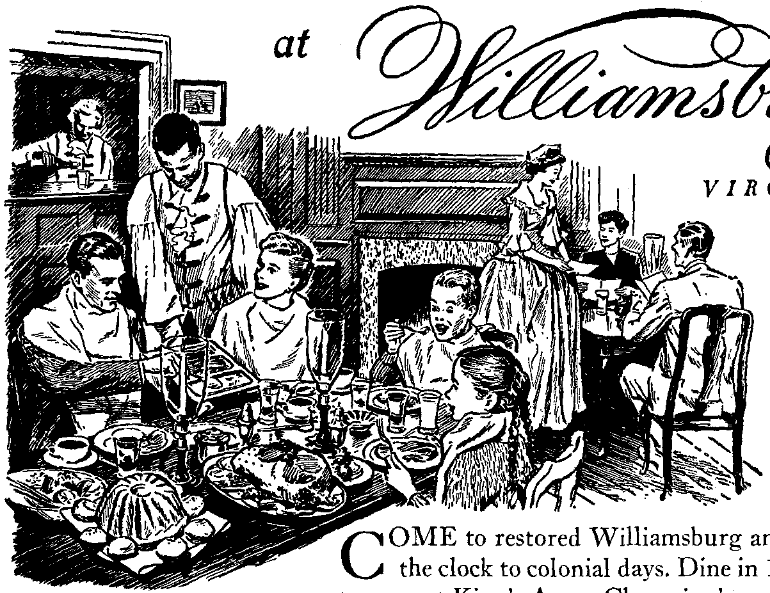
that diplomatic immunity has its limits. She has been put in her place for the first time in her life, but that is all. Mrs. McMinnies describes Milly's troubles and adventures at length, writing with casual confidence and an air of authority.

THE VOLCANOES ABOVE US, by Norman Lewis (Pantheon). This aseptically written story about a revolution in Guatemala recalls the more successful "entertainments" produced by Graham Greene in his carefree days. Thrills and chills are nicely balanced with ironic comedy that acidly satirizes almost everything—including this kind of novel, which is about not really very brave soldiers of fortune being very brave in a deadpan, Humphrey Bogart sort of way. Altogether, a light, amusing, and highly professional piece of fun.

FLASH AND FILIGREE, by Terry Southern (Coward-McCann). An attempt to let loose a roundhouse punch at some of the more obvious shams and peculiarities of life in southern California. The author, however, has hung his book on a vicious, incredible figure—a dermatologist and sports-car addict who, in the course of his pleasures, commits a couple of murders—and at the same time has ignored all the intimations of reality without which such spoofing cannot function. The writing is no less eccentric, and here and there is downright unintelligible.

GENERAL

SINAI VICTORY, by S. L. A. Marshall (Morrow). This is a study of the four-day campaign in which the Israeli Army drove the Egyptian forces off the Sinai Peninsula. The battle ended on November 2, 1956; less than a month later, the author—a Detroit newspaperman, a brigadier general in the U. S. Army Reserve, and a military historian—arrived in Israel to interview Israeli fighters and piece together exactly what had happened in combat. As a detailed narrative of several actions, Marshall's report demonstrates the truth that, even to the winners, a battle seems to be a series of disasters and desperate readjustments. But he has more to say than that war is confusing. He is impressed by the Israeli Army, and the way it solved all kinds of problems in battle. (Although the Egyptian defense was incompetent, the terrain—a rocky, mountainous desert that varied from hideous to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unbearable—was an able enemy.) He admires the Israelis' mobility (one of the Israeli brigades covered ground faster than any armed force on record), and he likes the aggressiveness of Israeli officers, who insist that the safest way out of danger is usually an attack, and who lead such advances themselves instead of relying on their sergeants. Israeli training is hard—not much close-order drill but plenty of tough, realistic exercises—and Marshall thinks that it explains why an army of militiamen can fight with professional skill. He praises the wide latitude given battle commanders, and seems amused, not vexed, by the chumminess that prevails between officers and enlisted men. He doesn't come right out and say that he thinks we should adopt any or all of the Israeli practices—which, as he describes them, resemble those of some small special units, like the Rangers, that have existed in our Army—but any American general who reads this will probably suspect that he's hinting.

HENRY ADAMS: THE MIDDLE YEARS, by Ernest Samuels (Harvard). A sequel to "The Young Henry Adams" of ten years ago, with a final volume to follow. Here are the years between 1871 and 1890, which "The Education" ignores—the years of the two anonymous novels, the biographies of Gallatin and Randolph, and the great "History of the United States," a vigorous and productive period abruptly brought to a close by Marian Adams' insanity and suicide. Those decades were a picturesque time in America, with Matthew Arnold lecturing for P. T. Barnum, and Marian Adams writing to her father, "The Hayes suffer much from rats in the White House who run over their bed and nibble the President's toes." Professor Samuels brings the time vividly to life as he re-creates the Adamses in all their prickly and unstable brilliance. His fine biography will surely be definitive.

MARBLE PALACE: THE SUPREME COURT IN AMERICAN LIFE, by John P. Frank (Knopf). This book does two things: it conveys the sort of information that pre-law students or government majors are supposed to get in college, and then it comments, compares, and gossips freely and easily, making such textbook matters as the Court's powers, its history, and its procedures seem astonishingly interesting. The author has

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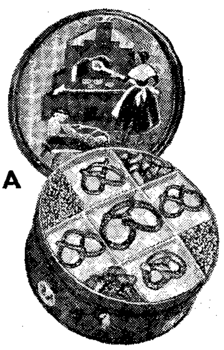

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first-hand knowledge of his subject; he served as Justice Black's law clerk, and he now frequently appears before the Court as an attorney. He treats the Supreme Court and its members with respect but not awe, reserving his greatest admiration for those judges who, since its founding, have helped the law develop in such a way as to accommodate the development of our country.

OFF THE RECORD WITH F.D.R.: 1942-45, by William D. Hassett, with an introduction by Jonathan Daniels (Rutgers). "On the way home from the White House this afternoon," this journal, the work of a former newspaperman who was for many years a White House press attaché, begins, "stopped at Hausler's in Seventeenth Street and picked up this book in which to jot down a few notes of a unique trip to Hyde Park with the President, to be undertaken tonight." The date was January 6, 1942, and the "unique trip" turned out to be merely the first of some forty such secret holiday journeys—to Hyde Park, to Warm Springs, and to Shangri-La, a mountain hideaway in Maryland—on which he accompanied Mr. Roosevelt in the capacity of confidential secretary. Mr. Hassett is a delightful rather than a momentous diarist ("Up at seven o'clock and beat Averell Harriman to the shower—he very courteous about it"), but many of his trivia are wonderfully sharp ("[We] did not go back to Hobcaw Barony, as Bernie Baruch's place is named with democratic simplicity" and "The President observed that . . . it . . . will provide parkways for the future and also create a reservoir—which he pronounced 'reservar,' in imitation of Mr. Willkie"), and some of them are more than that ("'I shall be remembered by the historians as the great spender,' said the President thoughtfully, 'the greatest spender we have ever had. What the histo-

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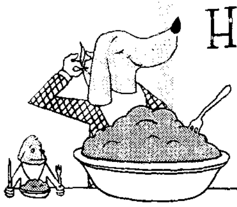

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rians won't know, what the public doesn't know now, is the enormous sums I have been able to save by careful scrutiny of bills, paring down extravagant and unwarranted and unnecessary expenditures. If I hadn't done that, we would have gone broke long ago' "). Photographs.

THE PHANTOM MAJOR, by Virginia Cowles (Harper). The Secret Air Service, a British sabotage force, was created in 1941 by Lieutenant (later Lieutenant-Colonel) David Stirling to harass the Afrika Korps, and it did so most impressively throughout the long North African campaign. On one raid, for example, Stirling and two companions, equipped with sixty incendiary bombs and a tommy gun apiece, padded into a Nazi installation (despite its name, the S.A.S. moved on foot or by jeep) and demolished three aircraft-repair hangars, thirty aircraft engines, four transport planes, a guardroom containing twenty men, and an anti-aircraft gun. Miss Cowles, a fully Anglicized American journalist, recounts the many exploits of this hard-bitten band in a languid drawl that comes perilously close at times to a parody of P. G. Wodehouse, but, fortunately, she has a story to tell that is strong enough to withstand almost any amount of meddling. Illustrated with excellent maps.

THE LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON, edited and with an introduction by Thomas H. Johnson and Theodora Ward (Belknap Press of Harvard University Press). This definitive three-volume edition completes the Dickinson canon as presented by Mr. Johnson, whose three-volume edition of the "Poems" appeared in 1955. A few letters may still be uncollected, but the Dickinson manuscripts now owned by the Harvard College Library, as the gift of Mr. Gilbert H. Montague, as well as the manuscripts and transcripts recently transferred to Amherst College by Mrs. Millicent Todd Bingham, are here drawn together—dated, annotated, and described with meticulous care. The first edition of the letters, prepared by Mabel Loomis Todd in 1894, although useful pioneer work, lacked both accurate arrangement and fullness of material. We now have a comprehensive picture of the poet's development from her school days to the last year of her life—the crises indicated and the lights and shadows in clear relief—and a remarkably strong and buoyant

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temperament emerges. The background of the family and of the Amherst of the time also comes into view. A most valuable addition to American literary history. Prose fragments, photographs, biographical sketches of recipients of letters and of persons mentioned, and indexes are supplied. Twenty-five dollars.

EXPLORERS' MAPS, by R. A. Skelton (Praeger). A collection of fourteen sedate pieces written for the *Geographical Magazine*, of London, by the Superintendent of the Map Room of the British Museum. Each chapter takes up a specific part of the world and tells how it was explored and mapped by Europeans and then, with the maps already made, explored and mapped some more. The chapters are accompanied by plenty of good reproductions of the maps discussed, and all of these, in one way or another, are fascinating. Medieval maps look like medieval tapestries, since cartographers of the period liked not only to locate cities but to put in pictures of them and bits of landscape as well. Captain Cook's chart of Matavai Bay, Tahiti, with One Tree Hill just behind the shore, is drawn in the same style as the map in "Treasure Island." Yet perhaps the most exciting maps of all are the barest—the plain sketches made by some of the earliest explorers themselves, like Columbus's squiggly drawing of the northeastern coast of Hispaniola—which, by the simplicity of their lines on otherwise empty paper, suggest all the unknowns surrounding the men who drew them. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

KINGS OF FASHION, by Anny Latour, translated from the German by Mervyn Savill (Coward-McCann). It is interesting to know that the art of the great French couturiers developed not out of tailors' workrooms but out of little milliners' shops, and that the first milliner to achieve real fame and authority as an artist was Rose Bertin, milliner and dressmaker to Marie Antoinette. Louis-Sébastien Mercier, in his "Tableau de Paris," says, "The dressmakers who cut and sew the individual parts of the female garment are the masons of the edifice. The milliner, on the other hand, who produces the trappings, giving grace and the correct swing to the drapery, is the actual architect and decorator." Rose Bertin, architect and decorator, is the first name to shine in the long and glittering line that includes

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Louis Hippolyte Leroy (dressmaker to the Empress Josephine), Worth, Poiret, Chanel, Dior, and some others. Miss Latour's book is gossipy and full of anecdotes, but it suffers from lack of organization, lack of exact references, and lack of an index. In spite of these faults, it has charm and contains a considerable amount of information. It would make a very good Christmas gift for a young girl who is just beginning to realize, or who ought to realize, that there is more to clothes and the wearing of clothes than she will see when she goes out shopping. Photographs.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE TALKIES, by Daniel Blum (Putnam). An amusing exercise in nostalgia, featuring the portraits of stars that several decades of moviegoers have adored—a cross-section of every variety of human winsomeness—and still photographs from numerous cinema spectacles. (Some of these personalities and pictures have been forgotten; others are on view from time to time at the Museum of Modern Art; and still others are visible around midnight on television.) There are swarms of photographs and very little text, a ratio that is fair enough in a picture book. Yet because the captions merely list the names of the players, most of the climactic scenes are puzzling; men, women, and children confront each other on every page, but it is almost impossible to guess whether their grimaces mean love, hate, or indigestion. Ten dollars.

•

WANTED, MILK SHAKES made with non-homogenized milk. Store locations desired for old-fashioned milk-shake fan. Box 333-M, Star.—*Adv. in the Washington Star.*

Always *somebody* dreaming away!

•

It also brought realization of a long-time dream of Anthony Cucolo, of Suffern, N.Y., who was born at Summonte thirty-nine years ago, emigrated in 1913 with $3 as all his capital . . . —*The Herald Tribune.*

That's too young to travel.

•

MAKE A YEAR 'ROUND
REMEMBRANCE LIST
THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER
BIRTHDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES
AND THOSE WHO ARE ILL.
—*Adv. for greeting cards.*

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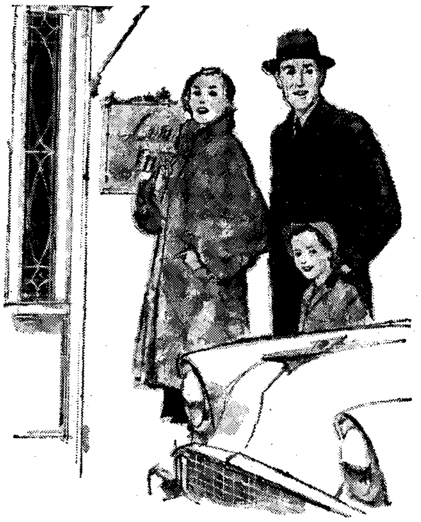

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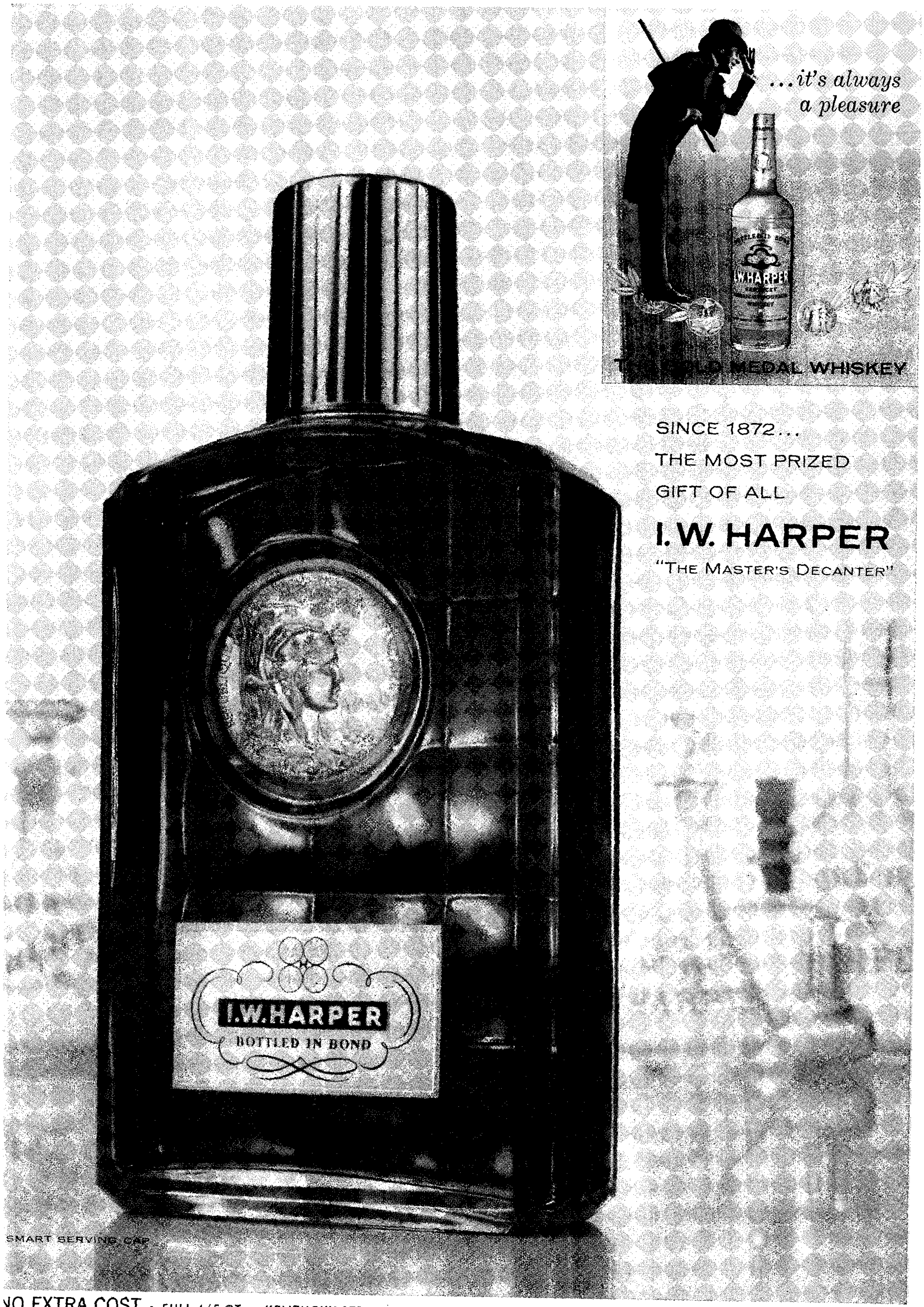
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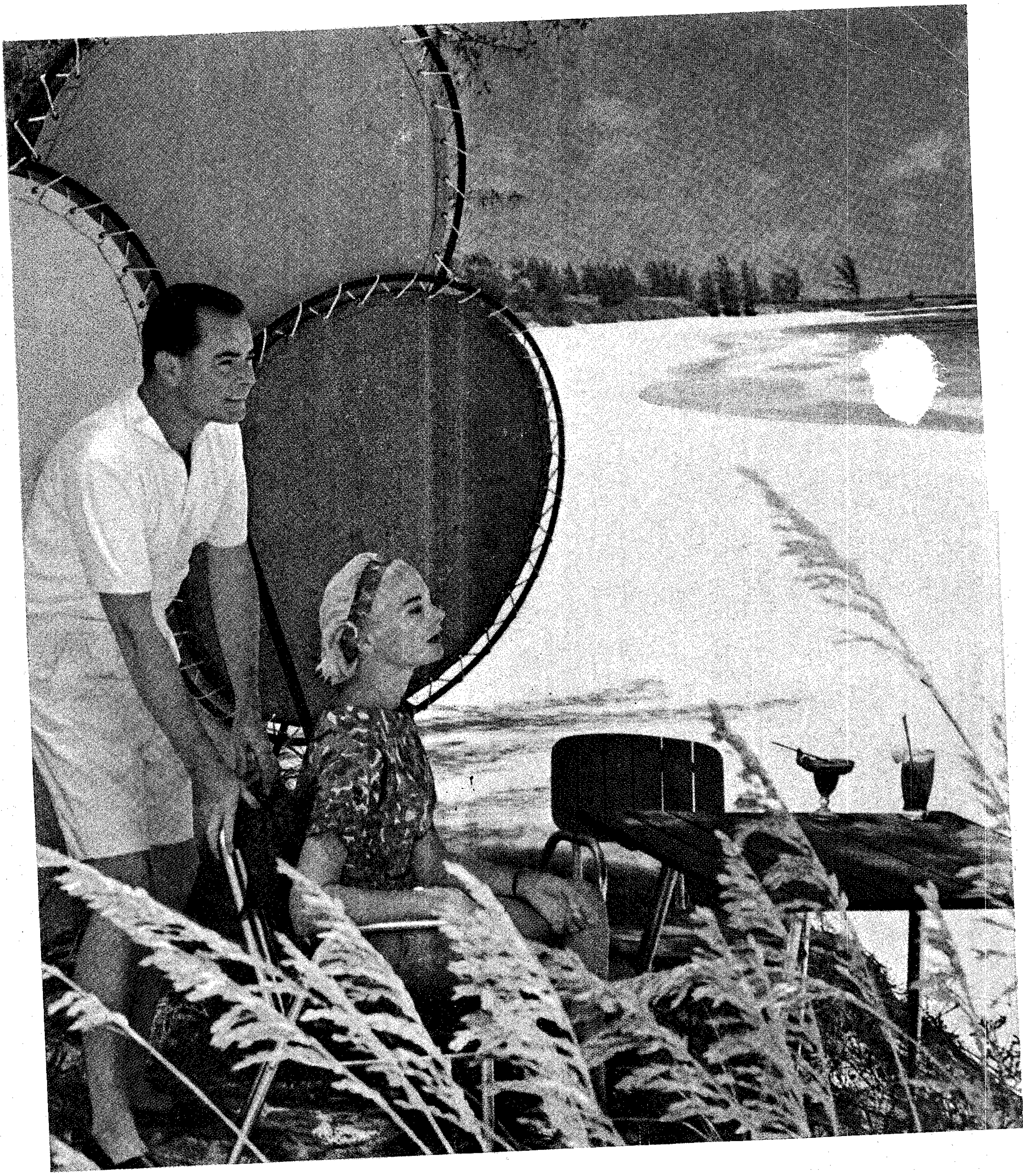

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